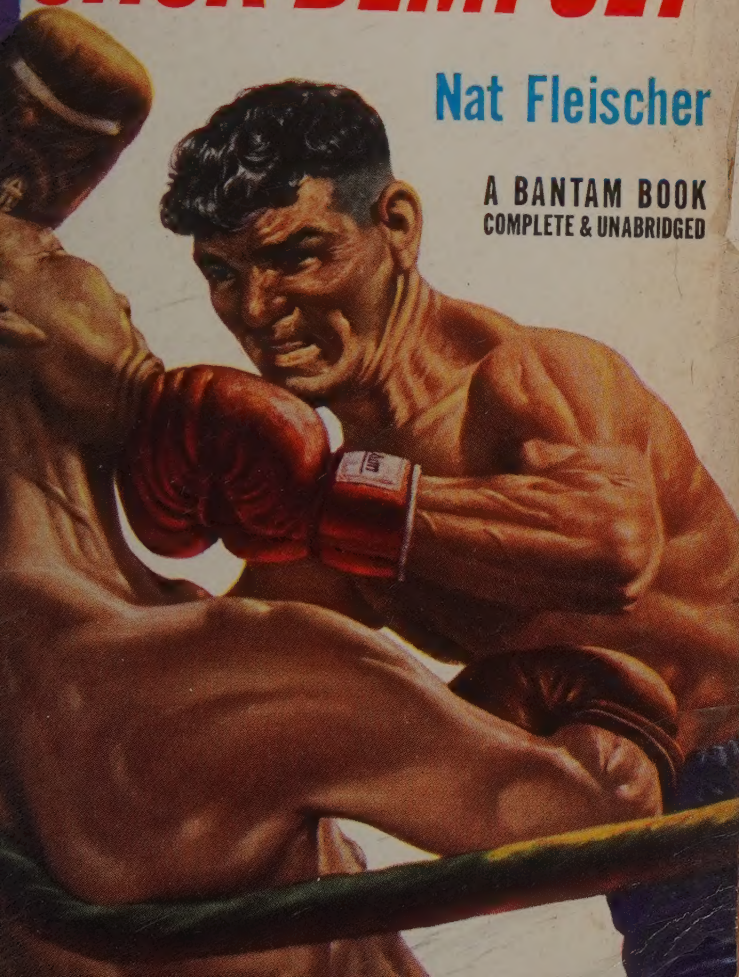
THE TRUE STORY OF THE MANASSA MAULER

JACK DEMPSEY

Nat Fleischer

A BANTAM BOOK
COMPLETE & UNABRIDGED



THE CHAMP

He started out as a mine mucker and digger in construction camps. He fought anybody, anywhere. He got $2.50 for his first "regular" match. He was a hungry, penniless kid. Then almost overnight he was champion of the world and a millionaire and the idol of the nation.

It's all here—the whole thrilling truth!

. . . the amazing story of the massacre of Giant Jess Willard, who was supposed to beat Dempsey to a pulp but who couldn't come out for the fourth round— —

. . . the thrilling details of the night the champ took on three men in Montreal, and knocked each one cold in the first round— —

. . . how he came back to KO Firpo after Firpo smashed him clear out of the ring.

He had speed and cunning and could hit like a pile driver. He was really the super fighter of the ring!

about THE COVER

The wild shouting of thousands of thrilled fans . . . Jack Dempsey the killer connecting with a savage left hook to the jaw, and a right cross on its way for the knockout . . . Artist Bob Doares has here illustrated the thrill and fury of Dempsey going for the kill.

JACK DEMPSEY

The Idol of Fistiana

by

NAT FLEISCHER

BANTAM BOOKS
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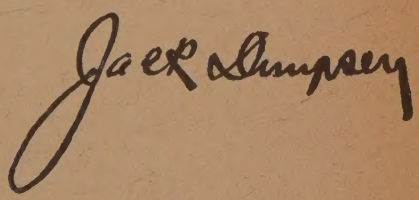
Foreword by Jack Dempsey

FROM MY DAYS as a mucker in a copper mine through my battles with Gene Tunney, and my entry into the boxing promotion game, I have had a rather interesting and eventful career.

With the thought that a narrative of my life leading into my ring days, and a story of my career in the roped square may be of some interest to the general public, I have given permission for the publication of this authentic account.

In looking back at my days in the ring, I pride myself that I always was honest with the public and with myself. Jack Dempsey may not have been the best heavyweight of all time, but he certainly was in there trying hard every minute—and that, I hold, is something to be proud of.

This is no valedictory to the ring. But, retired from the ring or still in it, my thanks go out to the American public for the generous manner in which it always has treated me.



Only too often great boxers lack understanding of their positions, their duties to the public and the titles which they attain, and they show a startling inability to understand themselves.

They sometimes underestimate their value in their relation to the sport and its supporters. Or they overrate their own importance and their positions in the general scheme of life.

Some look from an abysmal pit up to the game which nurtures them. Others assume a most deplorable, patronizing attitude in which they gaze down from self raised Olympian heights on a game in which they figure only because they want the money it affords them.

Jack Dempsey, risen from miner to the world championship, never lost sight of his duty to boxing and those who paid their way into the arena. He never lost sight of the fact that the championship was his, only through the courtesy of the public, and that the public recognized the basic principles of the situation.

Jack Dempsey was not only the greatest fighter, but he combined with his ring ability a business sense which lifted him over the heads of a long line of titleholders who were insensible to their financial welfare and its relation to the public attitude. This business sense has remained with him and placed him in a responsible position as a promoter.

Manassa Mauler Dempsey was splendidly endowed by Nature. He went into the game with an ideal body. He had the physique—not too big a target, not too small to fight the biggest of them all, Jess Willard.

He had physical power, stamina and endurance. He had a smile and a sense of humor. He had the inherent ability to absorb educative influences—to learn as he went along, and convert the mucker of the copper mines into a well-groomed man.

Just as a caterpillar emerges from the chrysalis a but-

terfly, so did Dempsey develop in every phase which was essential for his welfare as the world's champion. He was not patronizing, he was not "high hat," he glimpsed the pitfalls and avoided them.

He saw the grand prize which was his for the effort and the determination to keep clean and give the public better than an even break. And the public was only too glad to play along with him.

Dempsey, for his two fights with Gene Tunney, bids fair to stand unmatched as a box office attraction. It was Dempsey who made the first fight in Philadelphia with its $2,000,000 gate. And in spite of his loss of the championship in the drizzle at Philadelphia, it was Dempsey who made the second battle with Tunney, and the 102,000 crowd and $2,600,000 receipts at Chicago.

At this writing it looks as if Dempsey's record as a popular champion will stand unrivaled. It looks as if his record will roll along through the years without a parallel, and in the long run become almost legendary.

Of course, it is quite likely that the future will bring out another superman of the ring and give him a set of achievements which will displace those of Dempsey even as Dempsey's accomplishments displaced the marks and attainments of Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries.

But at this time, Jack Dempsey stands out as the fighter of the decades, the most popular of all champions, the beau ideal and the one and only.

This volume is a tribute to Dempsey himself, and written with the hope that its pages will build in some boxer the determination to go on even as Dempsey went on, and give to the future a Dempsey of its own.

OFFICIAL RECORD OF DEMPSEY'S BIRTH

OFFICE OF
TOWN CLERK & RECORDER
TOWN HALL

TOWN OF MANASSA

MANASSA, COLORADO

November
Tenth

In Re: Jack Dempsey

Dear Sir:-

Your request for information regarding "Jack Dempsey" is received. I have looked up what information there is available to the Clerk of the town of Manassa. To get the information you seem to be anxious to get, it was necessary for me to go to other records than those in the custody of the Town Clerk.

The fees for this are one dollar which I take from your letter I may trust you to send me immediately on receipt of this information which I can certify to be correct.

"Jack Dempsey" the present world's heavyweight champion is the son of HYRUM DEMPSEY and Mary C. (Smoot) who are natives of West Virginia. The mother is a second cousin of the senior senator from Utah. His real name is WILLIAM HARRISON DEMPSEY, born in Manassa, Conejos County, Colorado on June 24th, 1895. His ancestry is native American as far as available records go.

It is said by some of the older settlers that there is some Indian blood in one of his parents, though this does not seem to be verified. His parents are of the Mormon faith or were at one time - and "Jack" was supposed to be also in his younger days.

His present faith or creed I do not know. As to there being any change of name in the family, there does not seem to be any evidence of it. The name "Jack" is a "misnomer" or fighting name, his correct or legal name as stated above is William Harrison.

Yours very truly,

James A Holman
Clerk and Recorder.

TOWN OF MANASSA * COLO * INCORPORATED JUNE 13 1889 * CONEJOS COUNTY

Chapter I

From Rags to Riches

IT WAS ONLY four years after he had entered the professional ring and only one year after he had gained prominence as a fighter, that Jack Dempsey attained the height of his ambition—a championship bout with Jess Willard. He overthrew the giant Kansan on July 4, 1919, at Toledo and then and there started his record-breaking performances. Never before had a championship in the heavyweight division changed hands in so few rounds.

The story of how Dempsey battered Willard into submission and made him quit during the intermission between the third and fourth round, will be told elsewhere, but suffice it to say here, that never before or after was a champion so thoroughly whipped as was Willard.

The Willard bout started Dempsey on the road to fame and fortune. The obstacles that Dempsey had to overcome in his climb to the millionaire class, however, were little compared to the battle he had to wage against the besmirchers of his character. Throughout the country, the champion, following his one-sided victory over Willard, was attacked as a draft dodger. Stories of how he evaded the draft, how he worked at shipyards wearing patent leather shoes, and how he refused to aid the Liberty Loan drives, were broadcast and did considerable damage to Dempsey's reputation.

And all the time, if the truth had been known, Dempsey was guiltless. Try as he did to explain, he could not overcome the enmity of the Legionites until his trial on the draft charge brought out the facts. From then on, Jack Dempsey lived in a new world. He had cleared the stain that had followed him for many years and, today, he is to

the present-day fight fans what the popular John L. Sullivan was in the bare-knuckle and skin-tight gloves' period.

Almost overnight, the attitude of the public changed towards Dempsey, and when he lost the title to Gene Tunney, a wave of popularity set in that was almost astounding. And that wave has continued through the years. Strange though it may seem, Jack Dempsey in defeat, was the hero of the hour. That is how fickle fortune goes! The underdog is always the subject of sympathy and in this case, the attitude of Gene Tunney towards the public helped to make Dempsey the popular idol.

From then on, the name of Jack Dempsey became synonymous with popularity. So much so, that the public demanded he come back and this he did. He fought Tunney a second time, and what happened then is ring history. Had Tunney not been given what is commonly known as the "long count," Jack Dempsey might have accomplished what never before has been done—regained the world's heavyweight championship.

No sports idol ever attained the hero worship of Jack Dempsey and all because the public felt he had won the championship and failed to get the crown through a mere technicality. Today, there is not a sportsman alive who commands such public attention as Jack Dempsey.

He earned more money in the ring than any fighter before him. He showed his magnetic power by drawing past the gates more people than any other fighter.

He brought more money into the fight game than ever had been dreamt would be spent to see boxing matches. He drew almost $10,000,000 in bouts staged for him by the late Tex Rickard and earned for himself close to $4,000,000. What other fighter could boast of such a record?

In the eight years from 1919 to 1927, Dempsey defended his laurels successfully five times and only one of the five men lasted the route. That distinction went to Tommy Gibbons.

In 1920 Dempsey knocked out Billy Miske in three rounds at Benton Harbor and that same winter he knocked out Bill Brennan in the old Garden in twelve rounds.

In 1921 the Manassa Mauler engaged in the first great international heavyweight championship staged in this country in many years, when he set a record for attendance and receipts in the bout in which he knocked out Georges Carpentier in four rounds at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City.

On September 14, 1923, he put Luis Firpo away at the Polo Grounds in two hectic rounds and beat Gibbons in fifteen rounds at Shelby, Montana, July 4, 1923, on points.

Dempsey developed naturally as a fighter. He had no early training in the rudiments of the sport. He possessed a fine physique, ruggedness, eagerness and ambition. What more need a fellow have to climb skyward in his profession?

He occasionally engaged in a battle for a few dollars just to have a little spending money, but fighting was not his profession until he reached his nineteenth birthday.

It was in the mining camps that Dempsey had plenty of opportunity to display his prowess with his fists. He soon established himself as the best scrapper in the camp He weighed then about 150 pounds. Lads in his own camp came to recognize his superiority and there was no fighting left for him to do.

According to his own story, he had his first battle in an improvised ring at Montrose, Col., where he met a young blacksmith who lasted three rounds. That knockout was the forerunner of a long series that later made Dempsey internationally famous and earned for him a fortune.

Following the knockout of the blacksmith, Dempsey, boosted by his fellow townsmen, met the best fighters of other mining camps in Colorado and Utah, getting a purse from the winnings of his backers and betting some

money, too, on his own chances. He was rated a "rough, tough kid" and fought from one camp to another.

In 1915 his ring career really started, and through 1915 and 1916, he fought more than a score of bouts, knocking out most of his opponents, beating others and losing only once—to Jack Downey in a four-round bout. For his first "regular" boxing match he received $2.50, but not many years passed before he commanded the sum of $1,400 for one of his fights.

Influenced by one of his friends and having made a sort or reputation in the "sticks," Dempsey decided to invade New York, and so in 1916 he entered the big city, quite unknown. He had three fights in New York and in the third and last of these, he fought John Lester Johnson, a Negro heavyweight. The record books say that Dempsey won this bout, but he received a terrific beating, nevertheless, and several of his ribs were smashed.

All told, he received less than $200 for his three appearances. He was not acclaimed a promising heavyweight. Rather he made a very dubious impression on those critics who marked him at all.

Beaten and discouraged, financially flat, turned adrift even by John Reisler, known also as John the Barber, who had made himself manager of the Manassa youngster, Dempsey beat a hasty retreat from New York. He left in the customary fashion of hoboes by jumping a freight to Philadelphia.

In the following year, however, Dempsey began the climb which ended with his possession of the title. He knocked out Al Norton and Charley Miller, each in one round, and added victories over Willie Meehan, Carl Morris, Bob McAllister and Gunboat Smith in four-round bouts in California. He suffered a questionable one-round knockout by Jim Flynn, Pueblo fireman, but subsequently reversed this setback.

In 1918 Dempsey cleared the path to Willard when he

knocked out Fred Fulton, Battling Levinsky, Porky Flynn, Arthur Pelkey and Terry Kellar, among others. These triumphs led up to the meeting with Willard, which won for Dempsey the world's championship.

The story of Dempsey's retreat to Philadelphia is an Horatio Alger tale. How he wandered about the Quaker City penniless, how he lived for two days on a few apples and shared those with his brother, rivals the story of "Ragged Dick" and "Tattered Tom." The yarn, related by Jack Dempsey years later, after he had gained world fame and had amassed more than two million dollars, shows the other side of the Manassa Mauler's character—the sympathetic and wistful phase.

It is stories of that kind, told only to his most intimate friends, that have made Dempsey a lovable character, for none who know him well, can speak harshly of the man who has helped hundreds of down-and-outers even when he had only a few pennies with which to face the day's hunger. One must be as intimate with Jack Dempsey as I have been, one must work with Jack Dempsey as I have worked with him at his training camps, to know the real, big-hearted "Playboy"—the real Jack Dempsey.

Recalling his visit to Philadelphia via the freight route, Dempsey smilingly remarked:

"I had made a poor showing in New York and decided to try my luck in Philadelphia. I had no money and after I reached the Quaker City, my brother John and I looked about us for something to do to get some eats. We had just arrived by way of the 'rods' and I poked my hand in my pocket and found I had only three cents to my name. John had even less. His pockets were empty.

"We were dirty, unkempt and looked every inch the tramp. John said he was hungry, so I went over to a fruit stand where I saw some nice red apples selling for only one cent each. I dug into my pocket, took out all my capital, and bought three apples. Those apples made our first

meal in more than twenty-four hours. And boy, how good they tasted!

"Funny, each of us ate one apple and then we decided to break the third in half, share and share alike, yet the next time I visited Philadelphia, instead of having three pennies as my bank roll, I was possessor of more than two million dollars!"

When Dempsey was tried on the slacker charge, many hints came out of benevolent deeds that showed his true character. He was a badly maligned man before his trial, and all because he trusted others more than he should have. There always has been something remarkable about Dempsey which endeared him to the sports-loving world. Whether it is his personal magnetism or his fighting ability, is hard to say, but I personally think that both have played their part.

When the destiny of Jack Dempsey again brought him back to Philadelphia, he had earned more than two million dollars, had emerged from the hobo jungles into the bizarre palaces of Hollywood and life more dazzling than anything he had ever dreamed of while sleeping out under the stars in his camping days as a tramp.

From rags to riches in the approved fiction manner, and from the lowly station of a hobo to wealthy hotel proprietor, promoter, race horse owner and real estate operator, was the rise of Jack Dempsey through the Might of his Fists.

Chapter II

Comes from Fighting Stock

NEVER IN THE history of American pugilism was there a prominent boxer about whom more conflicting and varying reports concerning family, birth and nationality have

been circulated, than about Jack Dempsey. Record books give his birth at 1894, 1895 and 1896 and his descent from Scotch, Irish, Scotch-Irish, Scotch-Irish-American and Scotch-Indian ancestry. He also has Jewish blood in him.

To set at rest the controversy, I had the clerk and recorder of Manassa, Col., hunt through the town's documents for Jack Dempsey's birth certificate. He located it and it shows that Jack was christened William Harrison Dempsey and that he was born in Manassa, Conejes County, on June 24, 1895. The town record also shows that his ancestry is native American, both his parents hailing from West Virginia.

His father, Hiram, came from hardy Irish stock, his ancestors hailing from County Kildare, Ireland. Jack Dempsey's fiery spirit, his love for battle and the ability to conquer, are traced to his fighting Irish and Indian in his blood.

Hiram Dempsey married Celia Smoot of Logan County, a member of the famous Smoot clan of that territory, a second cousin of the then senior senator of Utah. She followed the blood lines of the Scotch and Irish on her father's side and the Cherokee Indian on her mother's. Her mother was half Indian.

His parents are listed as of Mormon faith and the records show that they kept this faith for a long time. Jack, in his younger days, also was listed as a Mormon.

Dempsey attributed to the Indian blood in him his roving spirit and his stoicism under punishment. The hardiness of his father and mother has always been in evidence in the former champion. The blood of the American pioneer stock—the stock that dared to cross the Alleghenies and the Sierras, the stock that built the vast far Western Empire, made Jack the great fighter he was. Jack Dempsey's great-great-grandfather, was one of the Virginia pioneers. He was a Jewish pack peddler, Abraham Levy by

name, whose grandfather, Isaak, was a thriving pack peddler in Virginia in 1761.

Jack Dempsey, greatest exponent of fisticuffs in ring history, is a chip off the old block. His granddaddy, known as "Big" Dempsey, was the Goliath of East Tennessee, and something of a heavyweight champion himself. In fact, his fame rolled over the mountains of his section into other parts of the states.

Imbued with a desire to see the country, Jack began the life of a rover by traveling from city to city and doing either odd jobs or fighting. He went from place to place without enjoying the pleasures of a Pullman or even the comfort of a day coach.

Dempsey worked intermittently as a mucker, digger in construction camps, a lumberjack and as a bouncer in a saloon and dance hall to within one and one-half years of his Eastern fighting début. Salt Lake City, Goldfield and Tonopah were the scenes of most of his early labor and it was in those cities that he built up his muscular body.

Like Jack London, he could tell many a stirring tale of his hobo days. He had ridden the brake beams of many lines and often went without food or water in order to reach his destination without being caught and thrown into the "jug."

I remember the day Tex Rickard, sitting in his arm chair with a huge cigar tilted in a corner of his mouth, told of his first meeting with Dempsey. It was Senator "Wild Bill" Lyons, later an assistant to Postmaster-General James A. Farley in Washington, who introduced Dempsey and Jack Kearns to Rickard, and from that introduction grew a friendship that lasted throughout Rickard's days.

"When I seed him for the first time," said Tex in his peculiar drawl, "he looked like a terrible bum. He was unshaven, unkempt, wore dirty clothes and I never thought he would amount to anything. You ain't never seed anything like it! It's unbelievable that the Dempsey of today

is the Dempsey I seed that day out West many years ago."

Dempsey has met all classes of persons. Panhandlers and millionaires are ranked among Dempsey's pals. He probably has more friends than any man who ever graced a sporting field.

He did a lot of campaigning before and after he won the heavyweight crown. He once fought an unsatisfactory bout, but only because he didn't know any better and was following instructions, but he later made up for that blot on his career by fighting some of the greatest battles in the history of pugilism. His popularity has been a big factor in the establishment of boxing on a firm basis throughout the world. Pugilism today owes more to Dempsey for its healthy condition than to any other person or persons.

The trait about Dempsey that has stood out most prominently is his loyalty to friends. He often has had among his advisers men whose reputations were not of the finest, yet he refused to throw them aside because of his sense of loyalty. A friend in need could always get a helping hand from Jack Dempsey.

His life has been punctuated with triumph and tragedy, yet through all, the good and the bad, Dempsey always retained his smile. That he was able to overcome the great handicap brought on by the greatest tragedy in his life, the indictment on a charge of evading the draft, was due entirely to his personal magnetism. His tragedies, especially the slackerism charge, all came on the eve of his most important battles and naturally affected his fighting.

Of a boyish disposition, ever playful, full of fun, Dempsey has become the most popular public hero in modern sports history. He loves the acclaim of the crowd.

Among the pranks he likes to play on the unsuspecting, is to offer his hand in greeting and then suddenly obtain a headlock wrestling hold much to the discomfort of the second party. He played this frequently on the newspaper boys who were part of Dempsey's ballyhoo brigade at

Miami Beach were Jack helped promote the Stribling-Sharkey fight.

One day the scribes held a little session of their own and decided to retaliate. With Vincent Treanor of the New York *Evening World* as the master of ceremonies, it was decided to have Dempsey tackle Big Ed Neil of the Associated Press, a former football star and a husky, as big as Dempsey and with a little strength of his own in that well-proportioned body of his.

On the morning of Neil's arrival from New York, he was tipped off to beware of Dempsey's greeting. Ed was prepared, and when Jack rushed down the beach where Neil and the other scribes had gone for a swim, he greeted Neil with the following:

"Hello Ed. When did you get in? Hope you're feeling as fine as I," and with it, Jack leaped at Neil threw his arm around Ed's head and had it enclosed in a headlock that caused Neil to wince.

Instead of pleading for a release as all others had done, while Dempsey, with a broad grin, was forcing Neil's head towards the sand, Neil suddenly wheeled about, grabbed Jack by the hair and pulling downward, soon forced Dempsey's face into a hole that had been dug for that purpose. After Jack had been forced to swallow some sand, the hold on the hair was released, and away jumped Neil while the scribes roared at Dempsey's discomfiture.

Arising, with face covered with mud and with mouth and eyes full of sand, Dempsey after taking a duck in the ocean, returned and looking in the direction of Neil, remarked: "That's not fair. You shouldn't pull a fellow's hair." But with the rest of the crowd still laughing, Dempsey realized the joke was on him, took it good-naturedly, and extending his hand toward Neil, remarked: "Well, Ed, you got me then. I see it all. You fellows put him wise. Let's call it square."

Hands were shaken and the incident passed off as just a

boyish prank in which the former world champion came out second best. Dempsey's popularity is so great that he can scarcely pass the streets without having a mob follow him.

From the youth whom Rickard described as a "terrible bum," slovenly, unkempt, dirty, Dempsey in a few years rose into a young man with wide social acquaintance, and into an after-dinner speaker who can take his place and feel at ease with the best of 'em. His rise simply has been miraculous.

Dempsey, in his fighting career is credited with having fought 79 battles. Of these he won 48 by knockouts, 11 by decisions, was knocked out once, fought two no-decision bouts, drew four times, lost three bouts and had ten exhibitions.

Since his retirement from active ring competition he has had several exhibition bouts, and in these he scored 21 knockouts, won 8 bouts and 14 were listed as exhibitions. His most important melée was with King Levinsky, who beat him in four rounds in Chicago.

Chapter III

How He Developed His Punch

JACK DEMPSEY, PRIOR to his break with "Doc" Kearns, took keen delight in attributing his good qualities as a fighter to the teaching of his manager, but in later years, when they became bitter enemies, Dempsey ridiculed the stories that he owed all to Kearns.

"I have often heard it said that every great asset I possessed as a fighter, was developed in me by Jack Kearns," said Dempsey when quizzed on this point. "I do not want to take any credit from Kearns, but the fact remains that the statement is not true. When at the height of

my career, I was often amused to read how Kearns tied my right hand behind me in order to force me to use my left while in training and develop that hand. That was all press agent stuff.

"The truth of the matter is that I have always been naturally left-handed. Even in my earliest days, I used my left to advantage. When I first started my career, I employed the left as often, if not more often, than I did my right. My opponents of the days preceding my arrangement with Jack Kearns, will bear me out in this statement. Fred Winsor, who later managed Tony Fuente, back in 1916, when he was my handler, told me I had a peach of a left."

Dempsey likewise refuses to give credit to Kearns for developing the Manassa Mauler into a great body puncher. Those who have followed boxing history, know that Dempsey, with Jim Jeffries, shared the honor of being the hardest hitter of modern Fistiana. As a body puncher, it is doubtful if ever a fighter graced the ring who had anything on Dempsey. He was a deadly socker. When asked to explain how he developed that asset, Dempsey remarked:

"Kearns declares that he taught me body punching. That is all wrong. John Lester Johnson, the Negro whom I fought back in 1916 in New York City, was my teacher. I never had an inkling of the value of body punching until I hooked up with Johnson. I always thought, as do many others in the boxing game, that the only effective blow was a punch to the chin. That, I soon learned, was all wrong.

"A body blow, landed effectively, is worth twice a punch to the chin. It weakens an opponent and paves the way for the knockout. I learned by the way Johnson hurt me, that a punch to the stomach, the heart and ribs, would do more to wear down a fellow than hitting him on the chin, and from then on I was determined to practice body punching. I soon perfected it and became a master of this style. Body punching is what won most of my battles for me; it always

paved the way for a short hook to the chin, my favorite knockout blow.

"Johnson hurt me badly. I thought the matter over and felt that if Johnson could do so much damage to me with body blows, why couldn't I do the same to my opponent. Then and there I became convinced that body punching was the best way of fighting and to this day no one can convince me otherwise.

"It was in my next fight, almost a year before I hooked up with Willard, that I started to hand my opponent some lefty wallops, and from then on, I mastered that style of milling. It was soon after that I made arrangements to be handled by Kearns, who insisted on a twenty-five per cent cut with me to pay all expenses. Later I changed this agreement to give 'Doc,' as I called him, half of my earnings. Rather foolish on my part, but I was much attached to Kearns then and was willing to do anything. When I learned that he was charging bills to me that I felt I should not have been asked to pay and that he was not treating me fairly in other matters, I quit him and handled my own affairs."

The first big battle Dempsey had under Kearns' management was on the Coast against Gunboat Smith—a fight which took place a few months after he had formed his partnership with Kearns. That was the critical fight of Dempsey's career and so important was the contest, that I shall devote a separate chapter to the story of this bout as told me by Dempsey and Kearns.

Jack Dempsey had a wonderful pair of shoulders. He developed them through years of hard work and study of the functions of each sinew in each arm and in each of his shoulders. Speaking of his shoulder development, Dempsey once said to me:

"The difference between biceps and triceps was something unknown to me until a couple of years before my fight with Willard. It was my thought until then that if my

upper body was quite muscular that's about all that wa necessary in achieving my knockout ambitions.

"But I learned that my conclusions were in error; tha certain muscles had to be strengthened to the ultimate b fore a man ever could arrive even in the 'ham and' class pugilism.

"As a youngster, I was rather frail. The chances are tha if I had been born of rich parents I might have been pam pered and coddled and nursed into a tubercular grave. Bu fortune was kind to me. It gave me parents who weren even in comfortable circumstances during my boyhood That meant that about as soon as I was old enough to tot a dinner bucket, I was sent to work.

"And hard work—years of it—made me what I am toda Working on a farm from dawn to dusk was my earliest po tion. And I worked hard. No allowance was made for m youth or lack of matured physical powers. I had hired ou as a boy to do a man's work—and I did it. But for a lon long time, it required effort of the most tremendous kin required will power and fighting spirit to face the tasks each new day and complete them.

"But the farm job was the best thing that could hav happened to me. For then it was that I began to lay th foundation for the superb health that is mine today; bega to build up muscles in my arms, my shoulders, my back my whole body.

"My next real job was in a copper mine—serving as ge eral utility man. I did what no one else wanted to do. performed the chores that even the mining veteran dodged. Hauling, lifting, swinging a pick, stooping an raising heavy loads hour after hour, day after day—that wa my daily life. It was work of the dirtiest, grimiest kind, an it was performed many feet under ground, wholly remove from sunlight and fresh air. I later worked in a gold min and in a silver mine and in each I had to work hard.

"But I didn't mind it—much. For it had its recompense

Every bit of manual labor I was performing, was building me up more and more in a physical way. And that delighted me, because by that time I was wild about continuing the improvement in my whole makeup that had started with farm work.

"My job in the copper mine, to a certain degree, was responsible for my entry into pugilism. There was no thought in my mind of becoming a fighter then. But some tough un's' who were coworkers of mine, played jokes on me, forced me into fights and—well, even though I was only a middleweight then, I showed something in natural battling skill.

"I have had a lot of fights during my career in the prize ring, but I had a lot more when I worked in the copper mine. I had been there only a week when I was forced to mix in my first battle. The leader of a gang of bullies thought it a splendid joke to drop chunks of dirt upon my head. I stood this as long as was possible, and then rebelled. I asked the fellow to stop it. His reply, if I remember correctly, was a request for me to go to a place that is hotter than the Equator. I didn't fancy the suggestion. One word brought on another, and in about two minutes, we were at it in rough-and-tumble style.

"It wasn't much of a fight. I knew but little about the science of pugilism. But any fellow who has fairly strong arms and is lucky enough to land a punch on the vital spot of another fellow's jaw, doesn't have to know much. And so I won with about three punches that were—I confess now—nothing but wild swings. Yet each landed.

"My reputation as a warrior in the copper mine spread rapidly. Some fellows, who were quite familiar with the ring game, saw me in action and predicted a promising future for me in the pugilistic ranks. For a long time I paid no heed to their advice. But eventually I went into the fighting game, skeptical as to my future, fearing that I

was tackling a job too difficult. Yet only four years later, won the world's heavyweight crown."

Few boxers who have attained the top rung of the ladder haven't been punched and punched hard during the progress of a campaign for championship honors. Perhaps the one man who stands out most prominently in this respect is Jack Dempsey. To look at Dempsey even today, one would not suspect that his business was that of fighting. His remodelled nose is of ordinary size, his eyes haven't been puffed up by wallops, and he doesn't carry the familiar cauliflower ear. Dempsey's nose was broken early in his career.

Dempsey started at the bottom rung of pugilism and worked his way up in meteoric fashion. This, in a way, explains why he has escaped the punishment so many champions have been forced to take. He was fortunate enough to be possessed of a pair of wonderful hands and arms, in which he packed the knockout punch, but to no lesser degree must we give credit to the wonderful pair of feet and legs.

It was Dempsey's knockout hands that enabled him to put a quick end to his bouts. It was Dempsey's speedy legs that kept him moving so rapidly while in front of an opponent, that his rival could not "locate" him. This explains why Jack's head and body were seldom the target for the punches of his rivals.

It may be said, and Dempsey admits it, that the worst punishment he ever received in the glove sport, was handed to him in his training bouts.

Chapter IV

Compared with Others

ck Dempsey, in his prime, embodied all that the great ampions of the past possessed. He had the punch of llivan and that of Fitzsimmons, showed the speed of the eat Jim Corbett and Jack Johnson, had the cunning of hnson and the strength and hitting power of Jim Jeffries. Barring possibly Jeffries, who, in the opinion of many, s the hardest hitter of modern pugilism, Dempsey stood preme in his line. For all around superiority, no cham- on in ring history compared to Dempsey—the Dempsey o whipped Jess Willard and Luis Firpo. The combina- n of fighting qualities possessed by Dempsey was not to found in any other champion.

John L. Sullivan, with his tremendous hitting power, ked the speed of Dempsey.

Corbett, the cleverest heavyweight of all time, a speed rvel, was shy the punch of Dempsey.

Fitzsimmons, with his deadly two-fisted attack, had thing on the Manassa Mauler when it came to body nching. Dempsey was equally as fast as Ruby Robert and s more aggressive.

Jeffries, with all his strength and physique and his nous crouch which made it difficult for one to reach his dy, was outspeeded and outpointed by Corbett for more an twenty rounds, and was outpunched by Fitzsimmons. just happened that what one lacked, the other fellow d.

But in the case of Dempsey—the fighter—he had every- ing! There was nothing lacking in his makeup.

Nature treated Dempsey well. No man in the history of e heavyweight division ever combined all that Dempsey The Dempsey—possessed. In my opinion, and I have

seen the leaders of all classes for many years, Jack Demps in his prime, would have taken the measure of Jim Corb and Jim Jeffries, but I think he would have been beaten Jack Johnson and Bob Fitzsimmons.

When Dempsey began his body attack, there was lit time or opportunity for an opponent to block the blo They came too rapidly and the sting was too great. A fell lost heart when those fists of the Manassa Mauler sank i the body.

That weaving style, with the short snappy hooks, wildered an opponent. When Dempsey hit, on emerg from a weave, Jack's blow carried all the weight of body behind it and made the blow effective.

Dempsey used the weave both as a defensive move a for a rally. He would make an opponent miss through employment of the weave and then would feint his m into a lead, counter with a terrific right—and crash—wo go that short hook to the chin—his deadliest blow. Dem sey's right was equally wicked, but he used this more a finishing punch after the left had taken proper effect.

Dempsey's attack was different from Jim Corbett's that he carried speed and punch to his opponent, wh Gentleman Jim depended wholly on his agility and clev ness. Corbett's speed consisted in hitting, not with pow but hitting and getting away without a return blow land on him.

No other fighter of modern times took such chances w hard hitters as did Jack Dempsey. He had such supre confidence in his ability to lay a man low, that noth fazed him. He went after the most dangerous hitter, order to get in his telling punch.

Not so with Corbett. Even Fitz and Johnson would t no unnecessary chances, but Jeffries, on the other hand least in that respect, followed the same procedure as Dempsey. Jeffries went after his man from the start in effort to land the haymaker.

Corbett was the master of the style of "hit and get way." In fact he inaugurated this style and, though effective, it prevented the fighter who employed it from getting over the full force of the blow.

In the case of Dempsey, his cleverness was not of the same kind as that of Corbett. He would evade his rival's punches, yet carry through with the full force behind the shoulders when delivering his blows.

In short, Dempsey was the marvel of modern pugilism. He had what all the others possessed, but to a greater degree.

Whenever the Hot Stove League members of Fisticuffs gather during cold winters to discuss fighters, past and present, the name of Jack Dempsey is certain to receive considerable attention. The favorite pastime of the Hot Stove Leaguers is to compare Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, Johnson and Corbett with the Manassa Mauler, in an effort to tag upon one of them the title, "The Greatest."

Much interest has been aroused in the discussion as to the probable results of battles between Dempsey and the leading holders of the title in the past. The debate, of course, hinges on the possibility of the ancient champions, each in best form, entering the ring with Dempsey in his prime. I will limit my discussion to Dempsey in his Toledo form, meeting the oldtime title holders when they were at the height of their pugilistic powers.

I never saw a more perfect athlete in the ring than Dempsey when he defeated Willard. The only other boxer who matched Dempsey's superb physical condition, was Jim Corbett when he started for New Orleans to relieve Sullivan of the crown.

Dempsey was so strong, so speedy and so alert, that it would have taken a superman to defeat him that torrid afternoon. In his Toledo form, Dempsey would have defeated Paddy Ryan or John L. Sullivan as they stood at Mississippi City, the day John L. won from Ryan.

Dempsey would have stopped Ryan in less than the nin rounds required by Sullivan. Sullivan would have put up strong fight against Dempsey, but the latter's superio speed and accurate hitting would have earned a victory fo the Manassa Mauler.

If Jim Corbett, in his 1892 form, when he defeated Sull van, could have faced Dempsey at the latter's best, th battle would have been a long and desperate one. Corbet was so remarkably clever, Dempsey would have had muc trouble in landing with effect. In a contest for twenty-fiv rounds, Corbett would have won on points.

Bob Fitzsimmons, in the form he exhibited at Carso City when he took the title from Corbett, would hav staged a terrific combat with the Dempsey of Toledo. think the man who could have landed the first hard punch would have emerged the victor. Dempsey would have dis played the speed, Fitz the recuperative powers and th more accurate hitting.

Fitzsimmons, with his feinting skill, would probabl have forced an opening, and with this accomplished, think Fitz would have brought Dempsey down. It woul have been a most difficult bout in which to pick a winne but one that would have been worth going miles to see.

Jeffries, when at the height of his career, would hav been defeated by Dempsey.

Tommy Burns would have been an easy mark for Demp sey, but in Jack Johnson I think Dempsey would have me his master.

From the foregoing, the opinion must not be gleane that Dempsey was merely a tough, rugged slugger, with a extraordinary punch. He possessed science and clevernes far above the ordinary boxer, albeit not to so wonderful degree as Corbett, Johnson or Tunney. He had a craft fighting head, if not the consummate ring cunning that be longed to one or two other ring masters. Jack averaged we

up in all ring attributes and stood out above all others in versatility and power in hitting.

The many warm admirers of Bob Fitzsimmons may question Dempsey's punching superiority, but a cold analysis of the hitting abilities of the two, gives Dempsey a clear margin. All of us suffer more or less from the tendency to enlarge and exaggerate the abilities and deeds of champions who have gone before. Time diffuses a halo around the heads of the Old Guard.

Dempsey derived his remarkable punching power from a pair of splendid fighting hands, big-boned and boasting a "squareness" across the knuckles that does not belong to the average individual, a well developed wrist and forearm and great strength in the hitting muscles of the upper arm, shoulders and back. He also possessed the important faculty of proper leverage, which brought the muscles of his legs as well as his upper body into play and got both weight and impetus behind his blows.

Perhaps Jack's chief punching asset was a perfect co-ordination between mind and muscle, the ability to bring instant and overwhelming stress upon any movement. He had a wonderful hitting instinct. His movement was animal-like. Some of his blows may be likened to the vicious sweep of a grizzly's paw, bone crushing in effect, yet apparently effortless and hinting little of the tremendous power behind them.

Jack delivered his blows from any posture and hit from any angle. In that ability, no heavyweight of the game ever has approached him. He hit, coming or going, flatfooted or upon his toes, from long range or short, and from positions in which the ordinary fighter would be tied up completely and scarcely able to lift a hand.

One instant he would be boxing with his left foot and arm extended, the next he had shifted and right foot and hand were advanced. Again he stood wide braced and drove

both hands with telling effect into the body. The impact was invariably jarring and viciously effective.

If Dempsey had any blows that might be termed his aces, they were his terrible left to the body and right to the jaw which generally were delivered with the one-two punch effect. His left hooks to the head and right hand drives to the heart and wind were almost equally effective, however.

Dempsey's deadly left to the body brought home the bacon more times than is generally recorded. The punch that spelled disaster for Fred Fulton in the abbreviated encounter in the Harrison Ball Park, was a left to the body. It doubled Fulton up like a jackknife and he was pitching forward on his face when a following right hand smash to the jaw brought him up and sent him careening to the canvas.

It was the left hand drive to the body that his opponents feared most. When Jack's left mauler was buried wrist deep in an opponent's mid-section, it generally was time for the referee to start the count.

Dempsey's wonderful punching power was no more convincingly displayed than in his bout with Jess Willard. The great height of the Kansan, coupled with a strong bony conformation of jaw and face, made it next to impossible to bring Jess down with a blow to the jaw delivered by a man so much shorter in stature, as was Dempsey.

Jack had to hit out and up at the giant Willard. By doing this, he lost the leverage and weight back-up which adds power to blows. He not only had to stretch, but twice, it was observed, he actually jumped and was off the floor when the blow landed. Yet Dempsey five times felled the huge Kansan with punches to the jaw!

Stanley Ketchel was an annihilating puncher. Yet Ketchel never was so damaging a hitter among the middles as Dempsey was among the heavies. Neither Stanley Ketchel nor any other boxer, not even the great Fitzsimmons, ever boasted Dempsey's uncanny faculty of driving

in damaging blows from any angle and with either hand.

Dempsey combined the power of a Babe Ruth with the hitting instinct and accurate eye of a Ty Cobb. The only other heavyweight who combined hitting power and accuracy to so remarkable a degree as Dempsey was Bob Fitzsimmons. But Fitzsimmons lacked Dempsey's ability to let drive from any angle and from any posture or position.

Jack Dempsey, at his best, was the Thor of the ring. He was the daddy of all punchers. Jack was The Greatest of The Great.

In defensive skill, Jack Johnson, for instance, had it on Dempsey four ways from the jack. But after all, the military axiom, "the best defense is a strong attack," applies equally as forcibly in the squared circle. A man of the tremendous, all-round punching ability which Dempsey possessed, comes pretty near being the Champion of Champions.

Chapter V

Hit Like a Pile Driver

THE HOT STOVE LEAGUERS are not the only persons who engage in the winter pastime of "comparisons." Boxing writers, when times are dull and news is at a premium, find good reading matter in discussing the merits of the fighters of the past and present.

Out in Chicago, after Dempsey's second defeat at the hands of Gene Tunney, I decided the time was ripe for an interview with sports celebrities on "How Jack Dempsey Would Have Fared Against the Kings of Bygone Days." I obtained interviews with Bill Brady, former manager of James J. Corbett; Jimmy Deforest, Charles Harvey, Joe Humphreys, Tom Humphreys, Tom O'Rourke, Tex Rickard, James J. Corbett, Battling Nelson and James J. Jeffries,

and seven of these men proclaimed Jack Dempsey the "King of 'Em All."

Jimmy Deforest, world famous trainer, who conditioned Jack Dempsey for his fight with Jess Willard, had this to say about the "Man Killer":

"From Sullivan to Dempsey, the greatest champion of them all was Dempsey. For personal popularity, of course, nobody has ever licked 'John L.' His willing and terrible fists carried him into the championship of the world, but his big voice, his great boisterous laugh, his frank, boyish quality of good-fellowship and generosity of time and money with his friends, made him an even greater champion as a heart winner.

"But as a fighter, the great Sullivan 'in his best day' would have gone down before the great Dempsey as did Willard. Likewise Jeffries, Burns, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sharkey or McCoy would have been whipped by Dempsey as was Carpentier, who never really had a chance.

"It may be noticed that one name is missing from this coterie of supermen of the ring here named—that of Jack Johnson. The reason is because I shall go on record as saying that I think the greatest fight in ring history would have occurred if Johnson had met Dempsey.

"Johnson is the one heavyweight champion of all I have known, who was, in his time, comparable to Jack Dempsey as a fighting machine. In a trainer's eye, both men owned 'everything.' They hit like pile-drivers, could take punishment, had endurance, and dazzling speed."

Chapter VI

Dempsey, the Master

THE POPULAR CONCEPTION of Jack Dempsey, as I found it, is that he was rough, tough, strong, and a slugger. He had

such qualities all right. But the public does not seem to understand what the experts do, that he was a master of the art of boxing in its finest points and was capable under pressure of showing flashes of speed equal to that of the fastest heavyweight champion of all time—Gentleman Jim Corbett. The same may be said of Jack Johnson. These two and Kid McCoy are the only men who could ever touch Gentleman Jim's best speed.

What would have happened if Dempsey and Johnson, age and condition being equal, had met, not all my experience of the ring allows me positively to say. All in all, in such an event, I think I would have been inclined to give Dempsey the shade.

One reason is that Dempsey always showed a more grim, more determined will to win than Johnson. There was nothing the matter with Johnson's courage. He had the true fighter's spirit and a genuine liking for the game—real champion quality in that respect as in others. But he could be amiable to a fault. His good-nature could carry him to such an extent that, once he was sure he had his man going, he would be reluctant to finish the job.

Dempsey could be good-natured and generous to an opponent, but only after he had decisively beaten him. Once in the ring, nothing moved or stopped him until he had his man down for the count. Nothing in the ring ever kept Dempsey from tearing in under any circumstances, unless his opponent could turn the tables and beat him to it—as did Gene Tunney. Once his sweater was off and the gloves fitted and lifted, once the gong was set, you were never able to get a smile out of Jack till the job was done. With him, boxing was a serious profession. It was a task that had to be completed properly and "the quicker, the better." His mind was constantly on his work from start to finish.

James J. Jeffries, who reigned as the heavyweight king for eleven years, was one of the really great heavyweights of

ring history, beyond doubt. The annals of the roped square fail to show a champion who possessed in greater abundance the natural fighting ability of Jeffries, plus a certain cleverness and an inborn instinctive science. No fighter was stronger than Jeffries; none had a more deadly left hand. And none ever fought a hardier horde of challengers, than the big San Francisco boiler-maker.

Coming into fistic prominence at a time when the woods were full of high-class heavyweights, Jeffries had no easy task to win and hold the title. Jeffries twice defeated the man who whipped Sullivan—James J. Corbett.

Many years have elapsed since Jeffries won his heavyweight crown. One would think, in view of that, that he would, as most humans do, look back upon the "good old days" as the halcyon ones of Fistiana. But he does not.

"Big Jeff" ever was reluctant to be interviewed, but sitting next to the author in Chicago at the Dempsey-Tunney battle, Jeffries was urged to give a frank opinion on Dempsey's chances against the old school heavyweights. His statement, here published, was amazingly frank. True, he saw Dempsey whipped by Tunney for the second time, but that did not alter Jeff's opinion that Dempsey was one of the greatest of modern heavyweights. Jeff was among those who thought Tunney had lost the fight. The former boiler-maker was of the opinion that the long count by Referee Barry was uncalled for and contrary to the Queensbury rules. Here is what Jeffries had to say about Dempsey:

"I never fought a man, and I fought some great ones, against whom Jack Dempsey at his best, the Dempsey who fought Willard, would not have emerged the victor. I regarded Jack Dempsey as a great champion. In fact, I don't know of any champion since Sullivan who was better than Dempsey when he was in his prime, before idleness killed the fighting spark, as it did in me.

"I never personally saw Sullivan fight, so I can't ex-

press an opinion regarding him. But I fought all the other heavyweight champions since Sullivan, with the exception of Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, and the modern boys.

"I think the Dempsey of Toledo was every bit as good as Fitzsimmons or Corbett or Johnson. He seemed to me to have every attribute a heavyweight champion should have. He was rugged, quick, powerful of arm and shoulder, hit crushing blows and was aggressive. He boxed well, was fast on his feet and punched with much speed.

"I have heard it pointed out that he never had to 'stand the gaff'—in other words, fight a long battle. That is, of course, true. But it does not follow that he could not have lasted twenty, thirty or forty rounds because he had never gone that distance. In these days, it is not necessary for a fighter to go the longer distances. The laws impose short bouts and fighters prepare for them accordingly.

"It wouldn't be fair to say that because bouts nowadays are limited to fifteen rounds, for the most part, champions of today are not so good as those of bygone days who were permitted to fight practically unlimited battles.

"The test is in what a man does, rather than what he might do under certain circumstances.

"Personally, I think Dempsey was the ideal type for the present age. He finished his men quickly. He used his terrific punching power without waste of time. He didn't consume any time in strategy. He went in and fought like a cyclone from the tap of the first gong.

"I guess this manner of fighting has led many fans and a lot of experts to imagine that Dempsey couldn't go the route.

"I fought only six bouts at twenty or more rounds and one at fifteen. The others ended quickly. Twenty-five rounds were the maximum number in those days; fifteen is the top now.

"I used to train to go twenty-five rounds if need be, but Dempsey had to plan to go only fifteen, and because of

that, he could go faster from the start than I could. Consequently, with his punching ability and his fierce aggressiveness, he could finish his men quickly.

"Yes, Dempsey was a truly great fighter. He would not have had to fear much even in the days of myself, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sharkey, Ruhlin and the like."

Chapter VII

His Stage Experiences

Although Dempsey toured the sticks in vaudeville in his early championship days and also was engaged in making motion pictures, he never made a hit as an actor. As a matter of fact he was a complete failure. While it is true that he realized a fortune from his acting, the fight fans went to see Dempsey, not because of his greatness on the stage or on the screen, but because of his wonderful personality, his magnetism and his greatness as a fighter.

Jack Dempsey, himself, recognized his shortcomings as an actor by turning down many offers during his long periods of idleness and then asking for his release from a ten weeks' contract in *The Big Fight*, his greatest histrionic venture. His appearance in *The Big Fight* in New York, in which his wife, Estelle Taylor, acted opposite him, caused him considerable uneasiness, because of the fact that this melodrama took a full swing at the very game that enabled Jack to become a wealthy man and gain world-wide fame.

The entire background was built around a fight camp with crookedness abounding in every corner. The scenes, tending to convey to the public conditions now obsolete in the boxing game, worked against Dempsey's grain and he felt hurt to think that he, the fistic idol of the century, was lending himself to such rot.

Dempsey realized, as he told me after he quit the play and disbanded his company, that as the idol of America's ring fans, he felt he owed too much to the sport to lend his stamp of approval on trickery in boxing as portrayed by the play. That was the last straw for Dempsey, for he vowed, after the failure of his theatrical venture, that the theatre was no place for him. It was then that he decided on a career as a promoter, the field he entered after the death of his greatest pal, Tex Rickard.

Speaking of the theatre, reminds me of an experience of Dempsey's in New Jersey the year following his victory over Jess Willard. Dempsey, like John L. Sullivan, had many unique experiences in the sticks, for both were extremely popular. There was nothing a "rube" from Hickville would like more than to be in a position to tell his friends that he had lasted a few rounds with the champion.

Both Sullivan and Dempsey offered $1,000 to any man who could stay three rounds in the exhibitions these champions were giving in their prime. It was Sullivan who inaugurated the $1,000 challenge and he never had to pay a cent of his forfeit, for none of his opponents could remain in a standing position for more than a round or two against the Boston Strong Boy.

When Dempsey became champion, his manager, Jack Kearns, tried to have Jack emulate John L. One of their first trips was out to Trenton, N. J., where Dempsey appeared before a packed house. I accompanied him on this trip and what a merry time we had!

After Dempsey had gone through a few calisthenic movements and sparred with one of his men, Jack Kearns walked out on the stage, and with Dempsey at his side, Kearns made the following announcement:

"If there is any person in the audience who feels he can stay three rounds against the champion, Dempsey will turn over to the man who can last that limit, the sum of $1,000."

With that he held out ten $100 bills and kept coaxing the boys, many of whom were men from the shipyards, to try their chance. Well, he didn't have to do much coaxing, for up stepped a big, husky, six-foot four-inch shipbuilder, whose name I later learned was Sam Harnett, cocky as they come, and in a gruff voice that was heard in every nook and corner of the house, shouted across the theatre:

"I'll take you up. I can lick you and I'll show my pals that I'm not bragging."

Every one, including myself, thought it was a put-up job. We weren't even convinced when Dempsey called the bluff and invited the giant to come on the stage. The challenger walked down the aisle until he reached the orchestra pit, and replied:

"Not tonight. Give me a chance. I just had a good, hearty meal. I'll meet you tomorrow."

That brought forth a laugh followed by a razzing that lasted five minutes.

So peeved was the challenger at the action of the audience, that he stepped closer to the stage, and pointing a finger at Dempsey, shouted:

"I'll not only meet you here tomorrow, but I'll knock your block off."

Up into the picture then stepped Jack Kearns. To obtain order, he raised his hand and announced:

"The man is right. He just had his dinner and the champion doesn't want to hurt him, so we'll give him the chance he asks for.

"Let's all be good fellows. Come here tomorrow, friend and Dempsey will accommodate you. If you last three rounds, you're going to get these ten bills, a thousand dollars, and if you knock Dempsey down, for each knock down—I'm going to add an extra three hundred, and if you knock him out you're in for $5,000 and I'll sign you for life to take Dempsey's place. How's that?"

The audience roared its approval and the shipbuilder, a broad grin on his face, replied:

"You're on. I'll be here to knock the block off that champ of yours tomorrow night, at 8:30."

True to his word, the poor sap, who apparently had not heard of Dempsey's prowess as a Giant Killer, came over to the theatre with three handlers, and going backstage, asked the manager to assign him to dressing quarters. This done, he appeared as per schedule, at 8:30 and sat on the stage waiting for his introduction.

The place was filled with shipbuilders. So elated were they at the nerve of their brother, and so certain were they that their boy would win, they were willing to bet all kinds of money on his chances.

When Dempsey came out on the stage, he walked over to the newcomer to shake his hand but the yap wouldn't accept it. Instead he blurted out:

"I'm goner topple yer over in a jiffy. We'll shake when the job is completed."

The crowd was in an uproar. Cheer after cheer greeted that piece of bravado. He received all the applause and Dempsey, the champion, was hardly noticed. Jack felt peeved. He was boiling with rage. The shipbuilder had gotten his goat, and Dempsey had made up his mind he would make the boob pay dearly for this.

The introductions by Jack Kearns over, the bell sounded and the battle of the Unknown *vs.* the Champion had begun.

You have to give that shipbuilder credit. He sailed into Dempsey as if Jack was some tyro who could be put out in a couple of punches. Dempsey was angry clear through. He was prepared to annihilate his man. I never saw fists fly so fast.

There were actually ten seconds of fighting, for I held the watch on them. Suddenly Dempsey shot a terrific left-

handed hook that caught the shipbuilder flush on the jaw while he was tearing in.

The force of the blow carried so much steam that it knocked the shipbuilder out of the ring. But the funny part is that the ring went with him. The shipbuilder was as strong as an ox, and when he hit the ropes, everything gave. The scrap was held on the stage of a theatre, and as a result of the momentum, the stakes which fastened the ropes to the floor were ripped out and the whole ring collapsed.

The sap who thought he would emulate Jack Monroe's feat against Jim Jeffries was on the floor all entangled in ropes and stakes. It took several minutes to extricate him from the coils. He was dead to the world.

It was the only time a fighter and the ring were knocked out together and the only time in Dempsey's entire exhibition career that any fellow accepted his challenge. Thereafter, Jack always had to carry with him three or more sparring partners.

Chapter VIII

"Doc" Kearns, Ballyhoo King

The story of the rise of Jack Dempsey and that of Tex Rickard is closely associated with that of Jack Kearns. Until the break came between Dempsey and Kearns, this trio contributed the greatest money-making triumvirate in the history of sports. One cannot speak of Dempsey's million-dollar drawing power, of his tremendous magnetism, without giving the credit for his rise to "Doc" Kearns.

"Doc" Kearns was one of eleven managers Dempsey had. The first man to take Dempsey into tow was Andy Malloy. Then followed Dempsey's brother, Bernard.

Following Bernard, came Harry Fink as Dempsey's

third manager. Fink in turn was followed by A. H. Auerbach, the wealthy hair-dresser at whose establishment Jack Dempsey's sister worked. Auerbach didn't continue long with the Manassa boy, and Jack Price took the reins. Jack brought Dempsey East and then when his funds gave out, he let Dempsey sign with John Reisler, nationally known in sport circles as "John the Barber."

Fred Winsor of California was the next in line. Then came the long association with Jack Kearns, an affiliation that made both Kearns and Dempsey millionaires. When the relationship with Kearns was severed, Dempsey turned over his business affairs to Gene Normile; then came Leo P. Flynn.

Finally, Estelle Taylor, his second wife, relieved all outsiders of their duty and assumed full command of Jack's cash. Of all these managers, however, none is identified with the rise of Jack Dempsey to the extent of Jack Kearns.

It was Kearns who first saw the possibilities in Jack Dempsey. It was Kearns who took him in hand, after Dempsey had left his early mentors, and began an exploitation that carried Dempsey from the dumps to the world's championship. An analysis of the career of both Dempsey and Rickard shows that both owed their rise to Dempsey's manager.

It is often said among critics that had it not been for "Doc" Kearns, Rickard never would have made the success of boxing promotion that he did. Likewise it is said that Dempsey was made by Kearns.

Whether one wants to accept this as a fact makes little difference, but it must be admitted, nevertheless, that Kearns' managerial ability, his shrewd manipulation and his knowledge of ballyhoo, put over both Dempsey and Rickard. Despite his greatness, Dempsey would never have gained his fame and fortune without the aid of Kearns.

Jack Kearns was the inventor of the modern ballyhoo,

the kind of publicity that draws them in at the gate, packs the arena and leaves a surplus of half a million dollars for the promoters.

The life history of Kearns, like that of his erstwhile protege, Jack Dempsey, reads like a Tattered Tom tale of the Horatio Alger series. From hardships to the possession of a million dollars through his shrewd management of Dempsey is the history of this famous fistic character.

It was back in 1917 that Jack Dempsey, tired of being manhandled by John the Barber, quit the New York manager and went hunting for another fellow to take him in charge. He didn't have to wait long. Out in California, he bumped into Jack Kearns. "Doc" took Dempsey out of the Union Iron Mines and convinced the Manassa boy that if he gave up his work and attended to training he could some day become champion.

Kearns convinced Dempsey that he had the makings of a good fighter and Dempsey accepted him as his mentor. Then and there was formed a partnership which lasted for many years, brought fortune to both, a championship to Dempsey, and finally wound up in the most bitter legal battle ever waged between two sportsmen.

That friendship, which terminated in a personal, venomous feud following the marriage of Jack Dempsey to Estelle Taylor, the motion picture star, a marriage objected to by Kearns, resulted in the bringing of million-dollar lawsuits and the spending of almost half a million in law fees with Dempsey winning every battle.

Kearns campaigned the green youngster all over the country. He discovered that Dempsey had a great punch and Kearns began to develop that punch for "Doc" was quite a fighter himself in the old days. Kearns took his charge to an Oakland, Cal., gymnasium and spent considerable time teaching him new tricks.

The struggle to gain recognition for Dempsey was a difficult one, for it required money and in those lean days

Dempsey and Kearns had little to spare. Kearns had implicit faith in his boy and when Dempsey knocked out opponent after opponent, scoring most of his victories in one or two rounds, "Doc" knew he had a jewel.

When Dempsey finally reached the climax of his preliminary climb through the eighteen-second knockout of Fred Fulton, Kearns' faith was rewarded, for the bout gained for the Manassa Mauler a championship battle with Jess Willard that led to the winning of the world's crown. It was Kearns' shrewdness that won for Dempsey his chance at the title and it was Kearns' ballyhoo that turned the champion into a ten-million-dollar asset.

Kearns at one time was manager of Billy Murray, Dick Hyland, Abe Attell, Frankie Neil, Morris Thompson, Aurelio Herrera, Tom Reilly, Eddie McGoorthy, Jimmy Clabby, Rudolph Unholz and Bat Nelson.

When he was in the ring, Kearns held his own against such famous fighters as Tom Tracy, Mysterious Billy Smith and Dal Hawkins.

Chapter IX

Adventures as a Hunter

FEARLESSNESS AND COURAGEOUSNESS, great assets, were possessed to the nth degree by Jack Dempsey. Many stories are told by Jack's friends of his adventures with the grizzly bear, the mountain lion and the moose—stories that are full of thrilling adventure, yet when one asks Dempsey to relate his experiences he informs the inquisitive interviewer: "Aw, there's nothing to it. Just a little hunt in which I had a little excitement."

But get the story from those who accompanied him on those hunts, and you'll know why Jack Dempsey made such great progress in his chosen field—boxing. Back in

1924, Jack Dempsey and a party of friends decided on spending a few days in the hills of New Mexico, seeking big game. Marty Burke, Dempsey's pal and sparring mate, accompanied the champion.

Down at Miami Beach, where Marty was helping to get Young Stribling in trim for his battle with Sharkey, on February 26, 1929, Marty, in a reminiscent mood, told some mighty interesting stories of Jack Dempsey's life in the open. Both Burke and Dempsey love the wild, open spaces, and they have gone on many hunts, but according to Burke he never experienced a thrill even remotely resembling that when Jack Dempsey, knee deep in a snowdrift, his rifle thrown aside, with nothing but a revolver in his hand, faced a wounded, charging grizzly bear in New Mexico and won the battle.

"If ever the courage of a man was tested," says Burke, "it was in that mix-up with the bear. If I had known that the bear was about to crush out Dempsey's life, as for a time it seemed certain he would, I doubt if I could have raised my gun to save the champion, so paralyzed with fear was I," declared Burke in giving the writer a little data on "Dempsey, the Hunter."

So interesting and thrilling is Burke's story, so vividly does he describe the encounter between the Manassa Mauler and the grizzly, that I shall permit him to tell the yarn as he unfolded it to me.

"Our party (there were eight of us, all on horseback) had been out in the forest all day. Night was approaching and we were in a hurry to return to our camp. Tired and weary, none of us paid much attention to what was going on in the woods about us until concerted barking from our dogs aroused us.

" 'They've spotted a bear!' yelled Dempsey. Instinctively we raised our guns to our shoulders, but Dempsey yelled, 'Don't shoot!'

"There, a few feet ahead of us, was a great grizzly. The

four dogs were circling it, yapping and snarling. Suddenly they charged and a solid mass of hair, consisting of four Russian wolfhounds and one grizzly bear, began rolling about in the snow.

"Sam Fisher, our guide, had his gun at his shoulder, apparently ready to fire, but Dempsey yelled to him to throw it aside, unwilling to sacrifice the lives of his dogs needlessly.

"Jack drove his horse near the fighting, growling animals, his gun poised, waiting for a fair shot at the bear.

"None presented itself, however, until three of our dogs had been horribly mangled and killed. The fourth dog, little more than a pup, made one final leap at the bear and was crushed and thrown aside with just a flicker of life left in its poor body.

"The sight of his four dogs strewn about the trampled, blood-stained snow, galvanized Dempsey into action. He drove his horse to the bear's right and leaping to the ground, leveled his rifle at the animal and fired. The bear scarcely paused in its rush for the champion.

"Dempsey's gun had been thrown aside. There he was, apparently at the mercy of the infuriated beast. Not another man in the party had the presence of mind to shoot. Suddenly, Dempsey whipped his 'forty-five' from its holster and fired, once, twice, three times. The bear staggered a few feet farther, and collapsed.

"The heavyweight champion paid not the slightest attention to his prize, but rushed over to the dog which was still living, groaning pitifully. Tears were in Jack's eyes as he knelt in the snow and caressed the game little animal. He quickly arose, however, and put the dog out of its misery with a single revolver shot.

"Never, so long as I live, do I care to be thrilled again by the sight of the Manassa Mauler grappling with a grizzly bear. The sight, I'm afraid, might give me heart failure. I recollect how dumbfounded I was, how paralyzed with

fear, as I stood and watched this gigantic bear charging the fearless Dempsey, and I think, were I to face the situation again, I would never survive it.

"Both Dempsey and I were almost frozen stiff, so terrific was the blizzard which we struck as we pitched camp. We bumped into of the severest snowstorms I have ever encountered. The roads were impassable and we could scarcely make our way.

"Jack Dempsey, fond of dogs, immediately upon reaching camp, turned his hounds loose for a little exercise. It was then, for the first time, that Jack's courage was tested to the limit. His hounds were attracted by the barking of a fox terrier, and they leaped upon the poor animal and almost tore it to pieces. Dempsey, thinking only of the poor creature before him, leaped into the midst of the mix-up and grabbed the injured dog from the very mouths of the dangerous wolfhounds. I was astounded at his bravery, for ordinarily these hounds would have torn the rescuer into shreds rather than give up their prey. Shortly after, we heard another commotion, and this was caused by the appearance of two deer, one of which Dempsey killed with the first shot, and then came in his greatest thrill, the encounter with the grizzly, already described."

Still another story of Dempsey as a hunter is told. And this time, it was a wounded moose that almost put an end to Jack's career.

Dempsey, accompanied by Bob Edgren, Walter Hinds of Portland, Me., a wealthy manufacturer, Al Currier, Dr. H. Pierce, Jerry Luvadis and Joe Dempsey, a brother, went to the woods near Havelock, N. B., on the line of the Canadian National Railways between St. John and Moncton, to do a little hunting.

The first day out, resting at a camp in the spruce and cedar wilderness of northern Canada, the party went after deer. None had been seen for several days, but the hunters were not discouraged. Dempsey made up a party of

three, and, each taking a different direction, the trio set out to bring in some moose.

It wasn't long before Dempsey spied moose tracks. Jack, in his anxiety to land the first prize, started tearing off the moose call which he had been practicing, but no moose appeared.

The following day, passing the same place, Dempsey again saw the moose tracks. It was Dempsey's first moose-hunting expedition, hence he failed in the technique of approach and scared the moose away. However, the rest of the party, with Bob Edgren in the lead, had heard the call, and they appeared on the scene and blocked the passage of the moose. Whereupon the moose politely turned about and began a retreat in the direction of Jack Dempsey.

Three shots left the gun of Dempsey and each struck the moose, but he still was full of fight. Maddened by the pain, he rushed toward Dempsey, antlers down, ready for action. Dempsey, thinking the animal had lost his strength because of his wounds, dropped his gun and made ready to tackle the crazed bull moose as he might any ordinary fighter. Dempsey failed to realize the strength of the beast that rushed at him and threw Dempsey aside with ridiculous ease. He tried to gore Dempsey, but fortunately Jack sidestepped and was hurled to one side but was unhurt. The moose made another desperate rush at Dempsey, but he got to his feet before the bull moose could reach him, and that alone, saved the champion's life.

Dempsey reached for his rifle just as the frightened animal came at him and another bullet pierced its heart and killed it instantly. Had Dempsey missed, had he less courage, he would never have seen the dawn of another day.

Dempsey took great pride in exhibiting the head of the moose that almost sent him to eternity. It was a close call for him.

Innumerable other tales are told of Dempsey's thrilling adventures with a mountain lion and a bobcat in western

mountains, and in each case Jack Dempsey saved either himself or the life of one of his party through heroic deeds.

Chapter X

The Gypsy Fortune Teller

Although it has often been remarked that Jack Dempsey was never in doubt about the outcome of the battle of Jess Willard, we are indebted to Jimmie Deforest, the Manassa Mauler's trainer for that fight, for the information that Dempsey was not too sure of himself until a gypsy fortune teller had crossed his path. Jack was never superstitious, yet on this occasion, strange as it might seem to those who know Dempsey intimately, he seemed to place his entire future in the gypsy's hands.

"You know, confidence, an overabundance of it, was what made Jack Dempsey unbeatable on the day he slaughtered Willard," said Deforest, in discussing the contest.

"I am not booming the gypsy fortune teller's trade, nor am I a psychic, but this is one instance in which I must admit the soothsayer scored. Dempsey was fit as a fiddle a few days before that one-sided contest, but he was beginning to fret. Stories were coming to our camp, just as they were being carried to Willard's camp, of the wonderful condition of the opponent, and it was my duty not only to get Jack into proper physical condition but to keep his mind fit for the task confronting him.

"Well, let me tell you something few persons know," added Jimmy, in a word of explanation.

"I have been given my share of the credit for Jack's great showing in his bout with Willard, and I firmly believe I had him so well trained for that contest that nothing short of a miracle would have prevented him from winning

either by knock-out or on points. Yet few persons know that my training alone was not the sole factor in his wonderful showing.

"No, it was a woman. Yes, a woman in this case, but not one who could start any heart action. No, just an ordinary gypsy girl.

"It was about a week before the fight that I told several of the scribes that Jack was too finely drawn and that I would have to urge him to discontinue training for several days so as not to have him grow stale before the big event. Jack liked his training and would have preferred to continue heavy work except for the fact that he was a splendid student and knew that I had him gauged properly. He was so well conditioned that he became easily disturbed.

"Well, that day, a gypsy fortune teller entered camp and immediately everybody started to jolly the woman along. Jack was no exception. The gypsy liked Jack and urged him to have his fortune told. Jack was a game fellow and he decided to risk a period of nervousness by accepting her offer.

" 'Place some silver in my palm,' the gypsy commanded, and Jack obliged.

" 'Look into my eyes,' she again commanded, and Jack again willingly obliged.

" 'I see two wonderful years for you,' said the gypsy. 'The years 1919 and 1920 will be the most profitable to you. You will have a heap of money, you will mingle with kings and princes, and you will travel all over the world,' continued the fortune teller.

"She then closed her eyes, and upon opening them, remarked:

" 'I have just seen some trouble ahead for you. You will have to fight hard to get out of this trouble, but it will be as nothing compared to what you will reap in the way of success. Your period of depression will be followed by one big success and you will be one of the most talked-of men

in the world. People will be almost ready to bow before you and you will acquire thousands of friends,' wound up the gypsy.

"I never believed in fortune-telling and always shunned the gypsies, but I tell you the words of that woman acted like magic words to Jack. If he never paid any attention to my advice and that of his other advisers, he certainly let the woman's words sink deeply into his brain.

"The day before the fight he was as chirpy as a two-year-old and he remarked:

" 'There's nothing to it. I'll win and win easily. Remember what the gypsy said. Well, that's exactly what's going to happen. I'll be world's champion tomorrow. I'll knock that farmer out in two rounds.'

"He was cheerful and remained in that good humor up to the time he went out to batter Willard into pulp.

"That woman unconsciously made Jack carry such an abundance of confidence into the ring that it would have taken three Willards even to throw a scare into him.

"No, I'm not boosting the fortune teller's game with this story. I'm just relating an incident in the training of Jack Dempsey that is worthy of a place in the historic ring records of champions, past and present, especially in this story of Dempsey's life."

Chapter XI

Wills-Dempsey Controversy

No story of the life of Jack Dempsey would be complete without telling of the three darkest portions of his career—his trial as a slacker, his legal battles with Jack Kearns and his five-year controversy with Harry Wills, the negro heavyweight. The Wills dispute started back in 1922 when Paddy Mullins, manager of the Negro, posted a forfeit of

$2,500 with the New York Boxing Commission for a fight with Dempsey and lasted until the day that Wills unexpectedly blasted his own hopes for a fight with either Dempsey or Tunney by being knocked out by Jack Sharkey in 1926.

Through the greater portion of his career, Dempsey found Wills on his trail. He was the Dark Menace. He hounded Dempsey just as Peter Jackson did John L. Sullivan and Jack Johnson hounded Tommy Burns. Court injunctions and boxing commission edicts were issued against Dempsey as a result of pleas for recognition made by Harry Wills, until finally, to calm him, Tex Rickard's ingenuity came to the rescue and a phony agreement was entered into for a fight between Wills and Dempsey.

At no time had Kearns or Rickard any idea of pitting the champion against the Negro, but with Rickard's advice, it was agreed by Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, to cease temporarily the public attacks on Dempsey, by getting Wills to believe he would be taken care of with a championship bout.

Accordingly, on June 29, 1922, one week after the New York Boxing Commission had issued a demand for Dempsey to accept the Wills challenge, Dempsey agreed and urged that a date be set for quick action. On July 11, a contract was signed with the stipulation that the date for the fight be set within sixty days after a reliable promoter undertook to stage the bout, and it was this shrewd wording of the contract that left the loophole through which Dempsey wiggled out of the fight, not that he was afraid of Wills, for, were it left to him, he would have been pleased to enter the ring against the New Orleans Panther without any training, but because his manager, Jack Kearns, was opposed to such a match and "Doc" at the time was boss.

The articles signed were nothing more than articles indicating good faith on the part of the boxers, as the contract had the three most important items, place, date and

terms, blank. Paddy Mullins, feeling that all was straightforward, insisted that Kearns accept an agreement to have all bids submitted within thirty days, but Mullins lost his plea.

However, finding that he was defeated on this point, Mullins accepted the agreement, including two other changes forced upon him, one that neither Wills nor Dempsey could engage in any bouts during the terms of this agreement, and the other that if the bout should be staged in New York, New York Commission rules would be in effect.

Nothing, however, came out of the agreement as opposition was met with from the very start. William Muldoon, member of the New York Boxing Board, objected strenuously to having such a mixed bout staged in New York, and rumors were heard to the effect that Rickard had been informed by high officials in the New York legislature that if he arranged such a contest for New York it would mean the end of the Walker Law.

Hence on the one hand, the New York Board compelled Dempsey to sign for a Wills bout under a penalty of being suspended, and on the other, ordered that the men must fight in a place other than in the Empire State.

What an enigma! The entire situation was so ridiculous that the Boxing Commission made a laughing stock of itself, and Tex Rickard and Jack Kearns won their point by showing the public their apparent good faith in desiring to match the Negro and the champion. Ostensibly such was the case, but, in reality, neither had any desire for the bout and it is doubtful if the match would have taken place even if New York State had not barred it.

When the Firpo match was later announced, Paddy Mullins became indignant and started court action. He tried by every means to place the ban on the contest, but without avail. Paddy Mullins, Wills' manager, three days before the Dempsey-Firpo fight, tried to obtain a manda-

mus to stop the bout and to substitute Wills for Firpo, but Justice Hagerty of Brooklyn, before whom the writ was argued, refused to act favorably.

In an opinion, the jurist declared that the Boxing Commission had no authority to order the Dempsey-Wills bout before a time, place and promoter had been agreed upon for such a contest, and denied the motion. The victory was the first big one which Dempsey had won in his many court battles and proved a jolt to those who figured they could prevent Dempsey from fighting.

HISTORY OF FAMOUS DEMPSEY-WILLS BOXING CONTROVERSY TOLD IN BRIEF

1922

June 13—Paddy Mullins, manager of Wills, posted a challenge and forfeit of $2,500 with the commission.

June 23—Commission gave Dempsey ten days to accept.

June 29—Dempsey formally accepted and urged immediate conference to decide on date.

July 11—Dempsey and Wills signed contracts to meet within sixty days after a reliable promoter undertook to stage match.

1923

February 2—William L. Muldoon, then chairman of the commission, announced that Dempsey would not be permitted to meet either Wills or Willard, in New York State. All heavyweight bouts were banned.

August 24—Licenses were granted to Dempsey and Kearns.

September 6—Dempsey, hearing Mullins attempted to prevent champion's bout with Firpo, said Wills never would get chance.

September 10—Wills' petition to stop Firpo bout was denied.

1924

January 24—Mullins quoted as demanding $500,000 for Wills to face Dempsey.

May 1—Rickard announced Dempsey and Wills to meet in Jersey City in September.

July 5—Rickard announced Dempsey not to enter ring during year.

1925

March 6—Commission issued ultimatum that Dempsey must agree within twenty-four hours to fight with Wills.

March 7—Kearns said Dempsey would meet Wills if commission financed match.

March 8—Time limit for accepting Wills bout extended to fifteen days.

March 24—Dempsey placed on ineligible list.

April 23—Dempsey said he would give Rickard two weeks to arrange meeting with Wills.

April 25—Appeared before commission, but failed to answer questions directly, leaving that for Kearns.

July 16—Returned from Europe and was signed by Rickard for Wills' bout.

July 17—Appeared before commission and formally accepted Wills' challenge.

August 4—Commission announced champion ineligible until signed for match.

September 29—Signed with Floyd Fitzsimmons to meet Wills—all forfeits posted.

December 3—Announced he would not fight Wills because of failure to obtain proper inducements.

1926

February 2—Tex Rickard begins negotiations with Dempsey for a championship fight.

May 27—Rickard announces Tunney will be Dempsey's opponent and Wills again is left out in the cold.

October 12—Wills meets Sharkey at Ebbets Field to prove his right to a championship match and loses on a foul in thirteenth round, thereby eliminating himself from further consideration.

William Muldoon, following the application of Harry Wills for a writ of mandamus, became highly incensed. He declared that no boxer could force the hands of the New York State Boxing Commission to act contrary to its best judgment and that he felt certain that no court would overrule the acts of the commission, a body empowered by the State Legislature to carry on boxing according to the rules and regulations laid down by that body. He said he

granted a license for the Dempsey-Firpo bout because he was opposed to a Dempsey-Wills contest.

When Justice Hagerty denied the application for a mandamus, Chairman Muldoon issued a statement on his reasons for banning a Dempsey-Wills fight in this state while he was a member of the State Commission:

"The commercialized conditions surrounding a bout of such importance," Chairman Muldoon said, "would produce an element which would jeopardize professional boxing if permitted to go unnoticed." It was this commercialism, not any discrimination against either Dempsey or Wills, which prompted Chairman Muldoon's decision, he said.

Excessive publicity, the possibility of disturbing influence resulting from a world's heavyweight title struggle between Dempsey and Wills, contender for the title, and the tremendous amount of money involved, were cited by Chairman Muldoon as reasons why he was unalterably opposed to the bout.

"There will never be a Dempsey-Wills bout in New York while I am head of the State Commission," said Muldoon. "This opposition to such bouts is in no way attributable to either of the boxers named. I believe Dempsey is eager to defend his title against any boxer. I believe that the boxers are anxious. They are not to blame for the existing situation. It is the commercialized condition produced by money-mad promoters and managers which is responsible for the commission's opposition.

"I think the occurrences of the last week or two have been the most disgusting attack on the life of boxing I have ever seen. Whether the men responsible admit it or not, they have come dangerously near accomplishing the abolition of boxing.

"The talk of millions and hundreds of thousands for a ring exhibition where the heavyweight title is at stake is repulsive. Let them come down to thousands, and when they

talk in hundreds of dollars they will be sane. In their present state the managers and promoters are insane.

"If they do not stop their wild talk, neither will the commission stop in its plan to protect them against themselves, and at the same time protect the sport. We are determined. What we have done is but a warning. We can go much farther and will go farther unless conditions improve.

"Evidently the managers and promoters prefer to ignore, rather than recognize, the danger which threatens boxing if this rot and ballyhoo of millions and hundreds of thousands of dollars is to continue. For their protection they should consider the information that the Legislature already is discussing way and means of eliminating such conditions.

"Is it the part of wisdom to permit such conditions or to prevent them? I say that the best thing that could be done is not only to stop this high finance in boxing, but to discourage it entirely. The moral effect is bad, there is no question on that point. And it is up to those who have power and authority to prevent such conditions to exercise the authority vested in them. I'll use whatever power is at my command to this end. It is the wrong thing to do to allow such things to go unchecked. If my vote will stop it, a Dempsey-Wills bout will never take place in this State.

"Dempsey has indicated his willingness to defend his title against all comers. I am sure of his sincerity. When the commission decided to accept Wills' challenge that was done for a purpose. That purpose has been fulfilled. Dempsey had agreed to meet Wills and it is no fault of his that no promoter can be found who is willing to risk staging such a gigantic mixed bout."

Chapter XII

Dempsey, the Man

THE WORLD loves a fighter. The man who never squawks, the man who always gives everything he has to make a battle worth while, the man whose colorfulness, whose magnetism, stand out so prominently that one can't help liking him, is the fellow who becomes the popular hero. Such a man was Jack Dempsey in his heydey. Such a man Jack Dempsey will always be, whether in the role of fighter, promoter or just the private citizen. His enemies are few—his friends, many. For popularity we have no athlete in recent times, not even the affable Bobby Jones or Joe Louis, who surpasses Dempsey.

There are many fine, thrilling stories in the life of this great showman which makes interesting reading, but unfortunately, there is not room for all of them in a work of this kind, in which I am trying to preserve for posterity the real, affable, kindhearted, gentlemanly Jack Dempsey.

Dempsey's life may be divided into several cycles. Probably no man who has figured so much in the public eye, has gone through so many and varied experiences as has Jack Dempsey. A tramp's life that hardened his person for the strenuous days of his ring career; a preliminary fighter through which period he encountered all the hardships that fall to the lot of the boxing unknown; a champion with all the glories and wealth a heavyweight title commands; a promoter seeking to commercialize his magnetism—these are the four great cycles in the life of the Manassa Mauler. The fifth cycle, which almost ruined his boxing career, is the one Jack Dempsey likes to forget.

Talk to Jack Dempsey about the days when he rode the rods and he'll find a keen delight in detailing some of his weird experiences.

Take him back to the day when he found himself with only three cents in Philadelphia, hungry, sleepy, ready to drop in his tracks, and he will tell you he was glad to go through that experience.

Discuss with him the start of his fighting career, and he'll slap you on the back and tell how he knocked out a miner and received $2.50 for his trouble.

Interview him on his battle with Gene Tunney in the Sesqui arena of Philadelphia when he lost the heavyweight championship, and he'll go into details, elaborating on the greatness of his conqueror.

But, if you want to arouse Jack Dempsey's ire, if you seek to anger him and lose his friendship, then try to hark back to a charge of slackerism. There is nothing Dempsey regrets more, and will regret to his dying day, than his failure to join the colors in the World War, yet, slackerism was farthest from the mind of Jack Dempsey. That period, the period of his trial out on the Coast, constitutes the fifth and most painful cycle in the life of Jack Dempsey, the western boy who rose from the copper, gold and silver mines to a world crown and several million dollars.

When Gene Tunney won the championship, he threw aside those who had helped to make him famous and wealthy. He shunned the society of his erstwhile friends. The newspapermen who were most responsible for gaining him the position he had attained, the fighters who had been his pals in the lean days—all, with one sweep, were cast aside by Gene Tunney.

Not so with Jack Dempsey. He never forgot the boys who were his friends through thick and thin. He never cold-shouldered even those who occasionally panned him for refusing to fight Harry Wills, his Nemesis, or ridiculed him because of his failure to join the colors. He was the same, calm, mild-mannered, gentlemanly Jack Dempsey when he won the title that he was in the days when he

didn't know where the money would come from for his next meal.

Of the thousands of great athletes I have met in my twenty-seven years as a sports writer and sports editor, I have yet to come across one who is more democratic, more courteous even to those he had never met before, than Jack Dempsey. A Prince of Good Fellows is a title he may proudly carry. An overgrown boy is what many of his newspaper friends have called him, and that depicts the true Jack Dempsey.

A fellow with an overabundance of energy, always eager to keep going, always on the alert, that is Jack Dempsey.

If Jack Dempsey were to own fifty million dollars, he couldn't take life easy. He is not of that type. Activity, more activity, and still more activity, makes up the daily routine of this great fistic character. He is a natural good-mixer. Shy in his early career, he has overcome that handicap and today Jack Dempsey can take his place in the finest of society without being the least flabbergasted. Perhaps his marriage to Estelle Taylor, who later divorced him, had much to do with this, but the fact remains that he is far more at ease in high society and at public functions than is Gene Tunney.

As an after-dinner speaker, Dempsey is not by any means a great speech-maker, but he is a smooth, clear talker who does not have to drag his words as does Gene Tunney. He knows precisely what he wants to say and says it in a most convincing, emphatic manner that catches the audience. Dempsey proved this conclusively when, during his first promotional venture at Miami Beach, he sold the Sharkey-Stribling fight to the public. His personal contact with men of affairs and his after-dinner and luncheon speeches had much to do with the success of that fight.

A fine, well-proportioned fellow, exceedingly well dressed, Dempsey looks anything but the "pug" of past

days. Always in fine trim physically, he make a splendi appearance.

Ever smiling, he has a word of cheer for all, and whethe intimate with his guest or not, he always responds to "How-do-you-do Jack?" with a "Fine, pal. Couldn't fe any better."

Every one seems to be his pal, a term picked up b Dempsey when he traveled the rods as a tramp. He is clean fellow, doesn't drink and, until recently, seldo smoked, but now enjoys a good cigar, especially whe troubled or excited. He's genuine and aboveboard, a tru scout, no tin god, but a lovable character whose friendshi is to be valued.

A hobo or a down-and-outer always finds a friend in nee in Jack Dempsey. Jack never turned his back to his kin for he seems to remember the lean days when he was in th same boots in which these unfortunates, these derelict find themselves today. By way of example of his extrem generosity, I might cite an incident that took place a Miami Beach where I was working under Jack on the pub licity end of the Sharkey-Stribling battle.

We were standing in front of the Kennel Club, Demp sey's headquarters, four days before the fight. The time wa only 7:45 in the morning, and there was Dempsey, all se for an early start on his business. While discussing th referee situation, an unkempt, hard-looking fellow wit clothes tattered walked up to us and greeted Dempsey.

"Hello, Jack. Been trying to see you for several days."

"Hello, pal. How are you?" was Dempsey's retur greeting.

"Not so good, Jack," returned the visitor. "I came dow here when the dog track opened, thinking I could get som work, but I've been out of luck and haven't had a meal fo several days. You remember me, don't you, Jack? I worke with your brother Hiram, years ago."

Dempsey didn't wait for any more. Into his pocket went his hand and out came a five-dollar bill.

"Here take this. Get a meal and a shave and see Jerry in the kennels at 10:30. You know Jerry, don't you? Well tell Jerry that I said he should give you a job at Sharkey's training quarters to handle the newspaper boys' chairs."

That's the Dempsey that few persons know of. As the unfortunate chap left our midst, Dempsey turned to me and smilingly remarked:

"I don't know him from Adam, but the poor fellow—he's got to live. Tell Jerry that I said to put him to work and pay him a dollar each afternoon to put the press chairs in front of the ring."

That meeting with this derelict seemed to put Dempsey in a reminiscent mood. We were waiting for William F. Carey to come down to the box office and, while standing near the curb, I noticed that Dempsey had a far-away look in his eyes. He seemed to be thinking.

There was something about that appearance of his that made me feel that the chap he had just helped had reminded Dempsey of the days when he felt like asking for aid but had too much pride or else no one to approach.

"Are you thinking of the days when you were in the same boots?" I inquired, fearing all the time that he might be offended at this query. But he was not. He threw his arm around my shoulder, looked down on me and said:

"Yes, Nat, they do come back to me. Sometimes you can't forget those days, especially when you see a fellow like that bird—big, husky, probably as eager to do some work as I was in the old days, but luck is simply against him. You can't feel hard against that type."

There was another insight into the real Jack Dempsey!

"It wasn't as hard for a fellow to get along then, Jack, as it is now," I ventured to remark.

"I don't know," he snapped back. "You see things have changed. I had a pretty tough time of it, as tough as they

made them. At times I felt so fed up on hard luck tha
was ready to drop out of sight."

And then, another far-away look, and I realized tha
had hit Jack at the right time. I told Dempsey months
fore this meeting that I would like to spend a few ho
with him for several days to gather new material he mig
enlighten me with for my book, but he was so full of p
so full of life and an eagerness to keep moving that I fou
it impossible to snatch more than a few minutes every n
and then. Promises were made, and when kept, he wo
talk mostly about the other fellow. Here, then, was my
chance—the opportunity I was awaiting, and I decided
make the best of it.

Dempsey looked down the street and noticed that
man he had just helped had walked into a restaurant, a
he went on:

"When I go back to the days of my start, I feel l
pinching myself to find out if the Jack Dempsey of old
the Jack Dempsey now talking to you. Necessity drove
to work when I was only a kid. Necessity drove me into
mines, into the dance halls, on the freight trains and i
the fighting game. I know what it means to be up agai
it as that fellow is, for there isn't a man alive who had
hustle more for his daily bread. I was as far down as a fell
could go when I took on my first fight.

"I was a silver-miner, earning five dollars a day and wo
ing like a slave, but the work agreed with me. I didn't m
it, but with a big family sharing that salary, there was no
ing in it for me. I liked fighting and I took on a
amateur bouts. But I didn't remain an amateur long.

"I fought my first professional fight in Colorado and
opponent was a fellow named the Fighting Blacksmith

"They called me Young Dempsey, and Young Demp
scored a knockout in the third and got $2.50. Wasn't t
sweet? Well, I spent that money on a couple of tramps w
looked hungry. We all had a hearty meal on that first p

money and, believe me, we all enjoyed it. That's why that bird who just caught me got that five bucks. I can't resist giving that type a helping hand for they always bring back to me the days when I was hungry and tired and didn't have the guts to ask others to give me some help or I didn't know whom to ask. I'd roam and roam, I'd hop the freight and then sell my services at any kind of work, just to get enough to buy myself some grub."

And that trait in Jack Dempsey will be a lasting one. He doesn't know the meaning of "turndown." He doesn't know how to say, "I'm sorry, I can't help you." These words are not in his vocabulary.

While down in Miami Beach, where Dempsey collected about $13,000 for his end of the promotion of the Sharkey-Stribling fight, Dempsey gave away about $5,000 to the needy. I personally saw him slip a five spot here and a ten there to men he called "pal," his favorite expression of comradeship. Men who were stone broke knew where to go for aid.

The Dempsey known to the newspaper boys, is a typical boy. He loves his "horse play," is a practical joker and how he likes to wrestle an unsuspecting victim! Playfulness is his middle name. He doesn't pretend to be what he is not. He is just human. The kind of a chap you must admire because of his sincerity. I know, from personal experience.

Never boastful, unassuming, he dislikes to discuss himself or his achievements unless hard pressed and even then he'll try to hedge. That is why it took me more than a year to carry out my plans to write a book on his life and battles. What information regarding his early career I did not have, found it almost impossible to get from Jack without dragging it from him.

He felt that such a story might be misinterpreted. It might make him appear to his friends—and he certainly does cherish friendship—in the nature of a braggart.

As a fighter, Jack Dempsey was the Man-Killer. He was

the Manassa Mauler. In training, he likewise put all
efforts into his work regardless of how hard he would p
ish a sparring partner.

Outside the ring, he was an entirely different m
Docile, quiet spoken—all the elements of ferociousn
gone.

Ofttimes he would find it most difficult to obtain sp
ring partners because of the punishment he meted out
them—not intentional punishment, just his natural way
training. As a rule, his sparring mates lasted a round or t
at most. They were so battered, it often took several d
for them to recover.

Out in Chicago and again when he was training
Brennan, Firpo and Carpentier, Dempsey had to send
a hurry call for sparring mates because some of th
originally hired, quit.

They couldn't stand the gaff, while he, on the ot
hand, found that they could not extend him sufficien

An example of what was in store for the average sparr
partner at Dempsey's training quarters is the case of C
Round Davis, a big, husky heavyweight who had come
Dempsey's camp for work.

Big Bill Tate, who was Dempsey's chief sparring m
at the Willard camp, sent for Davis to join the corps, a
one evening, just before dinner, in walked the newcom
Dempsey eyed him, became rather annoyed because
didn't know who this fellow was who had come to the c
ner table and turned to Tate and asked:

"Who is that big boy?"

"That's your new sparring partner," chuckled Tate
he saw visions of Dempsey finally getting some one
extend him.

"He is eh? Where does he come from?" asked Jack.

"From Buffalo and has a good reputation," retur
Tate.

"Fine. Give him his meal and tell him to be ready

his first workout tomorrow afternoon, 2:30," wound up Dempsey.

That day, Dempsey had lost two of his trainers who decided he was just a wee bit too rough, so the latest acquisition proved a blessing. The following day, Davis walked into the gymnasium. He was the cockiest sparring partner I've ever seen. He walked up to Tate, tossed his hand bag on the floor and began to order Tate around the room.

"Hang up these clothes," he shouted. "Put that bag in the corner and give me those gloves." All were orders and snappy at that. They came from a fellow who seemed all important. Not a courteous word from him.

Tate seemed puzzled. He walked over to Dempsey and told Jack that he had a tough guy waiting for him.

"Send him along," said Jack to his Negro handler. "We'll soon have him tamed."

Dempsey took his usual exercise that afternoon, then donned the mitts, walked over to the newcomer and introduced himself. "You look pretty big, pal," said Jack. "Hope you give me a good workout."

"I sure will," snapped back the Buffalonian, and he walked over to the corner where Tate was standing. He asked Tate for a few pointers on Dempsey and Tate, in his Southern drawl, remarked:

"There's nothing about his style or methods. The only thing about him is that he always wants to get the place where his opponent is standing. Give him plenty of room. Step aside when he comes to you and you'll be all right."

The call to arms had come. One-Round Davis faced Jack and, when the gong sounded, he leaped out of his corner like a lion going at its prey. Jack sidestepped, sneaked a terrific bone-crusher into the belly of Davis, and they picked up the Buffalo lad, took him to the dressing room and drenched him with water to bring him back to life.

That evening, when all the boys were to have reported

to Tate, the Negro missed Davis. He walked into Da
room and there found him with bag packed, ready
skip.

"What's wrong? You're not quitting so soon, are yo

"Why no," replied Davis. "I've simply decided that J
needs more room in that ring. I'm gonna give him t
place of mine. He's too gentle. I like 'em rough."

With that, he ran out to get the first train back to B
falo. And so it went. Time and again Jack either knoc
his sparring mates silly so that they couldn't give hir
work-out for several days, or scared them stiff so that t
hopped on the first train out.

A man-killer in every move he made in the ring. A gen
courteous playfellow in ordinary life.

That was Jack Dempsey, The Manassa Mauler

Chapter XIII

Promotes Miami Beach Fight

With the death of Tex Rickard, whose business assoc
Dempsey had planned to be in several Florida ventu
the former world champion decided to cast his lot w
the Madison Square Garden Corporation in the pro
tion of the Sharkey-Stribling fight. Rickard, had he
been called to eternal rest by the Almighty after a h
operation for appendicitis, would have staged the bou
Miami Beach, and Dempsey, eager to carry out the wis
of his pal, accepted the post of promoter for that cont

The success of his first promotional venture, for wh
Steve Hannagan and I were the press representatives,
a feather in Dempsey's cap. Those who worked with
as I did down in Florida, know that Jack did more t
merely lend his name to the undertaking.

With William F. Carey, head of the Madison Sq

Garden and successor to Tex Rickard, Dempsey made what looked like a certain flop into a financial success yielding a profit of about $40,000. It was the personality and magnetism of these two men that brought success to Dempsey's initial venture into the field of promotion.

So elated was Dempsey with his success, that when the fight was over, he came north and accepted an offer from Humbert J. Fugazy to become his partner and matchmaker in the promotion of boxing and other sports.

For signing a contract with Fugazy, he received $50,000 salary, but when Fugazy was unable to get an arena, Dempsey quit him and kept his salary, which was paid in advance.

With the signing of a two-year agreement, Dempsey completed the cycle that started as a hobo, then went by stages to a dance-hall bouncer, a miner, a preliminary fighter, a world champion, a vaudeville and motion picture actor, an owner of race horses, a partner with James W. Coffroth in the Tia Juana Jockey Club and ended with him taking the helm as a promoter. Later he promoted in Chicago, Reno, Nevada and New York.

That the world loves a fighter, is still evidenced by the greetings Jack Dempsey receives wherever he goes. An idol who surpasses the great John L. Sullivan is Jack Dempsey. The fight fans simply go wild about the former heavyweight. That is evident more so now than ever. I've seen it in his Tavern and in my travels with Jack to places where he refereed fights.

When Dempsey went to Europe in 1925, he had thousands block his path wherever he strolled. Every move he made, he found himself surrounded by a horde of admirers. In England, France and Germany—everywhere—he was the popular hero.

In this country, it has never been different. Even in Mexico, where he went in 1926 on a barnstorming tour, he

found that fame had preceded him. He and his film, *Lo thario*, captured Mexico City by storm.

The pesos were lying loose for him. He was simply show ered with them. Everywhere people were willing to pay t take a glimpse at this great fistic mauler. In Tampico, Mon terey, Juarez, Vera Cruz—everywhere—he found it nec essary to obtain police protection so enthusiastic was hi greeting.

In Tampico and Mexico City the national troops wer called out to quell the riots. The officials were mighty glad when Jack Dempsey left their environs for his own coun try.

That Jack Dempsey owed much to Tex Rickard as a promoter, is evident from the huge sum which Rickard turned over to the Manassa Mauler during his career a champion. According to figures given to me by the promo ter a few months before his untimely death at Miami Beach, Dempsey received $2,475,259 as his share for seven fights. Rickard made Dempsey a millionaire.

RECEIPTS AT BOXING SHOWS IN WHICH DEMPSEY APPEARED FRO 1919 TO 1932

Winner	Loser	Place	Receipts
Sept. 22, 1927			
Tunney	Dempsey	Chicago	$2,658,66
Sept. 23, 1926			
Tunney	Dempsey	Philadelphia	1,895,72
July 2, 1921			
Dempsey	Carpentier	Jersey City	1,626,58
Sept. 14, 1923			
Dempsey	Firpo	New York	1,188,82
July 21, 1927			
Dempsey	Sharkey	New York	1,083,52
July 4, 1919			
Dempsey	Willard	Toledo	452,52
July 4, 1923			
Dempsey	Gibbons	Shelby	201,48

Dec. 14, 1920			
Dempsey	Brennan	New York	200.000
Sept. 6, 1920			
Dempsey	Miske	Benton Harbor	134,900
Feb. 19, 1932			
No decision—King Levinsky vs. Dempsey			74,199.95

The official figures, registered in the Madison Square Garden books, show that Rickard paid Dempsey $27,500 to fight Willard, and his share of the pictures was $6,000. He paid him $100,000 to fight Brennan, and the pictures yielded $8,000. He paid him $300,000 to fight Carpentier, and the pictures brought an additional $44,000. He paid him $509,000 to fight Firpo. The pictures were worth $30,000 more. He paid him $711,000 to fight Tunney, plus $6,000 in picture returns.

Then he paid to Dempsey $252,759 for his fight with Jack Sharkey plus his share of the motion picture rights, which Dempsey disposed of for $6,000, and $450,000 plus the motion picture rights, which netted him about $25,000 more, was paid for his fight with Tunney in Chicago.

Between 1927 and 1932, Dempsey earned $320,000 in a nationwide tour as a referee, and later as a promoter he cleaned up an additional $50,000. Then he received $29,908 for his fight with King Levinsky in Chicago, and earned close to $300,000 by refereeing fights since 1932. He has cleaned up also in other ventures. Thus for one year he received $500 a week for identifying his name with a chocolate called Jack Dempsey's CHOCOLATE BAR, and $25,000 for offering his name to a syndicate for sports stories by him. But those are not all. Everything he puts his hands to yields a handsome income.

No fighter in ring history can point to such a financial record. Only a Dempsey, a fighter with the personality, the punch of a Dempsey, can ever expect to duplicate this.

Chapter XIV

Promoting His Own Bout

When Jack Dempsey entered the promotion field, it w not his first venture as a promoter. Years back, in fa when he fought his first professional battle, he was h own promoter. It was in the Moose Club of Montros Colorado, in a dance hall, that Dempsey fought his fir professional contest. In telling of that bout Dempsey d clared that he not only was one of the principals but al handled all the money and paid himself from the profit His opponent was a fighter called Freddy Woods. Toget er they agreed to split the purse which amounted to $4

During the two years between his sixteenth and h eighteenth birthdays, Jack Dempsey was an itinerant labo er, doing jobs of all kinds. Like many boys of his age, l liked to roam. At the time, he was a happy-go-lucky yout who found his greatest enjoyment in stealing rides o freight trains and seeing the country. With tough sinew a hardy body, and powerful muscles, he feared no man. H felt like a king in hobodom. He was in his element—a aristocrat among the ramblers and all because of h strength.

Although the life of the hobo was anything but a plea ant one, this boy from Colorado could handle himse against the biggest of the roughnecks who ruled the train The young 'uns, who were out on their initial journey, a the veterans, who knew every angle of the ramblers' li all respected the Manassa lad whose fists proved mighti than words.

Riding the mails and the fast fruit expresses had becon a hobby with Dempsey, and within a short time he w as adept in the ways of the "rod passenger" as the oldc of the fellows with whom he traveled. He had learned

what places the picking was softest, where the "coppers" would land the train rider in the hoosegow and where, if the emergency arose, he could graft some lodging for the mere sweeping of a saloon or a dance floor.

One day, while traveling on a fast moving freight that had taken on a load of iron, Dempsey was caught by a brakeman and was booted off the train at Montrose. He was undecided whether to remain in his old home town or hop aboard the next freight that passed through, when he met a "pal" and journeyed from the outskirts to the town proper.

On one of the side streets, he was attracted by a gang of boys standing before the village blacksmith shop. Like all the curious, Dempsey crossed the street and gazed with the rest of them. His eyes fell upon a young lad, Freddy Woods by name, whom Dempsey knew as the Fighting Blacksmith.

Greetings exchanged, Freddy and Jack slapped each other on the back and began to talk of the impromptu scraps they engaged in when Dempsey's family resided in Montrose, from where they had removed to Provo, Utah. Dempsey had only a few cents in his pockets and he was trying to evolve some plan whereby he could obtain additional funds.

In telling the story of this meeting with Woods and how it led to his first professional fight, Dempsey said to me:

"A few days later, I again stopped before the blacksmith shop and after Freddy and I got to talking about some bout that had taken place the night before at Salt Lake City, I said to him:

" 'Why don't we both get together and make a little extra change? It's easy enough. All we have to do is to get a dance hall. Let's have a little fight of our own.' "

Dempsey declares that Woods did not have to be coaxed a second time. He immediately jumped at the

opportunity, and the fight was arranged. They agreed
have Dempsey act the manager and promoter and a
agreed that, after all expenses were paid, the profits wou
be split, fifty-fifty.

Dempsey went to the village dance hall proprietor a
asked him if the hall could be rented for a Friday nig
The answer was favorable, and Dempsey immediat
set himself out as the promoter. He enlisted the servi
of several sports who were eager to see any kind of
fight, and the date was set.

When Dempsey went to the hall a day before the fig
to see where he would pitch the ring, he found that
he could do would be to set up a ring on the dance flo
without any raised platform. He was informed by the p
prietor that no stakes could be fastened into the floor b
after some persuasion, the proprietor put up four po
to which Dempsey attached the ropes.

He couldn't get the regulation ring ropes, so he went
the nearest general merchandise store and there he p
chased some clothes line. This served the purpose. Inste
of ring padding, he used three barrels of sawdust.

On the night of the fight, Dempsey stood at the do
as ticket collector. When he had taken in all he figu
he could get, he walked into the ring, took off his trouse
hung them and his coat on one of the posts, appointe
referee and timekeeper, and told them to start the fig

As Dempsey explains it, he felt the money would
safer if he kept it within reach and throughout the fi
he kept one eye on Woods and the other on his trouse

The fight itself lasted two and a half rounds. While
progress, it furnished the motley gathering with plenty
excitement. Instead of fighting a friendly bout, the t
tore into each other like wildcats, and terrific blows w
struck except when wild swings rent the air.

The first round was about even, but in the seco
Woods took a good shellacking. A right swing to the

sent him sitting in the sawdust, and when he arose he was groggy. The bell saved him for a worse beating in the third and last round.

When they came at each other, Woods struck Dempsey a solid wallop in the bread basket, and this, according to Dempsey, made him real angry. He rushed back at Freddy and let loose a wild right that caught him flush on the jaw and down Freddy went for keeps.

Thinking he had hurt Woods badly, Dempsey rushed to his corner, grabbed the water bucket and threw the entire contents over Freddy's face. This caused Woods to regain consciousness, and when he did, he was full of fight. He got to his feet and wanted to start all over again. Dempsey declared he had a tough time to make Freddy realize he had been counted out.

He said, "I grabbed him and tried to calm him but that didn't get me anywhere. Then I whispered into his ears, 'Don't be a fool. The fight's over. We're not fighting for pleasure. You and me are partners. We've given them a good fight for their money. Now let's quit and divide.' "

That seemed to be understood by Woods, who smiled, shook hands, and began to walk towards his corner while the crowd cheered.

Dempsey's second fight was with Andy Malloy, a tough veteran who had smelled the resin in all parts of the Far West and even down in Juarez, Mexico. Andy, like Dempsey, was flat broke and wanted to pick up some easy coin. He had been among those present at the Dempsey-Woods battle, and approached Jack.

"I like you," is the way Malloy greeted him, said Dempsey. "You're a sweet little fighter. How about you and me making some hay?"

That was agreeable to Dempsey, who replied, "Sure thing. What yer gonna do?"

"Let's me and you stage a little fight. We'll hire the

music hall like you and Woods did and we'll charge fifty cents a throw. How about it? Eh, kid?"

The bargain was made and Malloy and Dempsey were the joint promoters in the Manassa Mauler's second professional venture.

When the night of the fight arrived, Dempsey had his brother Bernard as his chief second. Bernard previously received a shellacking from Malloy, and Andy figured he would do likewise to Jack, "the kid," as he called him. But in this, Malloy failed to consider the fact that he was a "goner" and Dempsey, a "comer."

When the gong sounded for proceedings to begin, Malloy peppered his boy opponent with rights and lefts and made Jack step lively. Moose Hall was again crowded, and the fight fans, seeing what a target Dempsey was for Andy, a pretty clever boxer, figured that Dempsey would be knocked out in a jiffy.

Dempsey was persistent in his attack, but he missed often. Malloy kept shooting out a jab, then backed away while Dempsey's swings hit the atmosphere. Andy kept playing his attack through the second round and wound up that session by catching Dempsey with a right on the nose that drew the claret.

Dempsey came out of his corner with blood in his eyes. He was more determined than ever. He rushed at Malloy and before Andy had a chance to sidestep this one, a terrific right belt caught him flush on the whiskers and down he went. The birdies sang their song and Andy's thoughts were in dreamland. He was dead as a door nail and it took considerable effort on the part of Dempsey and all the seconds to bring Andy back to life.

"What a sock!" exclaimed Malloy as he came to. "You're too good to be riding the rails doing odd jobs. How about you letting me take hold of yer? I'll teach yer how to use those mitts of yourn, and you and me'll go partners. What yer say?"

As Dempsey tells the yarn, he was perfectly agreeable to Malloy's invitation. Dempsey threw in his lot with Andy Malloy, who became his first real manager. Malloy taught Jack the rudiments of boxing but could not get Dempsey to learn how to jab.

"Fighting is all I cared about," says Dempsey in explaining his difficulty. "All I wanted was to go in and sock because I didn't see any reason why any one should care to jab when he could hurt a fellow more by hitting him a wallop.

"One thing I will say for Andy, who is now dead, is that he sure did have patience. He taught me how to throw my weight behind my punch, the same as the follow-through in golf. I attribute all my success in the ring to this great asset."

It wasn't long after Malloy took Dempsey in hand that Buck Weaver, a miner and sportsman, wired an offer to the pair for a fight at Durango, a good mining town, and they accepted—teacher and student—a rather unusual arrangement. They "broke" their partnership, leaped on the first freight that left Montrose, and reached their destination safely. Buying railroad passage was not in their line then. It was more economical to "ride the rods," and this they did.

In that second fight, Malloy was more careful, for he knew Dempsey's capabilities and decided to take no chances. In the early rounds, as in their first battle in which he was knocked out in the third, Malloy hit Dempsey at will. He jabbed and drew away, jabbed and drew back. He repeated this until it became monotonous and Dempsey decided to throw all caution to the winds and sail into his teacher-opponent.

The bout was staged at the Opera House and was scheduled for twenty rounds, but the chief of police, just when it looked like a sure thing for Dempsey, intervened and ordered the milling halted at the end of the tenth.

The bout was called a draw but all hands agreed that Dempsey, the kid, put it all over his veteran instructor, who no longer was Dempsey's manager.

Bernard Dempsey, who had accompanied Jack to act as his second, liked his brother's fighting to such an extent, that Bernard decided to give up the ring game as a scrapper and become a manager. This he did and Jack entrusted his future ring success into the hands of his fighter-brother, while Malloy, who was "canned," went back to Salt Lake City, singing the praises of "his find."

Malloy told Hardy Downing, Salt Lake City sportsman and promoter, of the prowess of the "young Montrose kid" and Downing lost no time sending a message to Dempsey offering him a fight. That message resulted in Dempsey clashing with Jack Downey in a bout, the details of which are told elsewhere. Jack Price, who later accompanied Dempsey to New York on his first visit East and acted as Jack's manager, was Downing's brother-in-law.

"The fights with Woods and Malloy," said Dempsey, "gave me the confidence I needed, for they proved to me that I carried a good right and that I could hit hard. Those fights also taught me that there was more money in boxing than in mining or being a dance-hall bouncer, and then and there I decided I would make professional fighting my vocation."

That Jack Dempsey has had a greater influence over the boxing game than any modern fighter is evident from an examination of the boxing records. These show that the Manassa Mauler has been responsible for several important changes in the rules, those being directed against him, personally.

First the New York State Boxing Commission, in view of Jack Dempsey's idleness during the time he held the title, ruled that a heavyweight champion should be made to defend his title at least once every year.

In his early championship days, Dempsey clouted his

rivals into submission with the deadly rabbit punch—a short, choppy punch to the base of the brain, alongside the ear. The blow had a paralyzing effect and was proclaimed by physicians as a dangerous one. To prevent Dempsey from using it, a ban was placed on the rabbit punch. Dempsey used this blow with telling effect on Bill Brennan, Billy Miske, and Georges Carpentier.

The third ruling which was put through to curb Dempsey was that relative to the knockdown. The New York Board made it mandatory for a boxer scoring a knockdown to retire to the farthest neutral corner. This was deemed advisable because of the unsatisfactory manner in which Dempsey handled himself in the Firpo battle in which he stood over his opponent and struck him before the Argentinian had an opportunity to get to his feet.

Chapter XV

Picturesque Tonopah Battle

Our hero traveled all over this continent. He fought in many queer places during his early ring days and he was the center of attraction in many picturesque settings, but in none, will Jack Dempsey admit, was there a more picturesque surrounding than when he fought Joe Sudenberg in a return bout.

The scene was Tonopah, Nevada. The date was back in 1915. The setting was a mining camp with a motley group of miners as the spectators.

An open-air ring, with the heat more terrific than was encountered on that blistering day at Toledo where he won the title from Jess Willard. The heat was shimmering up in waves over the sage brush and sand and the miners were roaring their approval. A scene not surpassed in any of his many fights, yet resembling very closely that

which faced Dempsey and Gibbons out in the wilds of Shelby, Montana.

It was only a few weeks previously that Dempsey and Sudenberg had clashed in a fierce ten-round draw in Goldfield. The memories of that combat were still very much in the mind of Dempsey when he stripped to tackle his rival for the second time.

Dempsey, to this day, acknowledges that he was as green as grass, knew nothing about conditioning himself, knew less about the science of the sport, but did know that he carried a hefty wallop and that, when that blow of his landed accurately, some one saw stars. His only system at that time was to await the gong, rush pell-mell into opponent and then it was a case of slam-bang. He was as wild as a March hare, swung with terrific force, and when he missed, he almost took himself off his feet.

When Joe Sudenberg and Jack Dempsey were pitted against each other in that second encounter, Jack made up his mind he would get his man early, and, when the bell sounded, the fireworks started. Only one second had elapsed after the gong sent them on their way, when Jack let loose a wild swing that came up almost from the ground and crashed against Sudenberg's jaw.

It lifted Joe in the air and he almost turned a somersault. Down he went, but up he bobbed at the count of two.

That fight was a repetition of the Firpo contest.

Up came Sudenberg! Bang went Dempsey's right, and there was Joe on the ring floor again.

Four times in that round Joe went down, but each time like Firpo, he came back for more punishment. To the astonishment of Dempsey and the miners, on getting up the fifth time, Sudenberg, wild with rage, leaped at Dempsey. What a battle until the bell sounded!

The second round had begun. Sudenberg tore from his corner, and, as he rushed at Dempsey, a terrific right landed on Sudenberg's jaw and down he went for the seventh

time. Up he came again at the count of three and then Dempsey was confronted with exactly the same situation as in the second battle with Tunney after Jack had floored Gene.

In telling of that Tonopah fight, Dempsey says he must have run the marathon distance trying to catch up with his opponent after he got to his feet in the second session. Sudenberg was a smart fighter and he had the courage of a lion. To him a knockout meant disgrace. He simply wouldn't think of being knocked out.

Despite the torrid sun, Dempsey for the next six rounds kept after his man. Floor him he did; but knock him out, he couldn't!

While he was running, Sudenberg was also landing many hard blows on his adversary. He would suddenly turn, then pop! would go a left or a right. Dempsey was getting him, but, while doing so, Jack was also tiring.

In the seventh, Sudenberg did to Dempsey what Gene Tunney accomplished in the eighth round of their Chicago bout. He suddenly halted his marathon, stood toe to toe with Jack, slugged away, and, while in close, raised a beautiful uppercut and down went Dempsey with a thud. He landed in a sitting position and was dazed when the count began.

Three times Dempsey went down in that round. No sooner did he arise, then bang! went another to the jaw and down he went again!

Each time Dempsey arose more angry than ever and each time, as he got to his feet, he rushed his opponent in an effort to turn the tide. However, Sudenberg had by this time decided he had taken enough punishment and felt that it was now Dempsey's turn. And how he did send in wallop after wallop at Dempsey's jaw!

Dempsey was on the verge of going down for the fourth time when the bell came to his rescue. He was groggy as he went to his corner and after being refreshed, he came out

for the eighth with vengeance in his eyes. He tore after Sudenberg, but Joe had shot his bolt and, for this round and the remaining two, he decided on playing it safe.

The bout ended with the cheers of the miners ringing in the ears of the rivals. The verdict was a draw and Sudenberg and Dempsey left the ring arm in arm, friends where only a few minutes before, they had been deadly foes!

"That fight," says Jack Dempsey, "was one of my hardest. At any rate, I don't remember any other fight I ever engaged in, in which I was forced to extend myself more than in the picturesque Tonopah combat."

An early fight that Jack Dempsey will never forget was that with a huge Negro, the Boston Bear Cat, at the Alhambra Theater in Ogden, Utah, in 1916. This Negro, carrying clippings to prove his ability as a fighter, walked into the Alhambra Theater one day and asked to see the promoter.

This big, towering fellow, tough in appearance, nose broken, two tin ears decorating his physiognomy, told the promoter that he was a good fighter and asked for a chance to earn some money.

"Whom did you fight?" asked the promoter.

"I've fought Sam Langford a twenty-round draw, and there's the clippings to prove it."

With that he flashed the clippings.

The record books show no such fight, yet Old Sam, when interviewed by me, admitted that such a fight had taken place.

Figuring that any one who could remain twenty rounds with the deadly hitting Sam was a worth-while investment, the proprietor handed the Negro a couple of dollars, told him to go out for some grub, and to be back in the morning.

In the meantime, the promoter called Jack Dempsey on the telephone, and asked him if he would consent to fight the following Friday. Dempsey, the week previously, had

knocked out Jack Downey, his old rival, in two rounds and was feeling pretty cocky.

"Will you fight for me next Friday?" asked the promoter.

"Sure," replied Jack, "who is the man?"

"A big guy, who just fought a twenty-round draw with Sam Langford," came back the reply. "He looks like a rough, tough guy. What do you say?"

"It's on," snapped Jack Dempsey. "I'll fight him."

And the match was clinched.

That Friday, a big delegation of Salt Lake City fans made the trip to Ogden to see their idol in action. To their astonishment, Dempsey's supporters almost fainted when they saw the huge, bulky form of his opponent enter the ring. They feared Dempsey would be annihilated by the Boston Bear Cat, but Dempsey was calm. He saw no reason to fear the result.

In telling this story, Dempsey says for a time it seemed the fight would be called off, for his supporters were anxious for his life. They were more scared than he was, for, as he explains, as soon as he laid eyes on the Negro, Dempsey had planned his attack, a body attack, and he felt confident this would cause the Negro's downfall.

When the bell sounded, Dempsey convinced his followers that the Negro, and not he, would be annihilated. He lit into the big guy like a tiger and so many blows came the Negro's way, that he stood there, bewildered. That black man, who stood off the rushes of Sam Langford, saw more gloves in a few seconds than he had ever seen before.

Left and right went Dempsey's fists. Swings, hooks, uppercuts—everything he had in his repertoire, landed on that Negro's face and body. The colored man was backed away from the ropes. Then the Bear Cat suddenly decided to change his tactics and stand toe to toe and mix it.

He swung with a left hand and as the blow approached, Dempsey countered with a right hook, and down went the burly Negro.

"Here," says Dempsey, "is where the real fun started.

"The referee started the count. He got to three, when the Negro raised his head and said:

"'That's enough white boy. I've got sufficient. I'm through for the night. No more fighting for me.'"

The crowd roared. Few among the spectators hissed because they realized the Negro was outclassed and would have been slaughtered if he had ever gotten up.

It took Jack only a minute and a half to vanquish this Bear Cat and the victory established Dempsey pretty solidly in his own state as a heavyweight of note.

It wasn't long after that mill that Dempsey embarked East to make his bow to New Yorkers. His brother Bernard urged him to try his luck in New York and he consented to make the trip. In discussing his brother Bernard, Dempsey told me the following interesting story.

"One of the early bouts in which I fought while my brother Bernard was my manager, was with a fellow named Bob York of Price, Utah, in 1916. This was my last fight before embarking for New York to fight Andre Anderson.

"Bob York was a fine fellow who fought all over the West.

"York was a husky 170-pounder and bore an astonishing resemblance to Jack Dillon. And York fought in much the same ripping, slashing, slam-bang style as Dillon, too.

"I had put away George Christian, the New York Negro, in one round at Price the week before I fought York. The promoter out there kicked on that fight being too short. He said I had not given the crowd a run for its money. So he picked York for my second opponent, thinking we'd give the boys a better run for their money. And we did. The bout was a peach."

The report of that battle, which I have before me while writing this story, is just another report of a thrilling mill, as were so many others in which Dempsey was a principal. It was a whale of a battle right from the start. For three rounds it was a pretty even thing to the spectators. Both men fought fast and hard. Both could give and take and the slam-bang milling had the fans yelling their heads off.

Jack did most of the forcing, but York was a willing mixer and there were plenty of toe-to-toe exchanges. By the end of the fourth round, both boys were well banged up and would not have made very pretty things for their mothers to look at.

The fifth round opened with a rush as did the first. The two were whaling away at each other at ring center, when Jack suddenly uncorked a smoking right-hander and landed flush on York's jaw.

Bob York dropped like a log. His head hit the ring floor with a thud, and he lay there unconscious. All hands were scared. Bob Davis, the referee, turned ashen-white. He stooped over the fallen boy and tried to open his eyes. The seconds, aided by Dempsey, carried York to his corner, where, after considerable effort he came to.

"Thought you had killed him, Jack," remarked Davis as York recovered consciousness.

The blow came under the chin just as York was drawing in close and lifted Bob clear off the floor, about four inches. It was a hefty wallop, and demonstrated the punching power of this new western wonder.

It was immediately after this fight with York that Bernard Dempsey and Jack Price headed East with Jack Dempsey. That the Manassa Mauler was stung in his first visit to New York was evidenced by the total he received for three vicious fights—$159.

Chapter XVI

Makes Bow in New York

Back in 1916, early in May, there appeared from out West a young man who visited the sports editors to give them the information that he was a fighter of great promise who would like to be given a chance to show his wares in "The Big City." His appearance did not aid him any in his mission, but the New York *Press*, of which my old boss, the late Jim Price, was sports editor, took kindly to this unkempt boy and assigned me to interview him and write a story for the Sunday section of our popular newspaper. What got this story for the visitor was the fact that he showed clippings proving that he had sunk into oblivion twenty-seven hale and hearty heavyweights and light-heavyweights.

The unknown was none other than Jack Dempsey, the same Jack Dempsey who three years later won the world heavyweight championship and two years after that drew into an arena the first million-dollar gate in the history of pugilism.

Six days after his arrival in New York, this western fighter was signed for a fight at the Fairmont Club, off 149th Street and Third Avenue, in New York City, a club run at the time by Billy Gibson, who later became the manager of Gene Tunney.

The fight was arranged for June, 1916, and the man who gave Dempsey his first chance to show in the big city was none other than Tom McArdle, former matchmaker of the Madison Square Garden.

When Jack Dempsey applied to McArdle for a chance to show his wares, he told the matchmaker that all he had when he arrived was a few dollars and that he now was without funds and without food. He had roamed around

the city for three days before he visited Tom, and McArdle, in his usual sympathetic way, decided to sign the newcomer. Dempsey had ridden the "rods" to make his way to New York.

It so happened that McArdle had promised the manager of big Andre Anderson to give the giant a bout at the Fairmont Club, but Tom had been unable to find a suitable opponent for the big lumberjack, until Dempsey appeared on the scene. McArdle asked him if he would box Anderson.

"I sure will," replied Jack. "I'll fight any one so long as I can get enough for a square meal."

McArdle decided to give Dempsey a chance and sent the unknown Westerner into the ring against Anderson. At that time, Dempsey was a mere stripling. He was just turning twenty-one and weighed only 170 pounds. He looked untrained and half starved.

In Anderson, Jack was facing a towering big fellow, who already had fought and held his own with some of the best heavyweights of the day.

When the lean, half-starved Dempsey and the big blond-haired, well-conditioned Anderson crawled through the ropes, few in the crowd believed Dempsey had the proverbial Chinaman's chance.

"The kid may last a couple of rounds," commented the ringsiders.

Dempsey weathered a terrific first round. Big Anderson, with his greater height and longer reach, figuratively jabbed the head off the smaller man. Dempsey couldn't keep away from Andre's left.

Whether Dempsey charged, side-stepped or backed away, the huge left paw of Anderson steadily kept crashing home. Anderson tossed in some smashing right-handers, too, and when Jack went to his corner at the end of the round, the claret was spouting from a deep gash over his

left eye. Both he and Anderson were crimson with Dempsey's blood.

The second, third, and fourth rounds were repetitions of the opener. The giant Anderson kept up a steady bombardment on his smaller opponent. Andre's hefty smashes several times knocked Dempsey off his pins, but always Jack bounced up and came plunging back for more.

The battle developed into a duel between a gamecock and a big Shanghai. Dempsey shook off his opponent's blows and courageously kept tearing in. Gradually he got to Andre and ripped savage smashes to heart and wind.

Courage and indomitable spirit turned the tide. Anderson grew arm-weary and punch-worn. From aggressor, he changed to defender. Soon Dempsey had the big fellow clinching and hanging on desperately to save himself from being felled.

Had Jack possessed one half the skill and experience he had two years later, he would have rocked Anderson to sleep. But the youngster was wilder than a March hare, and more than half of his poorly directed swings hit the air. He failed to stop Anderson, but, by a display of consumate courage and wonderful stamina and vitality, he turned almost certain defeat into glorious victory.

Out of an early beating which few boxers would have survived, Dempsey emerged a badly bruised and battered victor.

When Referee Billy Joh stepped between the fighters at the end of the bout, Dempsey stood in the center of the ring, blood streaming from his mouth, and grunted: "Well, I hope I've made good."

Soon after that fight, in which the spectators were treated to some good milling by the newcomer, McArdle wasted no time in signing Dempsey for his second bout in New York. His opponent for this contest, was a wild-swinging, two-fisted battler called Wild Burt Kenny. As in his previous tilt, Dempsey approached the Fairmont

A. C. matchmaker and told Tom that any opponent, no matter how big or strong, would be acceptable, just as long as he, Dempsey, could get the chance to make good in the Big City.

Only two weeks had elapsed since he had put the skids under Anderson when the Manassa Mauler climbed over the ropes to get his second test. This time, he was facing a different proposition and when the crowd, which had come in large numbers, took one peep at the small, boyish-looking Westerner, the prediction was made that he wouldn't last a round.

The fight took place on July 8, 1916. Although Dempsey failed to make good as a "Giant Killer," for Kenny lasted the limit of ten rounds, Jack battered Kenny from pillar to post with a left that made the spectators wonder how Kenny could stand the punishment.

Jack started right in with his lashing tactics and drove Kenny wilder than he ever had been.

In the second session, Jack dropped Burt and stepped back. The neighbors for miles around dropped their knitting to harken to the bedlam which sounded from the arena. Steadily the referee counted over the prostrate Kenny and then—clang came the bell that saved him.

In the fourth round, Kenny sank again to the floor and the count began. Again the bell came to the rescue. Jack displayed a wonderful wallop.

Then in the last stanza, Jack broke right out and staged a series of knockdowns. Three of them in a row. And with little, short left hooks that only traveled a wee bit.

But Dempsey was behind them and there was the kick of a quartermaster's mule in each. Kenny was a tough slugger and a big man, and the beating he took for ten rounds from the boy who later was to become the champion heavyweight of the world was just terrible.

And this is the little swatfest for which the future champion received only $43!

One bout which Jack Dempsey always seems eager to discuss, is that with John Lester Johnson, burly Negro, which took place at the Harlem Sporting Club in 1916, in the same building where now the Commonwealth Sporting Club of New York holds forth. It was that bout which soured Dempsey on "Little Old New York," for he felt that he was gypped out of $400. Yet, it was in that fight that the future title-holder displayed a brand of milling which made the spectators marvel. That is why Jack loves to describe it.

Despite his victories over Anderson and Kenny, New York fans were still skeptical about Dempsey's prowess, but he convinced them he was a real fighter in the match with Johnson. Had it not been for the tough luck with which Dempsey met in the Johnson contest, both financially and physically, he would have remained in New York. But he was so thoroughly discouraged that a few days after his fight, he quit to go back West. When he came East again to fight in the Greater City, it was as a champion against Bill Brennan and for a purse that was $99,900 more than he was paid for the bout that drove him back home.

When Dempsey beat Kenny, he was promised $500 if he would consent to tackle the big Negro, John Lester Johnson, and, having received only $16 for his first fight in New York and $43 for the Kenny mill, the sum of $500 looked mighty big to the western boy. He accepted, but, when the contest was over, he was handed only $100, a keen disappointment to him. He was paid only $159 for three tough battles.

Dempsey weighed only 171 pounds for that bout with Johnson and looked like a pigmy beside the form of his huge Negro opponent. Only a green and inexperienced fighter, he stood toe to toe and never gave an inch leeway to his African rival.

The big African had a terrific wallop and this Dempsey took repeatedly without a whimper. He made many friends

that night by his game showing, especially so, because, in the second round, a terrific blow broke a rib.

Despite this break and the handicap it caused in his breathing, Dempsey exchanged blow for blow. In the opening round Dempsey backed Johnson all over the ring. Body smashes and occasional punches to the jaw staggered the Negro who came back, tearing in and punishing Dempsey badly.

It was the case of a novice against an experienced gladiator, and the novice didn't know just how to follow up his advantage.

In the second round, with rib broken, Dempsey, breathing heavily, still kept whaling away at Johnson. Dempsey took sufficient punishment to make the ordinary fighter call "quits," but Jack never let up. He showed in that one battle what the New York fight fans were eager to find out —that he had the necessary grit, courage, and punishing power to enable him to mingle with the best of the boys.

When the fight was over, Dempsey had reason to feel proud. He had convinced the New York skeptics that he had all the necessary assets of a good fighter.

Chapter XVII

Makes Debut on Coast

To disprove the statement so often made by Jack Kearns that Dempsey in his early battles didn't know how to use his left and that it was he, Kearns, who developed that famous left by tying Dempsey's right behind his back and forcing him to practice with the other, Dempsey points to his battles with Al Norton. The record books state that Dempsey fought Norton once, August 1, 1917, but Jack declares that that was his second tilt, as previously, March

21, 1917, he fought Norton at Tommy Simpson's West Oakland Club, in California.

With Fred Winsor as his manager, Dempsey had come to the Coast in quest of bouts. Simpson had engaged Norton for several shots and when Dempsey, the young Salt Lake City lad, asked for an engagement, Simpson decided to pit him against Norton. Simpson was roundly criticized for arranging such a match because Norton, the Fighting Chauffeur, had proved that he was the best, hard-hitting heavyweight on the Coast, and the impression went around that Dempsey was merely a set-up for Al.

After Winsor had guaranteed Simpson that Dempsey could fight and would fight, an agreement was reached whereby Dempsey was to get $225 for the battle. As Dempsey explains, he and Winsor were broke and it was a question of food with them; and Dempsey would tackle a Goliath to get a few dollars for a square meal.

On the day of the fight, Dempsey found himself a victim of the grippe but he needed that money and couldn't afford to quit. He dressed, went across the bay to Oakland, and presented himself on time for the main affair. Dempsey had never before appeared in or near 'Frisco and he figured here was his chance, if he could make good.

The club was a small one and the smoke-filled air choked him as Jack entered the door to go to the ring. He felt nauseated, and this, combined with his grippe, made him feel like beating a hasty retreat. But he thought of that food. He thought of his future in California. He thought of the promoter who, despite adverse criticism, had given him a chance to fight, and then and there, Jack Dempsey decided he would not quit.

The boys got into the ring, and, with the preliminary ceremonies over, the bout got under way. No sooner had the bell sounded than Dempsey found himself battered all over the ring. He was forced against the ropes, and there Norton showered him with lefts and rights. One beautiful

right caught him on the jaw, and Dempsey's knees sagged. He whimpered and the crowd yelled for Norton to finish him.

Almost helpless, Dempsey, fighting mad, made a desperate stand. He tensed his muscles and hooked a pretty left to Norton's jaw. It lifted Norton off the floor and planted him several feet towards the ropes. He was the picture of surprise at the sudden change of affairs. Norton came tearing back at Jack, but the bell sounded, ending the round.

The sudden turn set the spectators wild. Pandemonium reigned. The crowd was with Norton because he was a hot Coast favorite, yet the fans were anxious to see Dempsey come through unscathed.

When the gong sounded for the second round, Norton rushed at his man, and, in a general mix-up that lasted the greater portion of the session, the exchanges were about even.

And so it was in the third and fourth rounds. When the bout ended, the referee was in a quandary. He stood a few seconds, then called both to the center of the ring and declared the bout a draw. The decision pleased the fans for they felt they had seen a raw novice give a great account of himself.

It was in that bout that Dempsey first learned the power behind that left of his, the punch that later brought him world fame.

Five months after his initial start on the Coast, Dempsey met Norton a second time in San Francisco and this time, with no illness to bother him, he knocked Norton kicking in one round.

Following the questionable battle with Jim Flynn, Dempsey was pitted against the chubby Willie Meehan in San Francisco on July 23, 1917, and he won that bout. He then knocked out Al Norton in one round and followed that with a four-round draw with Meehan.

Meehan somehow, although hog fat, seemed to be able to give the future champion considerable trouble. In a third contest, Meehan was awarded the decision. When it is realized that in eighty-four battles which Dempsey had, he lost only four by the decision route, two to Gene Tunney, one to Jack Downey and one to Meehan—the "Fat Boy" must be given credit for having had a hefty wallop.

In their second encounter, September 19, 1917, Meehan was floored by Dempsey, but the referee decided that Willie had done enough to earn a draw.

Their third bout proved a hummer. It was staged at the Civic Auditorium of San Francisco for the benefit of the Navy organizations for the purchase of athletic paraphernalia, and netted $17,000. So hot was the fighting in the fourth and last round, that neither the fighters nor the referee had heard the gong and the fighters continued mauling away until the thunderous shouting of the sailors called Referee Graney's attention to the end of hostilities.

It was the finish of a spectacular four-round mill and the fight fans, almost all of whom were naval officers and enlisted men, were standing on the chairs shouting themselves hoarse. As Eddie Graney stood in the center of the ring taking in the scene, Meehan ran towards him and raised his own hand in token of victory. He stood there with hand upraised, for he felt he had won and didn't want to take any chances on the referee erring.

Graney didn't budge. He deliberated, either intentionally or because he was somewhat fatigued, and, while waiting for the official verdict, pandemonium reigned in the arena. Then Graney walked over to where Meehan was standing, pointed to Chubby Willie and a tremendous ovation followed. The fans were tickled at the decision and they voiced their sentiments with cheers.

The Dempsey rooters—particularly Jack Kearns—declared themselves as surprised and disappointed at the ruling.

Other Dempsey supporters took the same view—that Dempsey should have had nothing worse than a draw, but the sailors had it—they rooted for Meehan and the verdict suited the jolly tars.

But purely on points, and not figuring what might have happened in a longer contest, Meehan had the advantage and was entitled to the nod of the referee. He fairly outboxed Dempsey, particularly in the last two rounds. He had his opponent bewildered and unable to open up his attack.

Meehan covered in remarkably clever fashion, so much so that the Dempsey attack was largely lacking in its effectiveness. That, as a matter of fact, as much as the customary wild swinging of the sailor, who, by the way, landed more than was his habit, was what impressed the spectators with the showing of Willie.

Dempsey showed to best advantage in the second. It was all his round. He half pushed, half knocked Meehan down with left and right. He landed after that in the same session and decorated Willie with a bad left eye. But Meehan took all the man who later knocked out Fulton in 18 4/5 seconds could hand him, and grinned.

What is more, Willie was a revived lad in the third. He could take to cover when necessary and he didn't open up when Dempsey wanted him to do so. But he could swing and he did land, both to head and body, with lefts as well as rights.

The fourth saw Meehan with even a more decided lead. Encouraged by his showing, he went at Dempsey hammer and tongs. Dempsey couldn't seem to hold him off, and the Californian had a decided advantage.

Chapter XVIII

Turning Point in His Career

THE VERY SPOT where Jack Dempsey sparred four rounds with a pair of heavies as a side show to the regular boxing card of the Mission Athletic Club at San Francisco in 1925 was where the Manassa Mauler proved he "could take 'em," by winning the decision from the pile-driving, walloping "Gunboat" Smith, a terrific puncher in his day.

Fighting a losing battle and assimilating everything that the Gunner shot from his wicked sleep-producing right fist, Dempsey, his brain not functioning, gallantly responding to the wild shouts of Spider Kelly, his trainer, to go in and finish the Gunner, sailed in and fought an uphill battle to win the verdict.

That really was the turning point in the pugilistic career of Dempsey. If he had failed to get over that hurdle, Jack would probably have developed into an ordinary "ham and egg" scrapper.

But such is fame! Today he is the pugilistic hero at whose shrine millions of fight fans worship!

There are two fights that Jack Dempsey refers to when he is asked to describe his hardest ring battle—one, the Gunboat Smith tilt, and the other, his second contest with Joe Sudenberg out in Tonopah, Nev. While he thinks that Sudenberg gave him his toughest battle, because Jack was then only a kid, a raw novice, Dempsey declares that the most staggering punch he ever received, and that goes for all his fights, was that which Gunboat Smith landed on him out in California.

"I received some hard wallops from Jess Willard, a beauty from Georges Carpentier, pile-driving punches from Luis Firpo—but when it comes to a real he-man's wallop, that blow of the Gunner's on my jaw was the cream. The rest were like taps compared to that."

That's what Dempsey thinks of his fight with Gunboat Smith. The bout was scheduled for October 2, 1917, in San Francisco, at a time when the Gunner was in his prime and going great guns. He was a terrific hitter and was feared by all.

Jack Kearns, who was made a millionaire through Dempsey's ring prowess, refers to that bout as the one which made him realize that he had the future world heavyweight champion in Dempsey, for Dempsey showed him then that he possessed the greatest of all ring assets—a courageous heart and an ability to "take it."

Dempsey outboxed the Gunner in the opening round. He kept watching that dangerous right of Smith's and didn't give him an opportunity to connect. But Smith was a very cagy fighter and in the second round kept maneuvering until he got Dempsey to drop his guard and then, with the opening he was looking for, the Gunner shot over that right.

It caught Dempsey squarely on the point of the jaw. It came down with a sort of sweeping motion and the force of impact was like that of a sledge hammer coming down on a plate of steel. The leverage was perfect. The timing was most accurate. The power behind the punch was with full force of the shoulders.

Dempsey's knees sagged. Everyone expected that the end had come. "Doc" Kearns, who, at the moment, had been standing on a stool at the ring side, became so excited, so nervous because he sensed the passing of his meal ticket, that he fell off the chair. When he arose, he had expected to see Dempsey prone, with the referee counting over him, but instead, to his astonishment and that of the spectators, there was Dempsey, boring in, milling away with both hands, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

What a marvel Dempsey proved himself in that fight!

He was out on his feet, yet didn't know it! The fighting instinct was there and urged him on.

When Jack came to his corner at the end of the round, he couldn't understand a thing Kearns said to him. He couldn't talk himself. All he could do was to mutter like a man in his sleep. He was out and didn't know it.

When the bell rang, Kearns had to push him out of his chair, and he tore in at Smith like a bulldog. He quickly had the Gunner backing up. The fact that Dempsey had been able to stand up under that terrific punch in the second round must have shaken the confidence of the Gunner.

Dempsey still was "out" when the fourth round started. He was fighting mechanically, but he handed Smith an awful pasting. The Gunner showed that he himself could absorb some punishment in that last round. The final bell rang and Referee Toby Irwin held Dempsey's hand aloft in token of victory.

There was no doubt about who had won that bout, for the spectators raised a cheer that was deafening. They were satisfied that the right man got the verdict, yet they couldn't help but wonder how he ever stood up after that punch to the jaw in the second round. Even the Gunner was astonished, for he remarked after the fight that no other man could have survived that punch except a Dempsey.

Dempsey was still in a stupor when he got to the dressing room. Jack Kearns, in telling of this great scrap at Atlantic City, during the training of Dempsey for his fight with Carpentier, said:

"When he came to, Dempsey remarked, 'Well, Doc, that was an awful licking I got. I suppose I have plenty to learn yet before I can get to his stage.'

" 'Why, man,' replied Kearns, 'you won that fight. Won by a good margin. The referee gave you the decision.'

" 'Quit your fooling,' shot back Dempsey. 'What are you doing, kidding me?' "

It wasn't until several hours later that Dempsey actually became aware of the fact that he had won, and won one of the greatest battles he had ever fought.

Coming to his senses, Dempsey placed his hand on Kearns' shoulder and said: "Gee, Doc, I remember now. I thought I was knocked out. It all comes back to me now. That punch on the jaw in the second did it."

Chapter XIX

Second Bout with the Gunner

After that four-round vicious bout with Dempsey in San Francisco, it took Gunboat Smith a little more than one year to decide he would like to test Jack's fighting ability again. Accordingly, a ten-round bout was arranged for December 29, 1918, at the Queensberry S. C. of Buffalo, and Dempsey continued his remarkable knockout record by connecting with the haymaker in the second round.

It was Dempsey's twentieth knockout victory in his last twenty-four battles. The fact that Smith had once received the decision over Willard in a twenty-round bout led many to believe that he had a chance against the Utah tornado, but this surmise was dispelled in the very first round.

At no time during the short fray was the Gunner a match for the Salt Lake heavy, who landed almost at will. Smith, however, was game and refused to quit, which quality enabled him to last as long as he did. He had been knocked down five times in the second round and was in the act of struggling to his feet once more, when the referee stepped in and halted the proceedings.

Dempsey brushed aside the Gunner's blows like so much straw, and waded in steadily, striking with both hands, short, powerful hooks to the head and body. Smith tried desperately to hold him off with a long left, but Dempsey

ignored his efforts at defense and, backing his opponent to the ropes, he whipped a left to the jaw that sent the Gunner down on his back.

That punch that the Salt Lake City man drove home solidly, apparently did the business. It came after Jack had spent a minute boring in with a great show of speed and sure-fire determination.

Smith rose painfully, and it was evident that he was due for an early finish. His head was swinging from the force of the blow, and he was weak and groggy. He was dazed when he arose and made a pitiful effort to cover and back away. Dempsey went after him relentlessly. He threw the Gunner off and, shifting quickly, sent him down again in a few seconds for another count of nine. Smith lasted out the rest of the round by making feeble efforts to stand Dempsey off and arising slowly after each trip to the canvas.

Smith's seconds fairly dragged him to his corner. During the intermission, they worked over him frantically and succeeded in partly reviving the veteran.

Smith went out in fair form and awaited the approach of Jack. Dempsey allowed his opponent no time to cover. He slid in with a wicked shift, and Smith swung a long, desperate right. Jack side-stepped out of harm, and the impetus of his swing carried Smith to the floor. He arose quickly and clinched as Dempsey rushed in, hitting with all the force in his brawny arms.

Jack threw him off with a blow to the back of the head and then sent him to the canvas with a drive to the jaw. The Gunner's efforts at fighting back were blocked off, and body and head smashes again brought him down.

Up once again, Dempsey caught him on the head with a savage right-hand swing, and Smith went down for good, struggling to rise while Referee Nugent counted the fatal ten and waved to Dempsey as the victor.

The weights were: Dempsey, 186 pounds; Smith, 173.

Chapter XX

Faces the Acid Test

EXACTLY ONE MONTH after Gunboat Smith and Jack Dempsey had engaged in their thrilling contest at San Francisco, Dempsey was called upon to face another tough customer in Big Carl Morris, the giant Oklahoman. The California fight fans were still skeptical about the greatness of Dempsey. They were eager to see him in another bout and, accordingly, a match was signed which brought the Manassa Mauler and the Tulsa heavyweight together in San Francisco on November 2, 1917.

Carl Morris scaled 235 pounds to Dempsey's 183, a difference of fifty-two pounds.

Morris stood six feet, four inches to Dempsey's 5 feet 11½.

The Giant, who was of German-Irish-Cherokee blood, had started boxing back in 1910 and therefore had seven years of ring experience on his youthful rival.

Morris had a reach of 81 inches and Dempsey one of only 71½.

Yet the Californians wanted Dempsey tested against a veteran, and the promoters acquiesced in their demands. Dempsey's manager was perfectly willing to let Dempsey mix it with Morris, and the bout was clinched. The fans were of the opinion that Dempsey was being led to the slaughter, for Morris had amassed a good record, but Dempsey didn't agree with them.

Morris, who had been a top sergeant in the army, had the reputation of being a wild bobcat when it came to fighting. Carl had knocked out Marvin Hart in the third round in his first year of fighting, and the Coast experts couldn't believe that Dempsey would be able to stand up against him.

But Dempsey again fooled them. So badly was Carl whipped, that Referee Griffin raised Dempsey's hand in token of victory. The bout took place in the Dreamland Pavilion, and was promoted by Frank Schuler. The fight had proved such an attraction that a huge gathering packed the arena.

At the clang of the bell, Morris leaped from his corner and started to charge Dempsey. His big, bulky form, made Dempsey look like a pigmy, as Jack, contrary to expectations, came out to meet this rush.

Thud! Thud! went the fists of Dempsey as he crashed one after the other into the mid-section of the astonished Morris.

When Carl tried to hold, Dempsey wheeled about and repeated a similar barrage, but this time to the face.

Dempsey was forced to leap into the air to hit Carl, but there was sufficient force in the impact to make Morris wince.

Carl figured that if he rushed the little Dempsey off his feet he would win in a canter, but Dempsey wouldn't be rushed. He played a tattoo on face and body that gave him all the better of the first-round milling.

The second round found Morris changing his tactics. He tried to stand off and box Dempsey, figuring his long reach would keep Jack at bay. But Dempsey again fooled him by feinting him into openings and shooting up right after right. That round also went to Dempsey.

Dempsey, in the third and fourth rounds found Carl working at close quarters in an effort to tire Jack, but Dempsey again used good ring strategy and, every time Carl ran into a clinch, Jack pulled one hand loose and battered Carl's body. The unprotected paunch resembled the color of a red rose, so hot was the pepper-shot which Dempsey kept flinging at him.

Every move Morris made, he found himself outmaneuvered by his young, smaller rival. Dempsey outgeneraled

Carl, outpunched him, outsmarted him, and outpointed the Giant. When the bell ended hostilities, there was no reason to doubt the winner. With the victory, Dempsey climbed to heights that assured him of big money.

He had been put to the acid test, according to the scribes, and he came through with flying colors. The fights with Gunboat Smith and Carl Morris proved the turning points in Dempsey's career, for those two battles, coming within a month of each other, proved the greatness of this young inexperienced gladiator, who two years later was to win the world championship.

Chapter XXI

Morris Fouls in Return Bout

It was in his second battle with Carl Morris at the Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, February 4, 1918, that Dempsey climbed a rung higher in his quest for ring glory by handing the Sapulpa Engineer an unmerciful beating and winning on a foul in the sixth round.

Dempsey battered Carl all over the ring. He was on the verge of landing the haymaker, when Referee Nugent interfered. Morris, hitting out blindly, crouched and let fly a blow that was palpably low, and the bout was ended.

The fans didn't like Morris' tactics from the start. The Tulsa gargantuan was slower than molasses, and from the first bell stumbled about the ring, using his weight and roughing it head down. Dempsey, at 198 pounds, looked like a lightweight alongside Morris' 226, and was fast as a flash in comparison. In the first round it looked as if Morris' sheer bulk might win in the long run, but, as the affair progressed, Dempsey proved brilliantly able to meet the lumbering, head-down rushes of the giant and straightened him up with stinging uppercuts and right and left smashes

to the face, alternated by some mighty bothersome body punches.

Dempsey forced the issue from the second round on and was so eager that he was cautioned for hitting on the breakaway. In the third round, Dempsey opened up with a fusillade of all-around punishment that evidently stung the Oklahoman. At the close of the round, he landed a couple of desperate lunges for the head, and punished his man somewhat while leaning on him against the ropes.

In the fourth round, it was noticed that Morris was fighting low and wildly. His nose had been battered ruddy, and he was losing confidence through the alert and stinging aggressiveness of Dempsey, who was now carrying the fight. In the fifth round, Referee Nugent separated the men and warned Morris for fouling, and Morris seemed much surprised. Dempsey had his man in a bad way, and it was apparent that the result was merely a matter of time.

In the sixth, Dempsey flashed in and out and had Morris very unsteady and confused, when the latter, crouching, started a right swing from the floor which landed so low that it brought an instant yell from the crowd and the stoppage of proceedings by Nugent, an action that seemed to suit the assembled members. Morris was unable to leave the ring for some minutes, and was unmercifully booed when he did.

Dempsey surely gave the championship aspirations of Carl Morris an effective check and took a long leap onward and upward himself. Morris did not have a round which could be called his own, though the first and third might have been termed fairly even. The Oklahoman was badly outboxed and outgeneraled.

Dempsey's crowning effort came towards the end of the year 1918, when, after scoring many one-round knock-outs, Jack met Carl Morris for the third time and sent across the sleep producer in exactly ten seconds after the bell sounded for the first round. The bout was staged in the Louisiana

Heavyweight Championship Ring Contests Since 1889, in Which Title Changed Hands

Contestants	Rounds	Place	Date
John L. Sullivan knocked out Jake Kilrain	75	Richburg, Miss.	July 8, 1889
James J. Corbett knocked out John L. Sullivan	21	New Orleans, La.	Sept. 7, 1892
Robert Fitzsimmons knocked out James J. Corbett	14	Carson City, Nev.	March 17, 1897
James J. Jeffries knocked out Robert Fitzsimmons	11	Coney Island, N. Y.	June 9, 1899
*Tommy Burns defeated Marvin Hart (decision)	20	Los Angeles, Calif.	Feb. 23, 1906
Jack Johnson knocked out Tommy Burns	14	Sydney, N. S. W.	Dec. 26, 1908
Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson	26	Havana, Cuba	April 5, 1915
Jack Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard	3	Toledo, Ohio	July 4, 1919
Gene Tunney won from Jack Dempsey (decision)	10	Philadelphia, Pa.	Sept. 23, 1926

1930—June 12—Max Schmeling won the heavyweight title by being fouled by Jack Sharkey in the fourth round, at the Yankee Stadium. Jim Crowley, referee. Sharkey and Schmeling were the outstanding contenders.

1932—June 21—Max Schmeling lost the title to Jack Sharkey, at Garden Bowl, 15 rounds, decision. Gunboat Smith, referee.

1933—June 29—Primo Carnera knocked out Jack Sharkey in 6 rounds in the Garden Bowl, Long Island City. Arthur Donovan, referee.

1934—June 14—Max Baer knocked out Primo Carnera in 11 rounds in the Garden Bowl, Long Island City. Arthur Donovan, referee.

1935—June 13—James J. Braddock won on points from Max Baer in 15 rounds at the Garden Bowl, Long Island City. Jack McAvoy, referee.

1937—June 22—Joe Louis knocked out Jim Braddock in 8 rounds at Chicago. Tommy Thomas, referee.

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*In 1905, James J. Jeffries retired as champion, presenting his title to Marvin Hart upon the latter's defeat of Jack Root. Hart knocked out Root in twelve rounds at Reno, Nev., July 3, 1905. In 1910, Jeffries emerged from retirement as a "white hope" to wrest the crown from Jack Johnson, the Negro, but failed in his endeavor.

Auditorium, New Orleans, on December 16, and convinced the American fight fans that the victor was a man of extraordinary punching power.

One punch, a left hook to the solar plexus, and a gentle left hook at that, brought Morris' six feet and more of beef crumbling to a quivering heap on the floor. Remy Dorr, the referee, counted him out as he lay there, the giant Oklahoman never making even a weak attempt to assemble his elephantine anatomy and struggle to his feet.

Cries of "Fake!" "Police!" "Jail the big ham!" and the like greeted Morris when, after taking a generous count,

he partly struggled and partly was lifted to his feet. He didn't seem to mind the scornful jeers.

Dempsey, on the other hand, appeared keenly disappointed. He had intended to show his wares to New Orleans fans in contemplation of obtaining several big matches there that winter and never had dreamed the ladylike left hook, with which he had met one of Morris' rushes, would end the affair so abruptly.

The left hook was about the only blow Dempsey landed. At the clang of the gong, Morris tore in like a bull and flailed his powerful arms about awkwardly, rushing Dempsey to the ropes. Dempsey blocked several of the swings, and Morris managed to get in one left hook to the body. Dempsey then twisted out of a clinch and away from the ropes, and Morris rushed in again.

Meaning only to step into a clinch, Dempsey met the attack by bringing up a half hook, half uppercut, with his left. The blow landed fairly on Morris' solar plexus, but only lightly, yet the enormous ex-engineer flopped on the mat like a ton of brick.

Chapter XXII

Started Off Well in 1918

Only a few punches were required for the Manassa Mauler to put his man out in the first bout Dempsey fought in 1918. The contest was with Homer Smith of Benton Harbor, Michigan, the scene was at Racine, Wis., and the date January 24.

Bang! Bang! Bang!—and Smith was on his way. The first three blows made him groggy, and thereafter it was simply a question of how much punishment Homer could take.

With sledge-hammer effects, several lefts and rights of

Dempsey crashed into Homer's body, almost doubled him with agony, and a short right hook ended the fray. It only took one minute and fifty-five seconds for Dempsey to show how he would have to be reckoned with.

Referee Stout took one peep at Homer, glanced at the ferocious-looking Dempsey, stepped between Jack and the fallen gladiator and raised Dempsey's hand in token of victory.

Short and sweet was this first mill of Dempsey's 1918 campaign.

In his early ring days, Dempsey kept in trim through plenty of activity. Often he fought twice or more a month and, so difficult was it for the Man Killer to get opponents, he was forced to fight the same man two or three times a year.

He fought Willie Meehan three times, thrice battled Carl Morris, and on three occasions tackled Billy Miske, once in defense of the championship. The first bout with Miske was staged on May 3, 1918, at St. Paul, and went ten rounds, no decision.

Late that year Miske fought another six-round decisionless bout in Philadelphia and in 1920 he was knocked out in three rounds in a bout for the world heavyweight championship.

In their first battle before a huge gathering in St. Paul, there was action every minute of the way. No knockdowns were scored, the nearest to one occurring in the sixth round, when Miske, mixing furiously, had Dempsey staggering and in evident distress as the bell came to his rescue.

Miske outboxed Dempsey most of the fight with the exception of the seventh round, when Dempsey, sinking a hard left into Miske's stomach and putting a right to the jaw, evened up the battle. The St. Paul boy did not go down, however, but saved himself by clinching and was so engaged when the bell came to his aid.

In the second round Dempsey complained bitterly that he had been hit low, but the referee would not allow his claim.

During the fourth round Miske was hit low, but did not make any protest to the referee. Miske made a great spurt in the last two rounds and tried hard to bring down the new heavyweight sensation.

To those who wagered that he would win with a knockout, Dempsey's efforts were disappointing, Miske smothered his best blows and, in the main, gave as good as was sent.

Dempsey utilized a left shift repeatedly, but Miske had a way of stepping inside of the punches that invariably broke their force. At times the men roughed it at close quarters with such vigor that the referee had great difficulty in breaking them. Dempsey seemed to be discouraged when he found he could not hit Miske cleanly. Failing to land at long range, he sought to bring matters to an end by clinching and fighting with one hand free. Miske took excellent care of himself in these tiffs and had the better of them.

Their second contest, on November 28, of that same year, showed Dempsey clearly the master. Miske was a badly battered man to whom the sound of the gong, ending the sixth round, brought sweet music. He staggered to his corner, scarcely able to stand up.

Clinging to Jack Dempsey like ivy to a sturdy oak, Billy Miske managed to remain erect. The bout was staged at the Olympia A. A. of Philadelphia.

Miske was a thoroughly beaten man, but he had not been knocked out, and this was due entirely to the fact that he gave a notable demonstration of expert clinching. He hardly could have done more effective hugging had his arms been as numerous as the tentacles of an octopus. Miske several times was doubled up by crashing left-handers to the stomach and staggered by catapultic right-

hand jolts to the jaw, but invariably he clinched and held himself erect when it seemed that the next punch would topple him.

Then, as the eager Dempsey and the referee succeeded in pushing the Minnesotan away, Miske would rush into another fervid embrace. With a hold on Dempsey's neck, arm, or waist, Miske held on with the desperate tenacity of a shipwrecked sailor hanging to a raft.

Lew Grimson, the referee, exhausted himself in his efforts to drag Miske away from Dempsey, and in this respect the third man in the ring exhibited great industry and much stamina. But he lacked the courage to order Miske to cease his flagrant violation of the rules and thus turned what should have been a spirited contest into a disappointing hugging match. Miske's constant clinching was accepted by the spectators, who packed the club to the skylights, as open confession of disinclination to fight in the open, and he was urged in no uncertain terms to stop hugging.

The third bout with Miske, a contest for the world championship, is described in a later chapter.

Chapter XXIII

Scores Over Flynn Twice

Porky Flynn, the Boston heavyweight, was added to Dempsey's victims by taking the sleep-producing wallop in two minutes and sixteen seconds of fighting at the Olympia Club of Philadelphia on November 18, 1918. A terrific left hook to the jaw sent Flynn to dreamland.

Only a few months before, July 6, Flynn had tasted Dempsey's wallop at Atlanta where he also was handed the punch soporific in one round, but Porky insisted that the Atlanta knockout was a fluke and demanded a return

bout. In this match, he received the same dose over again.

In their second fight, Flynn did not land a blow on Dempsey during his brief stay in the ring. Dempsey started right after the handshake and crashed several right-hand uppercuts to the jaw, which sent Flynn staggering.

Porky clinched, but Dempsey shook him off and, with a hard right to the body, knocked Flynn through the ropes. Porky was pushed back into the ring by his seconds. Dempsey rushed him to the ropes again, raining lefts and rights to the body. Flynn tried to hold, but Dempsey roughed himself away from Porky's eager clutches and stepping back, swung a vicious left hook to Porky's jaw, and it was all over. The referee did not count, as Flynn was dead to the world.

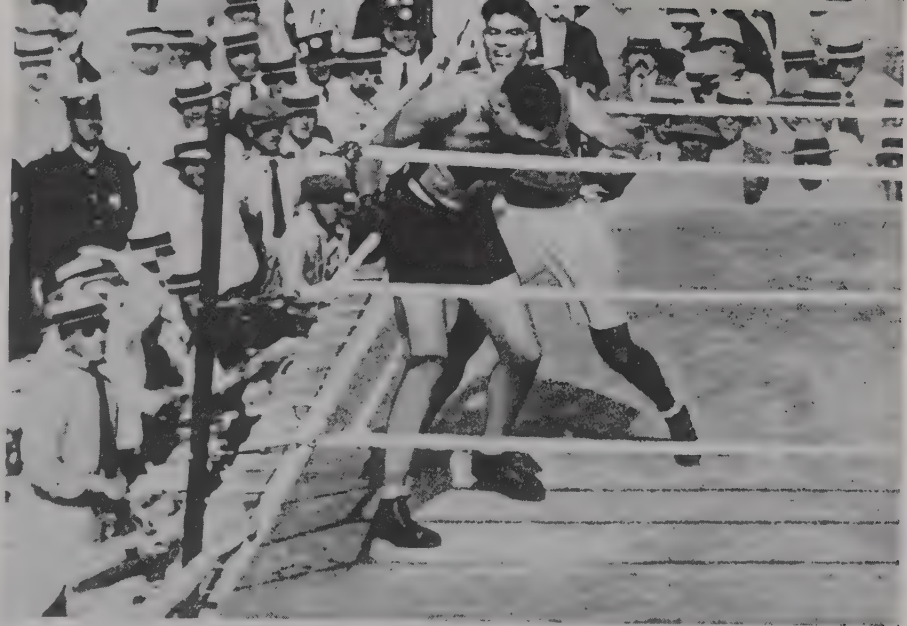
It was on November 6, 1918, that Battling Levinsky, who later won the American light-heavyweight championship, suffered the first knockout of his career when he was put to the canvas in the third round for the count of the doleful decimal at the Olympia Club of Philadelphia. The bout, which took place before a jammed house, again proved to the boxing world that Jack Dempsey was one of the greatest punishers of modern ring history by the manner in which he handled the Battler. The show was promoted by James Dougherty of Crum Lynne, Pa., who later became one of the closest of Dempsey's pals. Dougherty also refereed the bout.

Next to Dempsey's first-round massacre of Fred Fulton, Jack's knockout of Battling Levinsky did most to establish him as the leading contender for the world's heavyweight crown, then held by Jess Willard. The victories over Fulton, Gunboat Smith, and Carl Morris convinced the fans that size could cut little figure so far as Dempsey was concerned.

Dempsey's knockout of Levinsky convinced even the most skeptical that the Utah mauler was a real knockout king. Levinsky was considered to be one of the most won-

Acme Ph

The Manassa Mauler—194½ pounds of dynamite—in his famous fighting crouch

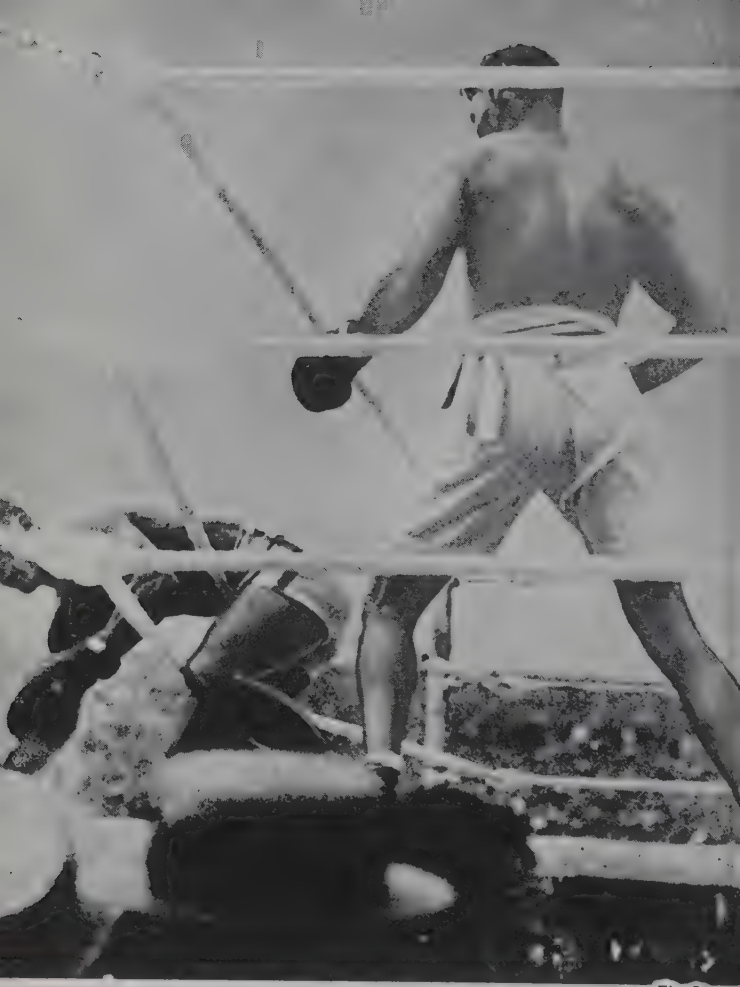


Acme Photo

Jack the Killer batters the Kansas Giant, Jess Willard, then champion, in the title bout that became a massacre

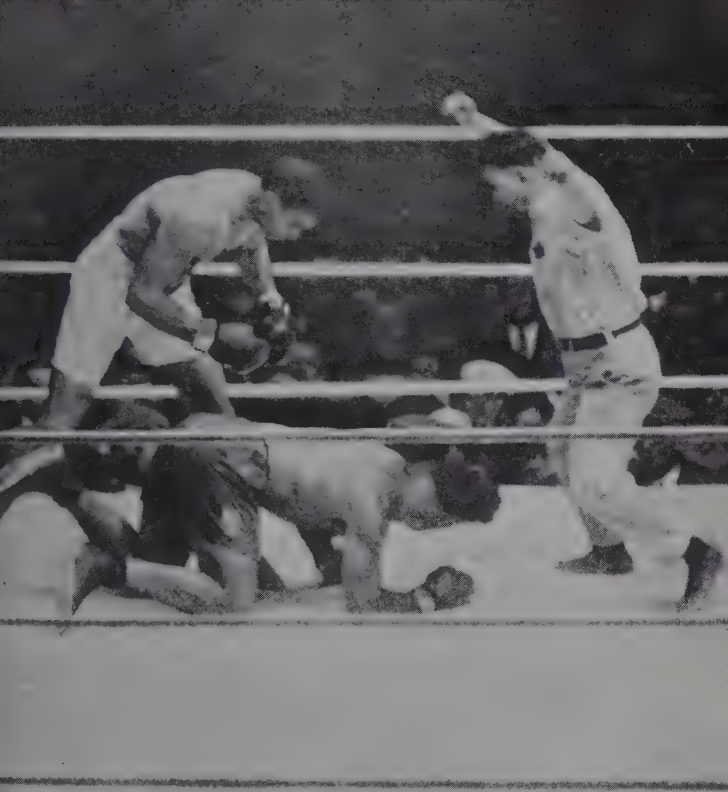
The Ring

Dempsey savagely drives the helpless Willard into the ropes. Willard streaming with blood, gave up after three rounds.



The Ring

In the million dollar Battle of the Century, Dempsey smashes France's Georges Carpentier through the ropes



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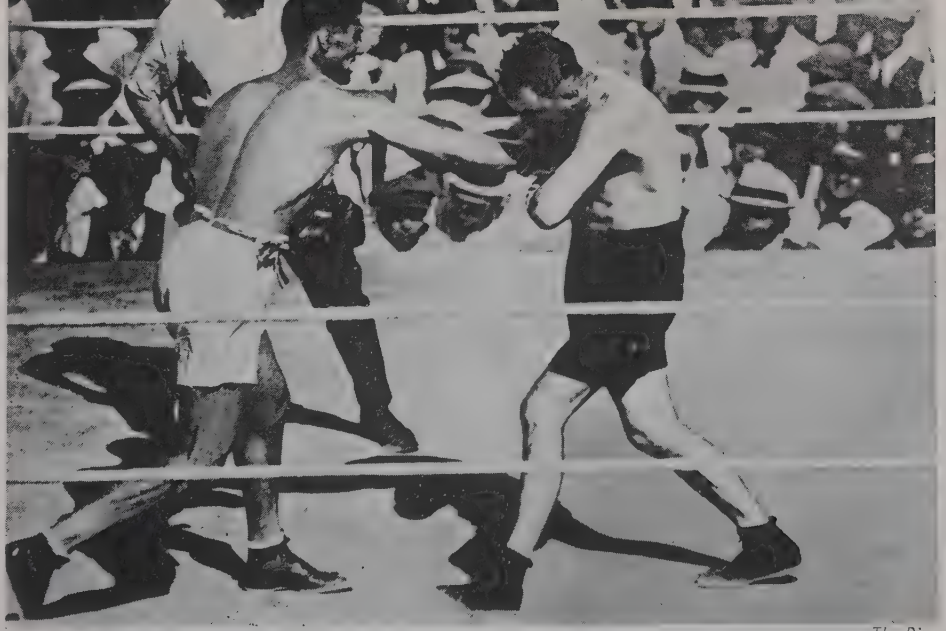
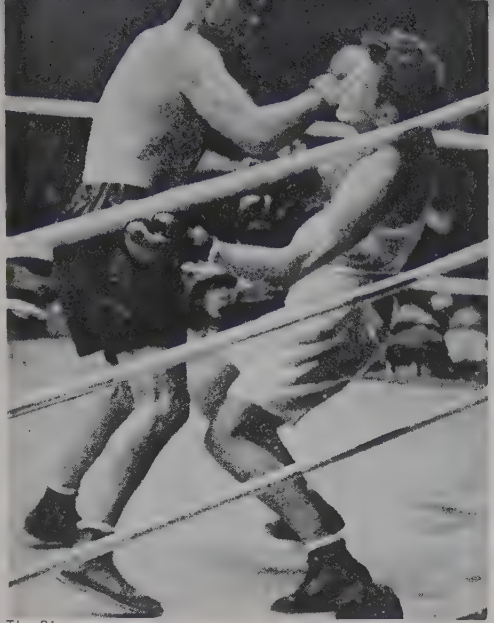
The Wild Bull, Luis Firpo, hit by Dempsey's left, crashes to the floor in the first round.



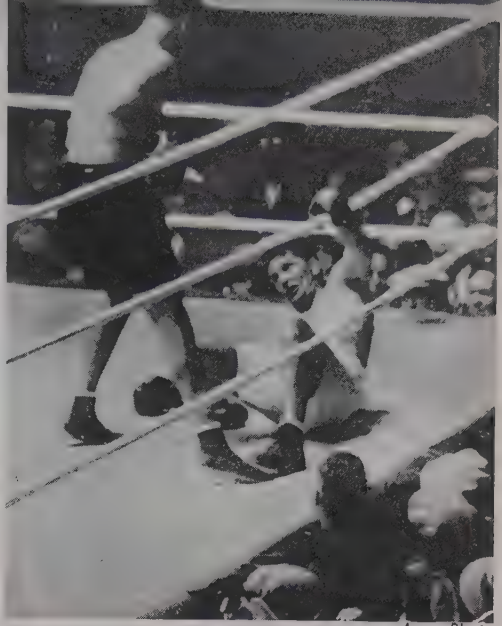
The Ring

The Champ connects with a terrific right cross on game Tommy Gibbons' jaw. Amazingly, Gibbons stayed the limit.



The Ring

Dempsey, in his return bout with Tunney, staggers Tunney with a dynamite right in the seventh round.



Acme Photo

The beginning of the "long count." Dazed, Tunney grasps middle rope while Jack stands over him.

Wide World Photos

Typical American, idol of millions, the great Manassa Mauler is sworn into the New York State Guard.

derful defensive boxers in the history of sport. Not packing much of a punch himself, he had an uncanny faculty of avoiding an opponent's haymaker. By footwork, blocking, ducking, or rolling with the punch, Levinsky had successfully weathered the attacks of many of the ring's greatest hitters.

Levinsky was first to lead after the opening gong. After feinting, he let fly a left hook to the head and jabbed Dempsey in the mouth with the same hand. Dempsey then started rushing and hooked both hands to the body, causing the Battler to back away.

Dempsey followed the Battler closely and, just before the gong ended the round, sent several hard right-handers to the body. Levinsky was perceptibly distressed by the heavy punishment and was puffing hard when he slid to his corner seat.

Dempsey started the second session with a furious rush and reached Levinsky's body with terrific smashes with both hands that caused the Battler to wince. Levinsky kept his left arm working like a piston rod on Dempsey's face, but the Utah slugger paid not the slightest attention to the jabs and tore in savagely.

Toward the close of the round, Dempsey hooked a hard left to Levinsky's stomach, and the Battler measured his length on the canvas. He was badly hurt, but rolled over, got on one knee, and took the count of nine. When the Battler regained his feet, he clinched in a desperate attempt to prevent further punishment.

Dempsey pushed the beaten man away and rained blows on head and body. Just as it appeared that Levinsky would be stopped, the bell tinkled, and Levinsky tottered to his corner, saved from a knockout for the time being.

Levinsky then came out from his corner slowly for the third round, and Dempsey rushed to him and jolted him with a series of punishing blows to the head and body. A crashing right to the jaw and Levinsky clutched his man

and tried to hold on. The referee was compelled to separate the combatants.

Dempsey then began a violent attack on the Battler, dealing out terrific punishment to body and head, under which the Battler weakened perceptibly. In a dying effort, the Battler sent a number of left jabs to the face and then clinched.

Dempsey shook him off and sent two heavy blows to the body which doubled up the Battler. Before Levinsky could pull himself together, Dempsey sent a heavy right to the jaw, and the Battler fell like a log, knocked out.

Chapter XXIV

Fulton Lasts 18-3/5 Seconds

At the time when he was maneuvering for a battle with Jess Willard for the world heavyweight championship, the odds were strongly against Jack Dempsey. He seemed to think that he never would get the coveted chance and, so cocksure was he that he could defeat the giant titleholder, Jack was willing to do anything required of him to prove he was the logical contender. He had knocked out opponent after opponent; he had scored one-round victories over the leading heavyweights in the country; he had proved that he not only was a courageous fighter but possessed the greatest of all boxing assets, a hefty wallop; yet plans were on foot to pit Fred Fulton and not Jack Dempsey against Willard.

But just when things looked darkest, when it seemed to Dempsey that he never would get the chance he so cherished, Dame Fortune beckoned to him. She smiled down on his head, and, almost overnight, Jack Dempsey became one of the leading figures in Fistiana.

Jack Dempsey had tried in vain, through his manager,

to have himself signed with either Fred Fulton or Jess Willard. He argued that if Fulton was looked upon as the leading contender, why not match him with Fulton, the winner, to get the crack at the title. This argument was presented to Colonel Joseph G. Miller, of Oklahoma, a Western promoter, but the colonel signed Willard and Fulton for a championship bout for July 4, 1919.

However, Colonel Miller little figured that he would meet with keen opposition, and that life would be made miserable for him by those opposed to any heavyweight championship match coming so shortly after the end of the World War. Public sentiment was strongly against it, and the colonel, seeing an out, called off the contest. There is where Jack Dempsey came in, for his stock rose sky high. That cancellation paved the way for the Willard-Dempsey fight at Toledo.

Dempsey and Doc Kearns were in Denver when the news of the cancellation reached them. They were waiting there for Dempsey to tackle Arthur Pelkey, whom Dempsey later knocked out in one round, and, while awaiting the day of the contest, who should appear on the scene but Mike Collins and his fighter Fred Fulton. It didn't take Mike long to approach Kearns with the proposition that both might make a little extra change by permitting Dempsey to fight Fulton.

This is just what "Doc" had been angling for. He had been chasing Collins around the country trying to corner him, but without avail. "Doc" felt here was his one chance to get Fulton out of the way and pave the way for a championship fight for Dempsey and he grabbed the opportunity. Collins did not have to ask twice. The deal was clinched and bids were opened and Harrison, N. J., was awarded the bout.

What happened there is ring history. In scarcely less time than it takes to record it, Fulton was out and a new

challenger had appeared on the horizon, stronger than any man in the field—Jack Dempsey.

As this bout gave Jack Dempsey the opportunity he had been seeking, the chance to fight for the world's heavyweight championship, I feel it deserves considerable space in this history of the Manassa Mauler.

It was at the old Federal League Ball Park of Harrison, N. J., that 10,000 spectators saw Dempsey land the haymaker on the man who was being primed by Tex Rickard for a shot at Jess Willard. They saw the Minnesota plasterer knocked out in eighteen and three-fifths seconds. A left hook to the stomach, followed by a right to the jaw, sent Fulton carcening through the ropes on his hands and knees. He was knocked out clean as could be, and after Johnny Eckhardt, the referee, had finished the count of ten, he still was lying sprawled out on the canvas. Fulton never landed a punch on Dempsey, and it was really the first blow that Dempsey sent across that told the tale.

When the bell rang to start the bout, Fulton did not look over-confident. He had a worried expression on his face and looked none too rugged. He weighed only 208 pounds, which was rather fine for a man of his height. Dempsey, a head shorter, was much better put up and tipped the beam at 188 pounds.

Fulton started to peck out with his long left, his big asset in the ring, and he got in just one light tap on Dempsey's nose. Jack waded right in much in the style of the late Stanley Ketchel and played for Fred's body, the point of his anatomy that had always been considered his weak spot. Fulton evidently did not like the hurricane style of fighting that the Californian carried to him and he began to back away from the center of the ring.

Dempsey went after him like a bulldog, and Fred tried vainly to stop the flaying arms that were driving away at his stomach. Fulton was retreating as fast as he could

trying to get out of the way of the savage attack, but the storm of punches was too much for him.

As Fulton was backed up close to the ropes, Dempsey stepped in coolly and deliberately and planted a left hook almost to the same spot that Bob Fitzsimmons did to Corbett twenty-one years before at Carson City. As Fulton crumpled under the blow, Dempsey quickly shot a right hook over Fulton's lowered guard and he spun him around and sent Fulton halfway over the lower ropes and almost into the press box.

The crowd could hardly realize that the bout was over. Dempsey himself wore a look of surprise at the easy way in which he disposed of the big fellow who had so long been touted as the logical contender for the championship against Willard. Dempsey won that fight before the scrap actually started. He took all the fight out of Fulton by saying before the gong, "Let's shake now—then we can come out fighting." That remark and Fred's acceptance of the proposition spelled his doom.

Fulton was a big favorite in the betting, because most of the fans figured that Fred was too big for Jack. Furthermore Fred Fulton had a great record as a knocker out and had beaten practically every one in his division who had any pretension to class. The bettors who had wagered seven to five on Fulton had evidently overlooked the fact that, in the last four fights that Dempsey had had, not one of his opponents lasted much more than a minute.

Dempsey had been termed a second Ketchel, and in the bout with Fulton he came pretty close to filling the bill. What little was seen of his action reminded one a lot of the famous fight at Tuckahoe years ago between Pedlar Palmer and Terry McGovern, when Terry knocked out the Briton in a punch. This was almost a duplicate of that memorable fight.

Dempsey sailed in just as Terry did. In the Fulton fight, it was a case of the lion-hearted courage of fighter against

the skillful boxer. The bout was one of the shortest on record where there was anything of importance at stake. The quick finish recalled the bout between Dal Hawkins and Martin Flaherty at Carson City, Nev., March 17, 1897. This, it may be remembered, was a preliminary to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight and Hawkins knocked Flaherty out in ten seconds.

Fulton was on the floor fourteen seconds after he was hit on the jaw and had to be helped to his feet. Some of the spectators, as is always the case, cried "fake," but there was nothing phoney about that knockout, for Dempsey often after that mill proved that height, reach, and weight of an opponent meant nothing to him.

It was announced that each fighter was to get $12,500 for his efforts, but, if that was true, Jack Curley, the promoter, must have lost money. In the crowd of 10,000 there were a great many deadheads who had come in over the old right-field fence. Just before the fight started, the crowd away out in the bleachers made a rush for the grandstand seats. There was a brigade of Jersey Home Defense soldiers with rifles and nice-looking uniforms but the fans swarmed past them as if they were so many paper figures.

Chapter XXV

Arranging the Willard Match

Jack Dempsey, from 1915, when he is credited with starting his boxing career, to 1919, when he was matched with Jess Willard for the world's heavyweight championship had scored a total of forty-two knockouts. Although many of these were over what might be termed second- and third-raters, yet a number, especially in the years 1918 and 1919, were with some of the leading figures in Fistiana—the white hopes of the period.

Despite his unpopularity at the time, due to the acitivity of the American Legion posts throughout the country because of the bitterness brought about through Dempsey's failure to enlist in the World War, Dempsey had become a big drawing power. He had proved his worth and, through his knockout of Fred Fulton, had eliminated the very man whom Tex Rickard had decided upon as the next challenger for the world heavyweight championship.

Dempsey was the logical man to face the title-holder. The experts of the country named him as the leading contender, and neither Rickard, who had just given Willard a handsome sum for fighting Frank Moran in Madison Square Garden and was looking for another opponent for Jess, nor Jess, himself, could ignore Dempsey's rating.

In New York, where Dempsey was a target for attack every time he showed in public during the war and in the months immediately following, the newspaper critics made little of the Westerner's prowess. They belittled him and tried to convey the impression that Dempsey was not a fit candidate for a championship battle with Willard.

Yet it was difficult for one to figure what else Dempsey would have to accomplish to gain the bout. After passing his novitiate in the Far West, where he put the skids under Gunboat Smith and Carl Morris, and repeated on the latter in a return bout at Buffalo when he almost stopped the Sapulpa engineer in six rounds, Dempsey loomed up as the biggest of all in the field of contenders. The speedy fashion in which he had disposed of Porky Flynn and Jim Flynn and Gunboat Smith caused some of his critics to raise the cry of set-ups and, when he sent Carl Morris, the Oklahoma giant, to sleep in the first round, they went a step further and declared that Morris had "laid down."

Yet as Morris declared after that fight: "I went down through no other reason than the force of Dempsey's

blows. He's the hardest puncher I've ever met. He's a Man Killer."

And that "Man-Killer" title has stuck to Dempsey ever since. Even Fred Fulton was able to testify to the damaging wallops of Dempsey, for it required Jack less time than it took a person to walk from the entrance of the arena in the Newark Armory to the ringside to knock Fred kicking. Yet, despite this sensational knockout what did Fulton do but raise a cry that he had "faked" the fight for a stipulated sum which Mike Collins, his manager, and Jack Kearns, Dempsey's mentor, had given him. This charge was later disproved and even Fulton himself, retracted, but the charge had temporarily done its damage.

But Dempsey was not perturbed. He knew that he was the man of the hour. He knew that he was the best heavyweight in the ranks of contenders and he made every effort to convince the promoters of that.

There was one promoter who did not have to be told who was the best drawing card of the period, who was the logical opponent for Jess Willard. That promoter was Tex Rickard, the man who thought in big things and did big things in a big way.

He knew that Fred Fulton had not faked that fight with Dempsey. He realized that it was Dempsey's iron fists, the left and the right, that were responsible for Fulton's downfall.

Rickard lost no time, therefore, trying to arrange for a championship bout between Willard and Dempsey. By beating Fulton, Dempsey had automatically spoiled a proposed battle between Fred and Jess and had clinched for himself the goal for which he had set out—the battle for the heavyweight crown.

On February 5, 1919, Dempsey with his manager, Jack Kearns, had left Utah to hasten to New York for a conference with Rickard, who had sent for them. Rickard had

already signed Willard to a contract to fight for a purse of $100,000 and he now was after Dempsey. The total purse which Tex was willing to put up was $127,500, of which Dempsey was to receive $27,500, the total amount being $6,100 more than Tex had put up for the Jeffries-Johnson fight.

On February 9, the principals met in New York to arrange the details and clinch the bout. Rickard came to terms with Jack Kearns, manager for Dempsey, after a brief conference at the Biltmore Hotel. There was very little of the haggling that took place during the signing of Willard and Frank Moran. Kearns at first held out for a third of the amount which was to be paid Willard, $33,333. Rickard offered to "split the difference," and made it $27,500.

Kearns then decided to let the matter rest with the nine newspaper men present as to whether the share of Dempsey should be $27,500 or $30,000. The newspaper men, voting in secret ballot, passed for Rickard's offer by a vote of seven to two. Kearns submitted to the decision and the formal articles were signed when Dempsey arrived in New York.

The matter of the referee was to be decided by Rickard and Kearns. Both Rickard and Kearns favored the West for the fight.

Kearns had agreed to post a forfeit of $5,000 to be put up sixty days before the date of the fight. As soon as the Dempsey forfeit was posted Rickard covered the money with a like sum.

Kearns arrived at the Biltmore Hotel, where Tex Rickard waited with Ike Dorgan, his lieutenant. Kearns shied from the sordid question of lucre as he perused the articles which had been signed by Willard. "What we want is a decision. It should be stipulated in the articles. Supposing that you should be forced to hold the fight in Philadelphia, then it would be six rounds without a decision, and what would that get us?"

"I can't put that in the articles now," said Rickard. "Willard wants a decision, too, but we may be forced to fight where decisions are not permitted. In that case, should there be no knockout, the winner will have to rely on a popular verdict."

Kearns admitted that this seemed reasonable. "Now about money."

"Dempsey, as you will admit," continued Kearns, "is a great drawing card. You can't get any one with the exception of Carpentier, outside of Dempsey, to fight Willard and draw."

"Dempsey is the best card," admitted Rickard frankly.

"Then I think, if Willard gets a hundred thousand, Dempsey should get a third. He has worked and fought his way up and there is something coming to him."

"If Dempsey knocks Willard out, he'll have a half-million in a year," retorted Rickard, "and I won't be getting it. If he doesn't whip Willard, twenty-five thousand is more than he is worth. I have made up my mind to pay that and no more."

"How about a share of the receipts?" asked Kearns.

"Not a share," said Rickard firmly. "I gamble, and if I win, I win. If I lose that's my hard luck. If you want to give me a share of Dempsey's earnings, provided he becomes champion, why I'll gamble with you."

"No, no," replied Kearns hastily. "I'll take thirty thousand. It's fair. I'll leave it to anybody."

"Split the difference," said Rickard. And so it was left to the vote.

"Six months from today there will be a new heavyweight champion," said Kearns, when the verbal agreement had been closed. "It doesn't really matter so much whether it is six rounds or forty. Dempsey is certain that he can win by a knockout."

With that off his chest, Kearns agreed to all Rickard wanted and the signing had reached the final stage.

The statutes of New York at the time made it illegal to sign articles for a bout, hence, when conditions were accepted, the principals, the managers, and Tex Rickard, ferried to Jersey City where the papers were signed in a railway station waiting room. There was less haggling over the purse and money than in any previous heavyweight championship.

Throughout the fight talk, "Doc" Kearns kept repeating that he had the next champion in Dempsey, who would score a knockout and also kept assuring Rickard that after this fight Dempsey would draw a million in his next big go, a prediction that came true when he fought Carpentier.

"The West is just crazy about Dempsey," said Kearns, "and there is plenty of money out there that will go on him to win by a knockout. I'm so sure of Dempsey winning that the fight can't come too soon for me. I'm closing this agreement because I know Jack will win the crown and then you'll see a greater drawing card, a bigger money getter, than was John L. Sullivan. He'll bring millions in at the gate when he becomes champion, just mark my words."

Ring history shows what wonderful foresight Kearns had. His prediction hit the bull's-eye.

After virtually every city in this country where boxing was legal was mentioned as the possible site, Rickard announced that Toledo, Ohio, had been selected and that July 4 would be the date of the contest. City and state officials had given their assurance of full co-operation.

In spite of Dempsey's great record for hitting, many persons, including Willard himself, were confident that the huge bulk of the champion would make him impregnable before his smaller opponent. Dempsey, unmindful of the disparity in height and weight, informed the public that Willard meant no more to him than did any of the other giants Dempsey had tackled. Dempsey said he would tackle Jess as he had tackled his victims of the last two

years—with a rush. He felt confident that he would repeat his one-round knockouts of Fulton and Morris when he clashed with Willard.

Chapter XXVI

Dempsey Wins the Crown

Jess Willard regarded Dempsey in the light of an easy opponent. He could not understand why Rickard had even arranged the championship bout, for he confided to his friends that he feared he would fatally injure his youthful opponent. It was this overconfidence, this lack of foresight which Dempsey's knockout record should have given to him, that made Willard a target for the Manassa Mauler.

Willard, prior to the signing of the contract, did all he could to induce Rickard to abandon the proposed match. He figured that his height, weight, and strength would prove too much of a handicap for the challenger and therefore was more anxious to get Fulton as his opponent. But Tex knew who would be the drawing card, and although not at that time the great promoter of later years, he refused to be budged.

With the contracts signed, Tex began to search for a site. He was turned down in many localities, until he finally received encouragement from the authorities at Toledo, where he had received the sanction of Governor Cox, and Rickard decided to pitch tent there. An arena prepared to seat 75,000 was erected, but on the day of the fight, a blistering hot day on July 4, 1919, there were only a few hundred more than 19,000 persons present. They paid $452,522 to see the bout. The temperature during the preliminaries was beyond 100 degrees and the discomfiture was such that most persons took coats and collars off and many even sat in their shirt sleeves.

The day before the fight, many tips from the "wise ones," the betting group, went out to the effect that Willard had neglected training and that Dempsey would score an early knockout. The tip had become widespread the night before the mill and Western gamblers were offering big wagers on Dempsey. They even took bets of 20 to 1 on a knockout in the first round, so sure were many of them of the outcome.

There was a marked contrast in both the training of the fighters and their demeanor as they entered the ring. Dempsey worked like a beaver to get into condition. He took his road work, engaged in sparring, and went through all that a boxer seeking to make any headway in a championship fight would do. Willard slept late, avoided strenuous work of any kind, neglected his road running to strengthen his wind, failed to have proper sparring partners in his camp, and generally speaking, paid little attention to his training.

Willard, the champion, was arrogantly confident when he entered the ring. He came into the roped square with a sure stride, a contemptuous smile, and before being seated, calmly stood and gazed over the spectators, beckoning here and there as he spied a friend.

Dempsey's appearance was the opposite. As in all of his important fights, he entered the ring in a highly nervous state. He was fidgety, as if just ready to snap the leash and leap at his prey. He was serious. He showed a scowl which was intensified as he received the referee's instructions.

Dempsey's great opportunity had come. He was there, awaiting the call to battle for the world's championship, the goal he had striven so hard to attain. As he stood in the center of the ring, he looked like a young pigmy before the giant Willard. It simply seemed inconceivable that this young man from Manassa, Colo., could stand up before this massive opponent of his.

The tall Kansan stood 6 feet 6½ inches in his rin shoes. Dempsey only 6 feet 1½ inches.

Willard weighed 245 pounds to Jack's 187, a differenc of more than fifty pounds. The Kansan had a long reac of 83½ inches to only 78 for his challenger.

Looking at these men and comparing them, few in tha amphitheater in the broiling sun even dared to concede chance to Dempsey, despite the tips of the gamblers. Y Dempsey surprised them all. He showed his mastery in a divisions. He battered the Kansan to a pulp and won th world's heavyweight championship.

Dempsey proved that he was more than a fighter. He wa the greatest tornado the boxing game had ever seen. It wa exactly one minute and fifty-eight seconds after the gon had sent them on their way that Willard received a pil driving right to the point of the jaw, and down he wen Seven times in that round Willard went down.

Dempsey gave the greatest exhibition of fighting ev witnessed in America. Not in the memory of the oldest fa had anyone recollected when a champion received suc murderous punishment as did Willard from Dempsey. Y Jess, responding as he did after every knockdown by arisin to absorb more punishment, showed that he was gamene personified.

He was not the quitter some critics would have believe, because he failed to come out for the fourth roun No man with a yellow streak in him would go through th agony, through the battering Willard received. Willard, defeat, gave a great exhibition of courage and gameness.

Before the first round ended, Jess was reeling around th ring dazed. He did not know where he was. He was abs lutely helpless—at the mercy of his younger opponen Dempsey.

Tearing into him, never giving up any ground nor givi Willard a chance to clear his head or get set, Dempsey a most had Jess out in that first round. The bell came

ess's rescue. When it sounded, there he was sitting on the anvas, mouth wide open, blood streaming from it, eyes lassy, bloodshot, staring wearily and aimlessly into space. He was helpless and had to be dragged to his corner.

Pandemonium reigned. The crowd was in an uproar. The bell could not be heard. Not even Ollie Pecord, the eferee, heard it. He raised Dempsey's hand after counting Villard out, and Jack, in his eagerness, leaped to the ropes, umped from the ring, and was on his way to the dressing oom when he was hailed back. The referee learned of his rror and ordered Dempsey to return and resume the attle.

Blood was flowing from Willard's mouth. Two front eeth had found their way to the canvas. His right eye had egun to close and the right side of his head was swelling bnormally. He looked as if he had been struck with a lackjack.

Yet when the bell sounded, Willard feebly arose from is chair, ready to retrieve lost ground, if such were pos- ible. Was this a sign of a quitter? Could Willard be ccused of possessing a yellow streak under such gameness? ar from it!

He walked towards Dempsey, a pitiful object. Yet he ould not be put away. His appearance was revolting, and nany in that throng urged the referee to stop the fray.

Dempsey's cutting punches found their mark on the eft eye, until that was closed tight and then began bom- ardment of the right that swelled that considerably. Ollie ecord was deaf to the shouts of the spectators and per- nitted the brutality to go on. Dempsey, in his eagerness to nd the affair, fought himself out and was arm-weary when he bell sounded.

When the third and last round began, Jess looked like nc being butchered. He was an object of pity. Blind, nouth cut, legs tottering, he presented an appearance ever before seen in a heavyweight championship bout. He

could scarcely see his opponent, yet was willing to star up despite his loss of blood and his weakness.

Yet, strange as it might seem, Willard, desperate, can through with a rally that was difficult to believe. He jarre Dempsey with several powerful lefts to the mouth, and fo a time it seemed that the tide would turn.

It looked as if Dempsey, in his eagerness to score knockout, had spent all his energy. He had shot his bol He tried to increase his attack but was too tired. The be proved sweet music to both.

When Willard went to his corner he staggered into h chair and could not hold up his head. His seconds worke furiously over him, and before the full rest period w over, Jess called the referee toward him and informed hi he could not continue. Jess's chief second, Ike O'Nea tossed the towel into the ring in token of defeat, and th championship had changed hands.

Hoots and catcalls greeted the announcement. Though less persons called Willard a quitter, as he tumbled out the ring to make his way to his dressing room, yet no ma ever gave a gamer exhibition than did the Kansas Gian He had received the worst beating ever administered to titleholder, had two small bones broken in the right upp jaw, yet fought until he could not raise his hands ar longer, and then was called a quitter. Is that kind gameness to be found in the make-up of a quitter?

Had Willard gone out for that fourth round, he migh have been killed or might fatally have injured himse through collapse. It was a good thing for the sport that h had sense enough to know when he had had sufficien Dempsey's victory goes into the books as a three-roun knockout because the bell had not yet sounded for th fourth session. A round consists of three minutes of figh ing and one minute for resting.

Chapter XXVII

Title Bout with Miske

When Jack Dempsey won the world's heavyweight title, he found Billy Miske among the first of his challengers. Dempsey always knew he was Billy's master, but somehow, he felt that Billy was entitled to a match. For several months Miske's manager kept after the champion, and it was not until the middle of June, 1920, after he had learned that Tex Rickard was eager to arrange a bout for the champion for the early fall or winter, that Dempsey consented.

Furthermore, Dempsey had learned that Billy Miske was very much in need of money and was anxious to help him obtain some. In addition, Dempsey felt that this bout would be a walkover and a good tune-up contest, and he therefore agreed to clash with Miske for his friend, Floyd Fitzsimmons, at Benton Harbor on Labor Day, September 5, 1920.

Jack crawled through the ropes to defend his title and he found very weak opposition. It was later learned that Miske went into the ring a sick fellow, for it was soon after the contest that Miske died from tuberculosis. He had kept his serious illness a secret in order that he could earn sufficient funds to try to combat its progress, but Fate had ruled against him. Dempsey won the bout in three rounds, Miske being knocked out.

James Dougherty of Philadelphia was named referee. Floyd Fitzsimmons' announcement of the choice followed a night of wrangling and conferences that for a time threatened to culminate in Dempsey's breaking camp and refusing to fight. Nothing but the determined stand taken by Fitzsimmons and the realization by Chairman Thomas Bigger of the Michigan State Athletic Commission of the

fact that thousands of dollars were being placed in jeopardy and that thousands of persons had already arrived there for the bout averted the fiasco.

Kearns and Dempsey were determined in their decision not to go through with the bout unless Dougherty was the third man in the ring. When it seemed that Chairman Bigger was equally determined that no new referee's license would be granted, Benton Harbor prepared for the worst and for some time hope dropped many points below par.

The mix-up was precipitated just before midnight when Chairman Bigger notified the principals and promoter that he had selected Al A. Day of Detroit to referee the bout. He had waited until that time for Jack Kearns, manager of the champion, and Jack Reddy, business representative of Billy Miske, to agree upon one of the men already holding a referee's license in Michigan.

When it became apparent that it was impossible for them to reach an understanding, because Kearns was holding out for Dougherty, Chairman Bigger made his selection.

Just as soon as Kearns was notified of the commissioner's action, the champion's manager emphatically declared that Dougherty would referee or there would be no fight, and that he would wait until that afternoon for the commissioner to acquiesce. If Dougherty was not accepted by that time, Kearns said he would break camp and leave Benton Harbor.

This unexpected turn of affairs threw Benton Harbor into an uproar. The news spread rapidly that the fight was off, and before long fight headquarters was besieged by crowds of anxious fans demanding to know the latest developments and anxiously inquiring about the return of their money.

The matter was finally settled when Day withdrew in favor of Dougherty and the Philadelphian was granted a license to referee the battle.

The bout terminated as was expected. The end came after one minute and thirteen seconds of fighting in the third round. A perfectly timed, accurately directed, and powerfully delivered right cross to the jaw laid the St. Paul challenger low for the full count.

As several hundred fight enthusiasts arose and strove vainly to batter their way through the cordon of Michigan State constabulary that surrounded the ring to lift the champion to their shoulders and carry him triumphantly from the scene of his memorable victory, Jack Dempsey bent over the prostrate form of his opponent and gently raised his still unconscious rival. It was the champion who deposited the limp bulk that but a few seconds before had been a fighting machine.

Dempsey raised the unconscious form of the vanquished boxer and carried Miske to his corner. While the challenger's seconds dazedly administered first aid to their beaten idol, Dempsey stood by trying to help. The champion seemed almost to regret that he had been forced to drive over the crushing blow that had scattered Miske's long cherished championship aspirations. Miske's fling was over and the dream, which for so long had been his inspiration and ambition, had been dissolved.

When he opened his eyes after Referee Jim Dougherty had tolled off the fatal ten, and his dazed senses had cleared sufficiently to permit him to grasp what had happened, Miske realized that his work had been in vain, that the goal he had set for himself had been removed beyond reach, that the mantle of champion of the world would never drape his broad and muscled shoulders.

The end came suddenly but it was not unexpected. The way had been paved for it. The crowd had been prepared for it. It had been anticipated momentarily. As early as the first round it was apparent that Dempsey was destined to emerge from the sunbaked ring with the championship crown still tilted jauntily on his bronzed brow. It was ap-

parent that not only would he win, but that he would wi
decisively and that all question of superiority would b
dispelled.

In the first round, after they had been sparring for abou
a minute and a half, Dempsey set himself and drove one o
his famous pile-driving straight rights deep into Miske'
body. The blow landed just under the heart. The grunt th
challenger emitted could be heard all around the ringside
He winced with pain and fell into a clinch. Tenaciously h
held on, while Referee Dougherty tugged and pulled, try
ing to break them. It looked then as if the end had come
but Miske weathered the storm and managed to last ou
the round.

He went to his corner a badly hurt man. His handler
worked valiantly over him but he never fully recovered
from the effects of that blow, and it can be set down in rin
history as the punch that really decided the bout. It robbe
Miske of everything he had but his gameness. It sappe
his strength and weakened his legs. His speed—the asse
upon which he placed so much reliance—had deserted him
There was no power behind his punches, and the pai
robbed him of his judgment of distance.

Gamely he stuck to his task as long as nature could stan
up under the terrific punishment that Dempsey admini
tered. But from the time that that blow was whippe
home, Miske was a beaten man. And he knew it. For th
first time during his long career in the ring he had bee
hurt badly.

Billy Miske realized then what power Jack Dempse
could generate in his blows. It made him cautious, s
cautious, in fact, that later, at the start of the third roun
when he found Dempsey's jaw with a snappy left hook an
shook the champion, the blow was not delivered with a
much power as he would have put behind it had he bee
willing to step a bit closer before driving it home.

Had he been daring enough to take that one chanc

dangerous and desperate as it would have been, Miske might have hurt Dempsey so badly that the finish would have been postponed. He might have prolonged his stay in the ring. But it scarcely would have turned the tide of battle. The result was inevitable.

It was in the second round that Miske went down for the first time. Incidentally, it was the first time that he had been floored in the eight years that he had been fighting. As they came out of a clinch, Dempsey stepped quickly forward and sank a right into Miske's bruised ribs under the heart.

The challenger dropped in his tracks. Not a step backward or to the side did he take. His legs crumpled beneath him and he sprawled on the canvas. He propped the upper part of his body up on his straightened arm. It seemed as if he was temporarily paralyzed from the waist down, and might be compelled to take the count while he was still perfectly conscious but unable to rise to his feet.

His face was distorted with pain, and as Referee Dougherty jumped between him and Dempsey and began to toll off the fleeting seconds, Miske rolled his eyes up almost pleadingly at the official. Almost as quickly as he had gone down, he recovered enough strength in his legs to rise and, instead of taking full advantage of a count of nine, he struggled to his feet at the count of three. Dempsey hesitated for a brief second and lost a chance to end the bout with another punch.

Miske fell into a clinch and held on as long as he possibly could. Dempsey, aided by the referee, finally wriggled himself clear of Miske's embrace. Realizing that he was in the position of a man with his back to the wall and that he must protect himself, Miske showed his gameness by trying to mislead the still fresh man in front of him by leading with his left. It was a feeble effort, and would have been his last, but, just as Dempsey set himself to deliver what

undoubtedly would have been the finishing blow, the be sounded.

Miske staggered to his corner. He was all in. His second worked energetically over him, and his recuperative powe proved to be remarkable. The minute's rest seemed t make a new man of him. Dempsey came out of his corn at the clang of the gong for the start of the third roun convinced that all that remained for him to do was to pus Miske over and that, once floored, his rival would never g up. A surprise was in store for him.

As the pair met in the center of the ring, the St. Pa boxer shifted from a position with his left hand extende to one with his right hand forward and unleashed a le hook to the jaw that would have done credit to a muc fresher athlete. It landed flush on the champion's chi Taken wholly by surprise at this unexpected display of r gained strength by Miske, Dempsey quickly stepped bac

He acted as one suddenly becoming aware that cautio was the better part of valor. It dawned upon him that h could not afford to take any chances with Billy. Had Misk been less cautious in delivering that blow—had he bee willing to put everything he had behind it—he might hav stunned the champion sufficiently to stave off the impen ing crash. But Miske appeared fearful that if he missed h would leave himself wide open to that crushing right Dempsey's.

After sizing up Miske for a second, Dempsey stepped fo ward in sprightly style. He was as fresh as when the bou started. He flicked a light left in Miske's face. It was a fe er. It served the champion's purpose. Jack wanted to h sure that Miske was still hittable. Quickly Dempsey fo lowed this lead with a vicious left hook to the chin. Misk staggered backward toward his own corner and the collapsed full length on the canvas.

There were many in that vast throng of enthusiastic fa who believed it to be the finish. Apparently Miske wa

otally unconscious. As Referee Dougherty's voice rose bove the din and the count of five was heard by those ressing close to the ringside, there was not a move in Miske's body. Not a muscle twitched. He stirred at the ount of seven and at the count of nine he crawled to his eet.

Dempsey was standing calmly near the ropes at the enter of one side of the ring. The champion was intently vatching his rival. There was no glare of viciousness in his yes. They had simply the look of a business man studying situation. Not even the smile of elation flickered at the orners of his mouth. If he heard the raucous cheering of he thousands, he gave no outward sign of it. He waited atiently for Miske to rise and then set himself to put an nd to the game but futile struggle the challenger was vaging.

As Miske regained his feet, he gazed dazedly out over the ast throng. He did not realize where he was. He did not now that stepping lightly but determinedly toward him vas Jack Dempsey, with right fist clenched within his five- unce glove, poising himself to deliver the blow that would nd it all. Miske never glanced at him.

The punch crashed over Miske's left shoulder. There was othing to impede its progress. The challenger was beyond he stage of being able to make any effort to block it. It anded, and Miske dropped to the floor with his right arm urled under his head. There he lay like one dead while the eferee's arm slowly rose and fell as he droned off the count. As his hand fell for the count of ten and the crowd realized hat Dempsey had sucessfully defended his title, the spec- ators broke from their seats.

Hats and programs were tossed wildly in the air. With ells that echoed from the surrounding woods and were icked up and relayed into the heart of the city, the fans tampeded toward the ringside. Those nearest the actual cene of the knockout jumped madly toward the ropes.

They were met by the state constabulary and turned back

Dempsey was finally escorted to his corner by hi handlers. Then, with the police surrounding him, h threaded his way through the surging mass back to hi training quarters across the baseball park. He was happy but he was not exuberant. It was evident that the cham pion did not wholly relish the job he had completed s masterfully—that of knocking out Miske. But it had to b done and Dempsey did it as quickly as he could.

After the knockout, it was reported that one of Miske' ribs on the left side had been broken by the terrific punch he received in the first round. Promoter Fitzsimmons had him examined by two physicians before he left the arena and they agreed there was no fracture. His ribs were bruised and his jaw was very sore and he had a terrific headache Otherwise he was none the worse for his experience. How ever, he became ill a few days later and, after a lingering illness, he died from tuberculosis.

The total receipts were announced as $134,904, which state and war taxes reduced to $109,376. Dempsey's en was $55,000 and Miske's end was $25,000.

Chapter XXVIII

Knocks Out Brennan

It was on December 13, 1920, that Jack Dempsey succes fully defended his crown against Bill Brennan in Madiso Square Garden when Dempsey knocked him out in th twelfth round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout. The en came after one minute and fifty-seven seconds of fightin in that session, and terminated one of the most vicious an closely contested heavyweight bouts seen in years in Ne York.

It was a right hook delivered with great force to Bre

nan's body just beneath the heart that started Brennan on his way to defeat. As he doubled over and winced with pain, Dempsey quickly stepped in and whipped a well-directed left hook, delivered with all the power of his massive shoulders, into Brennan's right side.

The challenger dropped to his hands and knees. As Referee Haukop began to toll off the fatal ten seconds, Brennan writhed in agony and strove gamely to regain his feet, but it was beyond human possibility. At the count of seven it looked as if he might succeed in dragging himself up on his tottering legs, but he slipped back again to a squatting position on the floor.

Just as Referee Haukop's right arm fell for the tenth time, Brennan regained his feet, but he had been counted out. As Dempsey moved as if to step in to deliver another crushing blow, the referee stepped between the men, waving Dempsey back to his corner and grabbing Brennan by his arm to lead him to his.

For a moment Dempsey did not seem to realize that Brennan had been counted out. There were many in the vast throng of 15,000 that filled the old Garden to overflowing who were of the opinion, not that a knockout had been scored, but that Referee Haukop had stopped the bout because of Brennan's helpless condition. Such was not the case, however. Haukop officially announced to those at the ringside that the fatal ten had been tolled over Brennan.

It was a fitting climax to a bout that had been replete with sensational events and surprises. More than once during the first eleven rounds it looked as if the challenger might succeed in driving home a crushing blow that would have enabled him to step from the prostrate form of Dempsey up to the golden heavyweight throne.

As early as the second round, Brennan proved that he was not to be the mark or "set-up" that so many had expected. In that session, Brennan whipped a right upper-

cut to Dempsey's jaw that dazed the champion. It was evident to all present that Jack had been jarred clear to the heels. He was groggy and his legs wobbled. It looked for a moment as if he would go crashing to the floor and be counted out.

Brennan seemed equally surprised. He stepped back to look the champion over. Bill could hardly believe his eyes. He did not seem able to grasp the fact that he had the champion in a dangerous way. He did not seem to hear the knocking of opportunity.

That brief hesitation on his part enabled Dempsey to regain his scattered senses. Had Brennan stepped in quickly and delivered some of his rights and lefts to the champion's head, the result might have been entirely different. He might have succeeded in realizing his long-cherished ambition to be heavyweight champion of the world.

The oversight cost him dearly. Dempsey quickly stepped into a clinch and when the referee finally succeeded in prying him loose he had so far recovered that he was able to fight back and was giving Brennan as good as he received when the bell sounded and ended the round.

Thereafter Dempsey did not seem to be himself. He did not fight the way he did against Jess Willard at Toledo nor the way he battled Billy Miske at Benton Harbor. There was nothing about his carriage in the ring nor his general actions to indicate the energy and youthful vim and vigor that had generally been such a prominent feature of his battles.

Possibly it was that terrific uppercut to the jaw that he suffered in the second round that robbed him of much of his strength. Whatever the cause, certain it was that the Dempsey of the next two rounds was not the Dempsey who had been accustomed to lay his opponents low in two or three sessions. He seemed worried.

Brennan's long slinging left bothered him no little. The champion seemed at sea as to how to avoid it, and, try

as he did, he was unable to drive his powerful rights and lefts to a vital spot.

He seemed to realize how futile these efforts were and he resorted to swinging.

Dempsey's judgment of distance, too, was very poor. As he set himself to unleash his bone-crushing right, he did not appear sure of himself. The old confidence which always accompanied him in the ring seemed missing. The result was that frequently, when he let his punches go, he missed his mark by wide margins.

On the other hand, Brennan was fighting the best fight of his career. There was nothing about him indicating that even remotely did he entertain any fear of the champion.

True, he was cautious, but that was absolutely necessary. He had fought Dempsey before out in Milwaukee, in February of 1918, before Dempsey had become champion, and Brennan knew that behind those padded mitts there lurked a world of power that could spell disaster for any jaw or any ribs with which they came in contact.

The challenger was content to jab with his left and wait for openings in Dempsey's defense through which to crash a right cross or right uppercut. Several times during the early rounds he drove home, and Dempsey was forced to clinch and hold to protect himself. During these frames the crowd was continually cheering Brennan's efforts.

No cheers for Dempsey were heard. It was evident that the challenger carried the bulk of the crowd's favor and support. This, too, apparently had a disconcerting effect on Dempsey, who seemed to realize that he was unpopular with the majority or at least with the noisier of those present.

It was not until the fifth round that Dempsey showed the form that usually featured his ring work. Whereas until that time he had been woefully slow on his feet and had not stepped around his opponent with his accustomed agility, he came out in the fifth, dancing in and out and

around Brennan. In this way he tried to feint Brennan into position for him to crash in a blow that would decisively end the proceedings, but Brennan was not yet ready to relinquish all hope of scaling the pugilistic heights.

He was not to be led into the mistake of laying aside his defense. He, fighting in a crouching position, kept his jaw well covered and his body well out of the range of Dempsey's wicked leads. Through the sixth and seventh rounds as well, Brennan fought the champion to a standstill. Up to the eighth round, he had given slightly more than he had received when everything was weighed in the balance.

Just as the bell rang at the start of the eighth round, one of the two largest of the six lights that hung over the ring went out, and from far up in the distant regions of the top gallery a voice called out, "Good night, Brennan." Evidently some had taken it as an evil omen for Brennan.

Dempsey came out of his corner with something akin to a rush and quickly drove a right uppercut to Brennan's body. He followed this with a straight right to his rival's ribs, and to those at the ringside it seemed that the champion was preparing the challenger for the finish.

Brennan rocked under the force of the blow, but he was far from being on the verge of a knock-out. He immediately made Dempsey give ground by cutting loose a vicious right swing that landed on the back of Dempsey's neck. It did no damage but served the purpose of showing Dempsey that Brennan was still strong. After a brief spell of infighting, in which the blows landed were about equally divided, Dempsey connected with a glancing blow that slid along Brennan's jaw. Had the punch landed flush on the "button" Brennan would have taken a trip into the land of dreams.

Even as it was, Brennan appeared to be somewhat groggy. He quickly fell into a clinch and his great recuperative powers came to his rescue and he was able to weather

the threatened storm. When the bell sounded he was fighting Dempsey in the champion's own corner and by a strange coincidence, the light that had been out during the round suddenly burst forth again in all its brightness.

Again Brennan came back strongly in the ninth round, and there was nothing to indicate that he felt any ill effects from what had happened in the previous session. His return to strength surprised Dempsey, and when Brennan showed a willingness to trade blows with him, the champion was little short of astounded.

This was apparent by the way Dempsey quickly stepped back and gave ground after the first rapid exchange of blows. Brennan followed him across the ring and more infighting took place. While some solid blows were exchanged they had little telling effect, and the round ended with both boxers tired from their exertions.

It was in the tenth round that it became apparent that Brennan could scarcely hope to last the full fifteen rounds. The round was ushered in by both boxers missing hard swings. Dempsey then quickly stepped in and landed a short right hook on Bill's jaw. A left hook to the mouth followed, causing the blood to spurt from Brennan's split lips.

As they went into a clinch, Brennan swung his right to Dempsey's left ear. Whether this cut the champion's ear lobe or whether Brennan's head collided with the spot could not be definitely decided, but the blood was gushing down the side of Dempsey's jaw and under the ear. Dempsey almost threw caution to the winds. He had been stung and was fighting mad. He rushed Brennan and drove in a series of short rights and lefts to the body. Brennan's knees sagged but he pitched forward into the clinch and was able to last out the round. He came back strong in the eleventh but it was apparent his blows lacked steam. His defense, however, kept Dempsey from applying the finishing touches.

At the start of the twelfth it was apparent that Dempsey

had become anxious—so anxious, in fact, that he missed one of the wildest right swings he had ever been guilty of unleashing.

Ordinarily, Dempsey hooked his punches. Yet here he was swinging them. In the twelfth he seemed to have decided that the only way to batter Brennan into submission was by swinging, in the hope that the power of these swings, even if partially blocked, would still be sufficient to lay low the game and determined man in front of him.

After Brennan had scored a right to Dempsey's ear, the champion retaliated with a left to Brennan's face. A clinch followed. As they came out of the clinch Dempsey sank his right into Brennan's body just under the heart. The challenger's legs sagged at the knees and his body bent over. Then followed the left to Brennan's ribs that finished one of the greatest heavyweight bouts that had ever been seen in New York.

Just as soon as the semifinal bout was over, a battery of cameras was set up in the ring to take the pictures of the rival heavyweights. Brennan was the first to enter the ring, clad in his green boxing trunks and a red sweater. He took his place in the southeast corner. He was followed two minutes later by the champion. Dempsey wore light silk boxing trunks and had only a bath towel draped over his powerful, muscled shoulders. Dempsey was accompanied by his manager, Jack Kearns, and Harry Neary. Brennan was accompanied by his manager, Leo Flynn, and Dia Dollings.

After the fighters had been introduced, still and motion pictures were taken of them, their managers and the referee.

Joe Humphries showed the diamond studded belt that Tex Rickard had donated to the winner and which, Tex felt, would be emblematic of the world's heavyweight championship. He announced it was to be defended every six months.

Chapter XXIX

$1,000,000 Dream Comes True

A SPECTACLE, SUCH AS never had been dreamt it would be possible to view in a boxing arena took place on July 2, 1921, when Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier engaged in their famous international bout, the Battle of the Century. The place, as told in the previous chapter, was over in Jersey City at Boyle's Thirty Acres, where a mammoth towering ring of seats, built of wood, was erected to house the greatest throng that up to that period had ever attended a fistic spectacle. Ninety-one thousand persons saw two wonderfully trained athletes fight for the world's championship and the spectators paid $1,626,580 for the privilege of viewing the gladiators.

That day saw Dempsey rise to the pinnacle of his fame and fortune, for, when the smoke had cleared, it was found that Dempsey had scored a four-round knockout and also had amassed a fortune (including movie rights and other contracts) of close to half a million dollars for his efforts. It set many records—a new mark for attendance, for gate receipts, for guarantees, and for the high-class type of fight fan who attended.

It was an event of high social standing and was the beginning of the modern fight spectacles which Tex Rickard promoted. The fight resulted in the first million-dollar gate, and initiated the high purse of modern, commercialized boxing.

A picturesque setting, a background such as never before had been seen in a fight, was on view to almost 100,000 spectators. Only one other great international fight had ever been staged that aroused such widespread interest, the Heenan-Sayers contest in England. Never before had America been treated to an international heavyweight

championship affair of the proportions of the Dempsey Carpentier tilt, and the result again proved the supremacy of Uncle Sam's fighters.

Gorgeous Georges Carpentier, gracefully formed as some statue of an ancient Greek, and brilliant in his ring performances, went down before a surly bulk that was fighting man incarnate. Jack Dempsey held his title through the exercise of brute force, which was his mission in the ring at the Jersey City arena.

The story of that fight and of the gallant stand that the Frenchman made when he took the offensive and for one complete round had the greatest boxer of his generation rocking and backing under the fury of his onslaught has been told and retold by now. Not a man or woman in the nation but has heard it, and there are few who have not discussed it over and over again.

For some, the great moment may have come when the drooping and wilting flower of France's pugilistic garden slipped like a broken lily to the gleaming white canvas that stood out from the ruddy faces in which it was set like a diamond. But for some of us, who see the drama of life in the fierce defiance of fate by the loser, with head blooded but unbowed, that second round was the marvel of it all.

Call to mind again this picture:

The first round had been Dempsey's—clearly the champion's. In the clinches he had worked his punishing body blows to perfection. They whipped in, short, snappy, destructive, until the challenger's stomach showed under the beating pink as the skin of a year-old babe.

It needed not long in the ring, nor much of the punishment that the champion kept sending in with a scowl of viciousness on his face, to convince a man of such long experience as Carpentier that the outcome of the issue might not be favorable. Whatever might have been his confidence in himself when he first took a seat in his corner, he would have been an absolute novice if he did not

know that the steady drive for his solar plexus would topple him into defeat in the end. That was a foregone conclusion.

Facing that knowledge and knowing it as did no other man of those present, Georges Carpentier went forth to give his best in a last effort for victory. It was not the dying flash physically that brought that thrilling second round into being, but the game effort of a brain that weighed the consequences of defeat and transmitted its information to a heart too stout to be affected and a spirit too proud to accept it.

Steeled to the effort for victory or to the spending of every last ounce of strength in its pursuit, Carpentier leaped from his corner at the sound of the gong that rang through the arena like the tolling of some deep-toned bell in a church steeple.

He went after the Manassa Mauler like a flash. That right lead, the swooping overhead punch that swirled through the air like a hawk, and like the deadly marauder of the air pounced on its victim, started for its mark. Experts, even those who were unbiased or those who wished the Frenchman to win, had predicted that the first time that blow was started, it meant the end.

"Georges will kill Dempsey if he leads with his right that way," was their unanimous verdict.

But Carpentier did not kill him.

Instead, that fierce right-hand wallop swished through the air, almost like a descending shell, and caught Dempsey flush on the side of the cheek. A few inches lower, would have meant at least a trip to the resined floor for the champion, but he managed to stand up. Jack denies to this day that the blow staggered him. He was off balance when it hit, he asserts. Maybe he was, but if he wasn't before, it is a certainty that he was tottering for a moment or two afterward. It was a long time to be off balance.

Here was the chance for the underdog to come through,

for the slim rapier to slip past the broadsword guard an get in a fatal thrust.

Carpentier sensed his opportunity, of course, and fo lowed his advantage with the litheness of the skilled fence He was in to accomplish the impossible and he raine right after right on Dempsey's head and jaw. The writ counted five of them that landed after that first, all th overhand, looping variety that sped to their marks wit the speed of a bullet.

But there is the difference between the broadsword an the rapier. With the latter weapon you must achieve th mortal wound with a clean thrust. With the broadswor you may beat through your foeman's guard and bear hi down under a succession of blows.

So Carpentier failed to get in the finishing stroke. H tried hard, but the great native strength of the "ma killer" in front of him carried him safely through the stor of the Frenchman's furious attack until the gong reverbe ated through the roar of ninety thousand voices pourin their wild excitement verbally to the heavens. The be saved the champion not from danger of a knockout, bu from the onslaught that threatened every minute t achieve its purpose when the direct thrust went home.

There and then the battle swung. Its tide flowed t Dempsey as both men sat in their corners, every musc athrob from their exertions and every nerve ajump wit the tenseness of the moment.

Dempsey—the phlegmatic, the dogged—accepted th danger as past and turned stolidly to the accumulation new strength in the brief period of rest. Carpentier—th brilliant, the thinker—saw all to clearly the opportuni that was gone and suffered from that realization even mo than he would have, had he suffered the beating and h scowling foe missed his mark.

It was a game effort, that second round—a great effo by a man with a real fighting man's heart—and the sig

of it was the thrill supreme for some of the vast crowd reaching back, row on row, to the wide rim of the inverted bowl that stretched to the scowling skies beyond.

There were thrills aside from that second round, however. Hearts beat fast every second that their owners were in the arena. It needed not even the beginning of the great battle itself to send cold shivers along spinal cords and to have spectators sitting tense on the edges of their seats.

When the superlative is reached in anything—and it was in the crowd of that hot afternoon, the greatest fight assemblage ever gathered—the setting for the drama is at hand. Ninety thousand souls gathered together, all with one purpose in mind, created an atmosphere of tenseness that was thrilling in itself.

The realization of something stupendous spread through the arena with every passing minute as the crowd grew with a steady stream of newcomers that blotted out the few remaining blocks of empty seats. Being part of the greatest fight gathering in the annals of the ring, was enough to lend a little excitement on its own accord.

Nor were all the thrills those that had a foundation built on conflict, although there was a bit of that in everything that moved the huge crowd.

When Jack Dempsey, prime slugger of the whole clan of glove artists, was introduced to the spectators, the lack of real applause was one of the shocks of the day. It had been expected that the champion might not get the greatest welcome ever accorded a pugilist, but it was felt that that fact that he was an American doing battle with a foreigner would give him a better standing with the 90,000 in the arena. It did not, however.

Silence would have been less galling to one of a sensitive nature than was that reception. The few cheers, raised perunctorily, were only the efforts of those who felt it incumbent on themselves to be polite. So it seemed at the ringside, at least.

What a change has taken place in the few years since Now, wherever Dempsey goes, he receives a royal recep tion.

Then came the contrast in the reception accorded Car pentier. He was cheered lustily, roundly, with true enthu siasm.

A stranger in a strange land, he was given applause tha made that granted to the native, the representative of the home land, sound like a whisper.

There was a thrilling contrast.

It harked back, of course, to the feelings grown from the bitterness of the war—justly or unjustly is a matter fo others to decide. But it did carry back the memories o those days when America had sent her sons to the farflung frontier of freedom, and Dempsey, the fighter, was no among them.

For that, and for that alone, he was ostracized by mos of those in the arena at Boyle's Thirty Acres. Their snub bing was done in the most effective way they could find to express it. The greater portion of 90,000 Americans held back the cheers to which their champion was entitled by birth, because it seemed that they felt that he had for feited his right to such recognition.

And the tragedy of that scene—the stark, naked tragedy of it—was that it was unnecessary. Dempsey never was a physical coward. His is a spirit that would find it much easier to go than to stay at home. Yet he did not go fo reasons that most of those in the arena did not care much about, so he was being punished.

Punished because he failed to follow the path his every inclination pointed out to him, but misguided advice kept him from following!

Then for the thrill that meant the big excitement to most of those who wended their way to Jersey City and the arena that was built to be filled only once in its exist ence.

Came the fourth round, with the punishing third behind. Georges was showing the effects of the severe beating Dempsey had laced into his body during the session before.

The Frenchman's handlers had seen the damage done and they had advised him to make a running fight of it. But it was too late for that, if ever it could have been done successfully with an overpowering jungle cat in human form lithely treading around the ring in pursuit of his prey.

It took but little time for Dempsey to corner his foe. He backed him against the ropes, a maneuver he had practised time and time again at Atlantic City, and feinted him into an opening. In the brief instant when the French idol's body was unguarded, the champion's deadly left hook found its mark and his beautifully formed foe slipped limply to the floor. Only for an instant was it limp, but Georges was hurt. That was evident. He took the count of nine before he scrambled to his feet.

Look for a moment on the scene in that arena. The great roar that invaded the quiet of heights above had died away as the shouters gave up all else to lean forward and watch intensely the drama reaching its climax before their eyes.

Bright faces, shot with the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, spun round in rows of gleaming pink. The whole thing resembled nothing so much as a huge spider's web.

In that silence a man, formed in the lines of the ideal athlete, rose to his knees and then to his feet as another man, clad all in white, raised his arm and lowered it nine times over the fallen figure. To the north of the ring was another man, heavier, burlier, uglier in his scowl than either of the other pair.

As the light, almost frail, one arose, the bulky figure leaped with astonishing quickness across the intervening space and let loose a vicious punch with that same left.

The blow struck home. The man who had just reached his feet, staggered drunkenly. His knees bent forward

slightly, his arms fell slowly to his side and his whole body sagged like a broken reed in the wind.

Through all this, not a sound was heard save the steady bark of the many telegraph instruments at ringside and the hoarse voices of newspaper men attempting to control their excitement while they dictated the sentences telling of the dramatic happenings still taking place.

But the surly, bulky giant was not done yet. As his foeman slipped forward to topple over, he swished through the air a terrific punch with his right hand. The aim was true. The beaten man was sent hurtling to the floor by the added force of a blow that caught him even as he was falling.

Then, in another dense silence, the toll of the fatal ten seconds was completed.

Stretched on the floor was a prone, limp figure, while the man clad in immaculate white raised the right hand of him who did the final execution.

The crowd started for the exits. It had had enough of thrills, but it waited long enough to raise a rousing cheer for the loser when he revived.

And to Carpentier, if that second round was not the greatest thrill, those parting cheers must have been.

The rapier had been shattered against the heavier blade of the broadsword, but its wielder had fought the good fight and he had kept the faith.

Chapter XXX

The Shelby Fiasco

No championship fight in Jack Dempsey's career was staged under conditions more extraordinary or more dramatic than his fifteen-round battle with Tommy Gibbons

the St. Paul challenger, in the sun-baked arena in the little boom town of Shelby, Mont., on July 4, 1923, a fight in which Tom Gibbons lasted fifteen rounds but lost the decision to the champion.

Owing to the demands of Jack Kearns, manager of the champion, for the complete fulfilment of Dempsey's $300,000 contract, much ill feeling had been aroused against the titleholder. When he entered the ring he was facing a strictly Gibbons crowd, a crowd that would have exhibited Wild West tactics had Dempsey made the slightest false move.

Gibbons proved to be the best defensive fighter that Dempsey had ever met. His cleverness and elusiveness saved him from being hammered to the canvas in spite of the champion's most determined attacks.

Gibbons fought a fast and courageous fight for ten rounds. Then he seemed to tire, and lasted until the end, almost entirely on his defensive skill. He had just one idea—to stick to the finish—and he did.

It was the first time that any man had succeeded in staying the limit with Dempsey since he became champion. The result was a distinct surprise, as Dempsey was figured to score a knockout within ten rounds.

The Shelby and Great Falls men who put up the first $100,000 to back the fiasco, for such it was financially, got tickets in return for their money, and many of these were sold at heavy discounts. The affair was terribly mishandled.

There were only 7,202 cash customers in the arena, the lowest paid admission for a world's heavyweight championship in which Dempsey ever figured. Many persons stormed the gates, and almost 4,000 saw the fight without paying for admission.

When the crowd broke through the gates in a surging rush, a few shots were fired over their heads, but the fans didn't stop and the revenue agents didn't attempt to shoot to kill. Accordingly, the crashers made the arena and some

of them got down pretty near the ringside. All in all, there were probably somewhat less than 11,000 persons in the arena, of whom rather less than two-thirds paid their way in. The total receipts amounted only to $201,485, making a net loss to the Shelby promoters of more than $70,000 as Dempsey received close to $250,000 as his share in guarantees. The entire affair was a promotional muddle from the start, with inexperienced promoters making a mess out of the venture.

Mayor Jim Johnson, who was the treasurer of the affair and who, with his associate, Promoter Mullonby, and Matchmaker Collins handled the bout, made a poor job of it. Not only did they lose heavily of their own money, but the investment of their friends was lost. Shelby went broke. Many banks failed, and the city vowed that never again would it permit itself to be advertised through the fight medium. It was the worst fistic fiasco ever staged and proved that the promotion of a heavyweight championship bout required experience.

Not since Jeffries fought twenty-five rounds with Tom Sharkey on November 3, 1899, had a world's heavyweight championship battle gone to a referee's decision until Tom Gibbons went the limit with Dempsey and forced Jimmy Dougherty to settle the question of superiority. Jess Willard, then the title-holder, was unable to stop Frank Moran inside the limit of ten rounds at Madison Square Garden in 1916, but the law forbade a referee's decision.

Dempsey's inability to stop Gibbons was a startling development, but it was not quite so startling or so productive of riotous demonstration as was Jeffries' great fight with Sharkey. The boilermaker had won the championship from Bob Fitzsimmons on June 9, 1899—only five months before he risked it against Tom the Sailor. Sharkey was known to be a tough contender, but Jeffries, after his impressive triumph over Fitzsimmons, was expected to settle the issue before the limit of twenty-five rounds.

But twenty-five rounds they went, hammering each other all over the ring, Jeffries badly battered and Sharkey with two ribs fractured and one ear hanging by a shred. Most of the thousands who saw this berserker encounter were with Sharkey. When George Siler announced that he had given the decision to the champion, there was a wild demonstration against Jeffries and the referee.

Twenty-four years after that memorable battle came Dempsey and Gibbons to force another referee to hand down a verdict in a fight for the world's championship. And this time the issue was clean-cut, just as it was twice after Dempsey had been unable to stop his opponent but he had earned enough points to retain the crown. And besides, there is the traditional benefit of the doubt which always must go to a champion in a close fight.

Jeffries came very close to figuring in another battle to a referee's decision on May 11, 1900, when he fought Jim Corbett. They were scheduled to go twenty-five rounds. Corbett was in great shape and his cleverness and speed gave him round after round over the slow, crouching Jeffries.

Dempsey being forced to go the route with Gibbons created a sensation. It was a surprise second only to that which would have come with a knockout victory for Gibbons. Dempsey—the Man Killer, the Rib Toaster, the Invincible—that Dempsey had been held off for forty-five minutes of action by a lighter man.

That same Dempsey, in the four years which had elapsed since he took the title from Willard at Toledo, had fought less than an hour in battles with Big Jess, Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, and Georges Carpentier. The French champion, regarded as a much harder hitter and a more dangerous fighter than Gibbons, had gone out in the fourth round.

There was a feeling among veteran students of the ring game that Dempsey had passed his zenith and had begun to hit the down grade which must come to every fighter.

There were evidences of this condition when Dempsey allowed Brennan to go twelve rounds with him in Madison Square Garden in 1920. Dempsey hit the peak against Willard and seemingly had been going back since.

This was further exemplified in his bouts with Gene Tunney in both of which Dempsey was only a flash of the Manassa Mauler. Idleness had taken its toll.

Chapter XXXI

The Killer Faces the Bull

On September 14, 1923, at the Polo Grounds of New York, one of the fastest, fiercest, most spectacular battles for the heavyweight crown took place with Jack Dempsey and Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, as the contestants. That Dempsey retained the title was due to the excitement of Referee Gallagher and the failure of Luis Firpo to have among his seconds one well versed in the Queensberry rules.

Like the fight between Willard and the Giant Killer, the battle was one in which knockdowns aplenty thrilled the gathering of 85,000 persons, but the most sensational part of the entire mill which lasted only three minutes and fifty-seven seconds of actual fighting, was that in which Dempsey was knocked through the ropes into the waiting hands of a friendly press.

The champion floored Firpo seven times in the first round and twice in the second before Luis was counted out. A short right uppercut to the jaw ended the contest. But in those three minutes and fifty-seven seconds of warfare, there was crowded more action than ordinarily is seen in fifteen rounds of a championship bout.

In those three minutes and fifty-seven seconds of whirlwind, terrific milling, Dempsey was knocked once clear

hrough the ropes, out of the ring, where if it had not been or the friendly hands of newspapermen, he would have emained until too late to resume the bout. And a second ime, Dempsey went down to his knees just before Firpo eceived the finishing blow.

In that short space of less than two rounds, however, Firpo gave as marvelous an exhibition of gameness as ever vas seen in a ring. Battered and bloody, groggy from a ter- ific bombardment of lefts and rights, Firpo showed a fight- ng heart by coming back with a whirlwind attack of crush- ng drives that all but had Dempsey out in the opening ession. Dempsey was tottering, closer to losing the cham- pionship than in any other battle he had ever engaged in, other than the one in Philadelphia where he lost his crown.

The contest was the most dramatic in the history of the eavyweight division. It eclipsed the terrific fray in Toledo n which Dempsey tore the laurels from the head of Jess Willard. It even surpassed, in excitement, the knockdown of Gene Tunney by Dempsey in their second contest in Chicago. The vast throng at the Firpo-Dempsey affair was reated that day to an elemental, gripping, nerve-shaking battle between two great, lion-hearted men to whom the nfinitive "to quit," had no meaning.

That contest proved above all that brute strength, alone, vill not avail in a clash between a pair of two-fisted fight- ng men. If Firpo had had the brain power in proportion to is tremendous strength, he would have been crowned hat night the world heavyweight titleholder. The Wild Bull, with all his powerful strength to give and take pun- shment, showed that he lacked that one essential—a great ugilistic asset—a fighting brain.

He had the world heavyweight title, the richest of all ing honors, within his grasp, yet he let the opportunity lip by. Twice he floored Dempsey in that tense, pulse- uickening first round, and one of those put Dempsey

clearly out of the ring, yet lack of brain power on the pa
of the foreigner saved the day for Dempsey.

A cool, calculating fighter, seeing his opportunity, woul
have measured the Dempsey that was pushed back into th
ring contrary to the code under which the men were figh
ing, and meeting the situation coolly, would have sent th
tottering Dempsey down for the fatal count. But the wil
eyed, excited, infuriated giant from South America, wh
saw his man swaying groggily before him, was unequal t
the emergency. He saw Dempsey with his back to th
ropes, his jaw an open target, his hands hanging loosely a
his sides, stunned from the impact that sent him into th
laps of the newspapermen at the ringside, but Firpo
brain was as dulled as was that of Dempsey, and the ad
vantage meant nothing to him.

Firpo was not quick enough to realize the golden op
portunity, or else he was afraid that Dempsey was stallin
When he finally did come to the full realization that the
stood a beaten man before him and a champion at his fee
Firpo found the opportunity gone. One hefty swing of tha
pile-driver of his would have finished Dempsey, but th
blow was never sent over. The danger for Dempsey didn
last long, for he quickly recovered and when he did h
brain worked twice as fast as that of his opponent. The
with faculties restored, the Manassa Mauler again was th
Man Killer of old—the fearless fighting man.

Once again Dempsey shifted into action, and then the
was no stopping him. He showed himself the easy-goin
lightning-fast crushing hitter of old. In short, he again wa
The Dempsey—The Rib-Crusher.

His speed, agility, rapid-firing blows, were again in ev
dence. The shifting, swaying body, the bobbing and wea
ing Dempsey, once more confronted Firpo.

Dempsey displayed all the assets of a great fighter in th
short space following his recovery at the end of the roun
He was a fighting demon who was aroused into a state o

fury by a wild man. He needed all his combinations to keep from going out and when the necessity arose, he gathered all his fighting resources and gave a display seldom seen in a ring.

He battered Firpo to the canvas seven times in that first round. Five were clean-cut knockdowns and necessitated a full count for the Argentinian and twice he was put to one knee from which position Firpo rose before a count was started.

In the second round, Dempsey went after his opponent like a cornered bobcat. Twice he floored Luis, once for a count of two and again for a count of five, before the fatal blow was landed. Firpo's spirit was strong but the flesh was weak. He tried hard to make a fight out of it, but could scarcely raise his hands before the finishing blow was delivered.

He came toward Dempsey, but a terrific left caused Luis' knees to sag. He started to crumple, and as he was going down, Dempsey drove over a smashing right to the jaw and Luis was stretched out for keeps.

While Firpo was counted out, and was given credit for making as game a fight as ever was seen in a championship, had he had American seconds who knew their business, a new, foreign champion would have been crowned. Dempsey should have been disqualified for having been assisted back into the ring, and again he should have been disqualified three times for standing over the fallen Firpo and hitting him before he was on his feet.

For Luis Firpo, there was consolation in the fact that he made a most gallant stand against one of the greatest hitters of modern ring history. He went down with colors flying, a fighting, mad bull until the final, crushing blow put an end to his championship aspirations.

Prior to the fight, it was a question whether Firpo would be able to make any kind of a showing against the Man

Killer. Few dreamt he would land a telling blow on th champion.

But when the fight was over, Firpo, was as great in de feat as was Dempsey in victory. He had conclusivel proved, and to his credit, that he was a real menace. H showed he could give and he could take. He demonstrate that he could land as punishing a punch as could his con queror—and that is saying considerable.

When the fight was first arranged, Firpo pleaded for year's delay. He declared to Tex Rickard that in one yea he could pick up that which he knew he then lacked, bu Firpo's plans could not coincide with those of the promo ter and were cast aside. It was either a case of taking on th fight as arranged for him or losing his chance. Firpo de cided on the former. Against his wishes and better judg ment, he accepted the bout.

Had he met Dempsey a year later, after he had had a opportunity to polish up on American methods, th chances are Firpo would have conquered the title-holde As it was, he came within a hair's breadth of accomplishin this great feat.

Against the all-round fighting ability of Dempsey, Firp had nothing to show but sheer strength. Even so, h shocked the critics who predicted an unmerciful beatin for him.

Firpo did what few expected he could do. He hit Demp sey often and hard. He floored the champion with the firs punch, a murderous right to the jaw which caught th Manassa Mauler just as he came in with a left to Firpo body. That punch which Firpo landed, caused Dempsey t go down on one knee, and he saved himself from fallin completely by clutching the slow-moving Luis as the la ter backed away. Dempsey dragged himself erect and the proceeded to hand the Argentinian a terrific lacing. Yet th Man Killer took plenty in return.

Seven times Firpo was driven to the canvas in retur

or the blow that caused Dempsey to go to his knee, but ach time Luis came up for more punishment. He showed dmirable fighting spirit, a courage unsurpassed in ring an- als. So strong was the Bull of the Pampas that he still ossessed sufficient strength after that seventh knock-down o connect with that vicious, crushing right-hand wallop to he jaw that put Dempsey out of the ring and all but ended he show.

If Firpo had kept his head, had shown any brain power, e would have ended the fight as Dempsey came back into he ring, reeling, swaying, back against the ropes, all but elpless. But Firpo, as already told, was unequal to the mergency. He rushed pell-mell, without thought, with- ut aim, wild as a March hare, and his intended right swing ent over the head of Dempsey. And as Luis came in, Dempsey clutched him and the clinch lasted until the bell ounded.

That saved the day for Jack and paved the way for his ltimate victory, for Dempsey, a quick-thinking, far-sight- d fighter, had then and there detected Firpo's weak points nd he took full advantage of this knowledge in the next ound.

The punch that actually started Firpo on the road to efeat was a crashing left hook to the jaw in the first round hich landed as the men were breaking from a clinch. irpo, slow to get away, presented the opening that en- bled Dempsey to hook that left which dropped Luis like log. It appeared, even from the press box, like a short jolt, ut it was Dempsey's favorite short-arm hook with which e has dropped all his opponents. It traveled less than a oot.

Firpo arose, an enraged bull. He swung wildly, but Dempsey avoided his swing. In he rushed, and as he did o, the Argentinian fell into a beautiful right to the jaw nd again he went down. He got up at the count of two, nly to fall into a left and right to the body and a crashing

left to the jaw that sent him sprawling for the third time. The crowd hissed as Dempsey stood over his fallen rival, ready to shoot in the telling punch.

Weak, badly hurt, Luis got to his feet again, his courage undimmed. He was subjected to another fierce body attack and he collapsed, remaining down on this fourth count, for nine. Still showing a he-man's courage, Firpo dragged himself up and went furiously at his opponent only to be sent down for a fifth time with a right to the jaw, but he was up before the count started. In a jiffy he went down again from a left to the jaw, delivered by Dempsey who stood right over the fallen man. Again Firpo displayed fighting instinct, arising only to sink again from another left.

Enraged, desperate, his pride wounded, Firpo struggled to his feet and as Dempsey stood before him, the Wild Bull swung almost from the ground up and hurled Dempsey out of the ring.

Dempsey was dazed both from the force of impact as his head struck the plank serving as a writing table for the scribes and from his new experience. He struggled back with the aid of the writers and then went through the novelty of being virtually out on his feet yet surviving and winning the battle.

Dempsey was refreshed by the minute's rest and decided to end matters by forcing the fighting from the bell. He leaped from his chair, gained the center of the ring, stood there, cool, collected, sure of himself and his ability in contrast to a slow-moving, cumbersome, awkward, slow-thinking Firpo. With his cunning and his poise, Dempsey presented a picture of perfection in the boxer compared to his opponent.

Seeing an opening, Dempsey rushed toward his man who stood flat-footed, on his face a look of bewilderment as he prepared to meet the champion. A left to the jaw

nd Firpo went down for a count of two. That was the eginning of the end.

Firpo was beginnig to show the terrific effects of the ody battering. He arose, but a series of lefts and rights to he body and a solid smash to the jaw sent him down gain for a count of five. He got to his feet again only to e met with a left hook to the jaw followed by a right to he jaw as he was falling and the most sensational bout of nodern ring history was over.

Chapter XXXII

How Tunney Was Selected

No sooner had Dempsey determined on returning to ring ctivities in 1925 than the Wills-Dempsey controversy was eopened.

The friends of the New Orleans Panther in New York tarted a campaign which became so hot that the New ork State Boxing Commission was forced to take recog- ition of Wills's claims. There were many who thought Vills deserved a chance at the crown, while others, nota- ly William Muldoon, dean of the Boxing Commission, ere very much opposed to a mixed bout. They looked pon it with disfavor, as already told in a previous chapter, nd felt that such a contest would mean the death knell f boxing. For a time, things became so hot that it was eared Governor Al Smith would be asked to intervene.

Among the New York Boxing Commission, Wills had strong supporter in James A. Farley, Chairman of the Board, while William A. Muldoon, oldest member of the oard, was strongly opposed to a mixed bout for the eavyweight title. The *New York Telegram*, through George B. Underwood, its boxing writer, was the strongest dvocate of a Wills-Dempsey fight and so keen was this

paper in support of Wills that other papers soon took u
the battle on behalf of the Negro and an ultimatum w
issued by the Boxing Commission, through a 2-to-1 vot
that unless Dempsey would accept Wills's challenge, h
would be barred from fighting in New York State.

This ultimatum, in a way, resulted in another compr
mise, for Jack Kearns, then manager of Dempsey, for th
second time in two years, agreed to sign for such a fight b
refused to agree to have the battle take place in New Yor
However, after the preliminary arrangements were settle
it was found that the entire affair was nothing more tha
a hoax, for Dempsey and Kearns had at no time any inte
tion of accepting such a match.

When, therefore, Tex Rickard announced that he ha
arranged a match between Gene Tunney and Jack Dem
sey for the Yankee Stadium for September 16, his act w
regarded by the Boxing Commission as open defiance
the board's ruling, and at a special meeting of Commissio
ers Farley, Muldoon, and George K. Brower, it was decid
to suspend Rickard's license as a promoter and dema
an explanation. Muldoon voted against the suspension.

Tex refused to offer any explanation other than as pre
dent of the Madison Square Garden Corporation he had
perfect right to say with whom he would do business f
his concern and that he was within the law when he sign
Dempsey to fight Tunney. He went a step further by d
claring that if New York did not want the match he w
prepared to take it elsewhere and have New York lose th
business that a big bout always brings to a city and the t
mendous tax which the state would obtain through su
a contest.

Peeved beyond words, Rickard, Dempsey and Tunne
at a special meeting, accepted the defi of the Boxing Boa
and agreed to have the bout staged wherever Tex Ricka
felt he could obtain the best inducements. A few da
later, Rickard issued a statement to the effect that the Ph

elphia Sesquicentennial Stadium had been selected and at the fight would be staged there on September 23, 26, one week later than originally decided upon.

Thus New York lost the bout and the millions of dol- s' worth of business and the huge tax that would have ne with it. New York's Boxing Board was the target of ich abuse by the press of the Metropolitan district for rmitting a fight of such importance to get away from e city and was further attacked for refusing to grant a rmit for a bout in which a New York boy, for the first ne since Tom Hyer fought in 1846, was the challenger. The controversy was a bitter one while it lasted. When nney won the title, he never forgave the Commission r its ruling against him.

How the seed was planted for the world's heavyweight ampionship bout which attracted 140,000 persons at the iladelphia Stadium for the record gross receipts of $1,- 5,733.40, out of which blossomed Gene Tunney as Jack empsey's successor, was revealed by Bill McCabe, a close end of Tunney and his chief adviser in business matters.

In the quiet of Jimmy Eagleton's parlor in his home at o. 252 West Fourteenth Street, New York City, Promo- r Tex Rickard verbally signed Tunney to meet the un- nployed Dempsey.

The historic transaction took place fourteen months fore the actual battle was fought in Philadelphia, the act date being July 26, 1925—and Billy Gibson, the then allenger's manager, was conspicuous by his absence.

The man who paved the way for the momentous meet- g between Rickard and Tunney was Bill McCabe, for ny years Gene Tunney's personal adviser.

It was McCabe's foresight in the World War battle area France that implanted the spark in Tunney which rted him on the road to the championship, and Tunney ok good care of Bill McCabe when Gene became a big oney-maker in the field of fisticuffs.

From the day he saw Tunney whip Bob Martin in t
A. E. F. tournament in Paris until he crowned his effo
by knocking out Tom Gibbons in twelve rounds, McCa
shouted that a new heavyweight was in the making.

There came a break between Tunney and Gibson so
after Gene's victorious stand against Gibbons in the P
Grounds ring on June 5, 1925. Gene disappeared.
seemed as if the earth had swallowed him. Only a few cl
friends knew that he was enjoying a much-needed vacati
in the Adirondack Mountains. McCabe went along to ke
him company.

In the meanwhile, Dempsey was beseeching Rickard
get him some work because he had become property p
and needed ready cash. Harry Wills was knocking at t
champion's door. Rickard, however, wanted no part
the Brown Panther.

Seated at his desk one day, searching through his mi
for an opponent who might give Jack some kind of a fig
Rickard awakened to the realization that Tunney's feat
kayoing Gibbons, who had gone fifteen rounds w
Dempsey at Shelby, made him the outstanding challeng

Tex didn't allow any moss to grow under his feet.
located Tunney's hiding place.

A telegram reached Tunney's cottage.

"Must see you right away. Something very importan
must discuss with you," read Tex's note.

McCabe was pressed into managerial service. He to
the first train for New York.

Rickard and McCabe met by appointment at the cor
of Fourteenth Street and Eighth Avenue, in New Y
City.

McCabe had known Rickard for years, but this was
first time he ever had met him to discuss business.

"I'd like to match Tunney with Dempsey," Rick
opened the discussion.

"You don't say!" McCabe interrupted.

"Well, I have Dempsey; all I need is Tunney's word and he match is made," Rickard promised. McCabe reeled gainst the lamp-post. He couldn't believe his ears.

"Give me your hand," McCabe demanded as a way of inding the bargain.

"I'll have Tunney come down in a couple of days," McCabe said. "Meet us on the same corner."

Sure enough, McCabe, lugging Tunney along, sneaked nto town, and the three met again under the glare of the treet lamp.

"We can't talk business in the street," warned Rickard. We can't afford to be seen or the jig will be up. Let's nd a place where we can dig ourselves in and have a nice alk."

Tunney remembered an old school chum.

"Let's cross the street and go into Jimmy Eagleton's ouse," Tunney invited. "Nobody'll see us there."

They tripped single file up one flight of stairs and rested nemselves on Eagleton's chairs and couch.

"Gene, I want you to fight Dempsey," Rickard resumed here he had left off with McCabe two days previously.

"That's the dream of my life, a shot at the heavyweight hampionship," was Tunney's answer, and it came straight rom the shoulder.

"He'll whip Dempsey," McCabe assured the promoter.

"I have a fight with Jim Montgomery in Cleevland," Tunney broke in.

"Can you cancel it?" asked Tex.

"Yes, I'll do so," Gene promised.

Little did host Jimmy Eagleton realize that a world eavyweight championship match was being hatched in he informal discussion in his home. When Tunney won he title, Eagleton was happy over the thought that the rst seed was sown over a table in his living room.

"Will you give me your word that you will fight Dempey for me?" Rickard continued.

"Sure as the day is long, Mr. Rickard."

"Our word is our bond," McCabe interjected.

"That's good enough for me," Rickard countered, face wreathed in smiles.

"Gene Tunney, you are the first man who will get chance at Dempsey and his title," Rickard promised. "T next time Dempsey climbs through the ropes you will in the opposite corner."

The conference lasted the better part of two hours.

As Rickard recovered his straw hat and started for t door, he turned to Tunney, who appeared to be in a da and reiterated his intention to get him the Dempsey fig

"Now, look here, Mr. Rickard," McCabe reminded t promoter, "don't you fail us. Besides, don't get the id that I'm going over Gibson's head. I'm just a friend Gene's. I am here merely as his adviser."

Tunney arose from his chair, walked to the door, a looking Rickard straight in the eye, blurted out:

"Please, Mr. Rickard, get me that fellow Dempsey. lick him as sure as there are stars in the heavens."

Rickard stuck out his right hand. Tunney grabbed it a shook it warmly.

"My word's my bond," Tex said as he begged leave go. The last seen of him he was trying to find his w through the maze of intricate streets. He hailed a ta jumped in and fell exhausted in the seat.

Rickard had concluded the first part of what was to come the biggest and greatest promotional boxing vent in his colorful career.

Chapter XXXIII

The Punch That Failed

ALTHOUGH DEMPSEY, AFTER battering Willard into s mission, issued a long statement in which he declared

uld be a fighting champion and that he would defend s title often, he failed to live up to this declaration. In- ed, he was just the opposite. He defended his crown only ven times in a period of eight years, less than once a year. ne stage and movies took much of his time. When he was t before the spotlights, he was engaging in exhibitions in nk towns or with a circus.

Had Dempsey followed the plan he outlined after nning the crown, he would have held his title longer. here was not a man who could have stood before Demp- y in his prime, the Dempsey who all but slaughtered illard. But the Dempsey who got rusty through lack of tive ring work, the Dempsey who lost his sense of direc- n and his accurate hitting through idleness, the Demp- y whose nimbleness left him as the years passed along, came a target for the agile, sharpshooting, clever Gene nney who relieved him of the crown on September 23, 26.

Jack Dempsey, the fighting man, the Man Killer who re so savagely into the Pottawatomie Giant, who gloried the ownership of the championship, found that idleness d Father Time had wrought their damage. The spirit was ere, but the flesh was weak when he faced Gene Tunney, here, had he taken the proper precautions, had he fought he had promised, he would have remained unbeatable many years. The story of the downfall of Jack Dempsey the hands of Tunney in the Sesqui Stadium, is the story the Punch that Failed. Dempsey, hailed as the "Super- n of the Ring," went the way of all supermen. He joined e march of other ring champions who found the spirit ere but the flesh weak.

From all outward appearances before the battle, during e weighing-in, and during the interval between the semi- al and the appearance of the fighters in the ring for the rt of the Battle of the Sesqui, Jack Dempsey looked ery inch the giant killer. He looked like the mauler who

manhandled the tall Jess Willard, who pummeled into s
mission Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, Georges Carpentier, a
Luis Firpo, but before two minutes of the first round
over, it was apparent to all within hailing distance of
ringside that the fire which kindled Jack Dempsey i
action against his opponents of the past had flickered.

That Dempsey failed to deliver the goods as was
pected by those who had followed him throughout
period of training was obvious. In writing my pre-ba
story for the *New York Telegram*, of which at the tim
was sports editor, I remarked:

"If Jack Dempsey loses his crown, many a fistic exp
will be compelled to hide his face in shame."

However, in the naming of a choice, no considerati
given to the unexpected form reversal. A choice in boxi
like a selection in a horse race should be based on the fo
of person or horse under consideration. And based on t
not by the widest stretch of imagination, taking into c
sideration the records of the contestants and their wo
outs in camp, could one have honestly picked G
Tunney to defeat the champion.

On the day of the fight, I was one of two scribes
mitted to enter the sanctum of the Pennsylvania State B
ing Commission to attend the medical examination
Gene Tunney. Upon entering the office of Commissio
Wiener, Gene extended his hand to the writer for a mu
greeting. His hand was cold clammy, and bore every ph
cal indication of one who was extremely nervous of
outcome of his coming battle.

Of course, Gene had just arrived from his airplane
from Stroudsburg, and this might have accounted for
general appearance, but whatever the reason, Gene
tainly fooled me as he did hundreds of others who pla
Dempsey head and heels over the former marine.

Be that as it may, we must not detract from the won
ful fight Gene put up despite the poor showing of De

scy in the Battle of the Sesqui. Gene went into the ring a 4 to 1 shot, but he made Dempsey look like a selling plater.

From start to finish, with the exception of two rounds, Gene was master of the situation. In several rounds he made Dempsey look foolish.

Dempsey seemed to have lost his punch, his superb defense of the past, his vicious attack, and all that in his heyday made him the "Man Killer."

He was awkward, extremely slow in motion, except in the two rounds in which he gained the verdict by a big margin. Jack could not follow through as he did in his famous battles with Carpentier and Firpo.

He was aggressive at times; in fact, he showed extreme aggressiveness at the start of four of the ten rounds, but that died out in less than a minute of fighting. It was this match which astounded his ardent followers, those who had wagered heavily on him, banking on the condition he had shown in his training camp stunts.

Jack, a pretty clever boxer himself, was made to look like a novice by his conqueror. Gene tied him into knots every time they got in close and Dempsey attempted to hammer away with his body punches, and when it came to landing the wild haymaker, when Dempsey let loose a wild swing, it either landed in space or just grazed Gene. That was cleverness to the *n*th degree.

As Bill Brady, former manager of Jim Corbett, remarked during the fight, "That Tooney boy reminds me very much of Corbett when he fought John L. It's a duplicate of that fight. Gene will win and win by a big margin." And Bill Brady's prediction came true.

Tunney fought his greatest fight. Always cool and deliberate, yet showing more fighting spirit than ever before, he outpunched, outfought and outboxed the Manassa Mauler.

Only three times did the champion show a flash of the form that carried him to the top of the fistic world and kept him there for seven years. In the fourth round, Jack rushed

from his corner with a semblance of his old-time fury. He was upon Tunney almost before the marine was out of his corner. A right hook and a left hook to the head sent Tunney back against the ropes and almost over the top strand. Gene grabbed and pulled out toward the center of the ring.

Dempsey rushed again and caught Tunney in a corner with a long right to the jaw that bent the challenger almost double. But as Gene staggered free, he straightened and whipped a right to the head, followed by a right uppercut. Dempsey rushed again, but this time Gene sidestepped and the champion almost fell on the slippery floor as he missed a long left.

A snappy left by the challenger opened a gash under Jack's right eye. The champion slowed down and Tunney did not bother him for a space of perhaps thirty seconds. Then Gene once more moved to the attack with a hard right to the ear, and as the bell sounded, the marine was throwing punch after punch to the head and body without a return.

Dempsey flared out briefly again at the start of the sixth, but Tunney soon smothered his wild attack. The champion made his last real attack in the seventh. Again it failed. He rushed, but Tunney found it a simple matter to tie him up. In a mix-up at close quarters, Gene was cut over the right eye when Dempsey's head collided with his top piece.

The sight of the challenger's blood aroused the champion's flagging hopes and he rushed in pell-mell. But Gene was waiting with a right, a left, and a right, all driven accurately and with every ounce of power he could muster. From then on it was all Tunney.

The champion's handlers were desperate. They shook up their man, rubbed his legs, pleaded with him to snap into it. But Dempsey could not deliver. After the seventh round, Gus Wilson pulled a flat flask from his hip pocket

and gave the champion a swig. It might have been cold tea. It might have been something else. Whatever it was, the champion did not fancy it, for he spat it out quickly.

For a time in the tenth and final round it seemed that Tunney would complete the champion's ignominy by knocking him out. Dempsey's left eye closed tightly toward the close of the round, but with a last show of spirit, he kept plugging in. He was wobbly but he still tried, although he might as well have been firing his punches at somebody back in the tenth row for all the good they did.

All Dempsey saved out of the wreck and ruin was the dubious honor of remaining perpendicular. Not once was either fighter on the floor.

Tunney showed an equipment of everything a real fighter requires to place him on the top rung of the ladder. He showed confidence, cleverness, ability to take the heaviest wallops that Dempsey landed. In addition, Tunney had a snappy left that kept Jack worried. Had the bout been staged in New York, and had the same conditions prevailed as in the Sesqui arena, Dempsey would probably not have weathered the storm.

With his left eye completely closed and Gene showering him with lefts and rights in that tenth session, a new champion would have been crowned in New York, not by the decision route—the first of its kind in the heavyweight division—but by the punch soporific, as the bout there would have been for fifteen rounds instead of ten.

Tears fell from Jack Dempsey's eyes, like the raindrops that almost flooded the ring in which he dropped his title to Tunney, when he reached the seclusion of his room in the Hotel Adelphi.

The dethroned champion presented a pathetic picture as he stretched himself on the bed to get a rubdown from Jerry the Greek. His left eye was closed, and two deep cuts adorned his right optic. His lips were puffed to twice their natural size.

Floyd Fitzsimmons acted as Dempsey's official mouthpiece. He didn't state that Jack desired a return match. All he said was that Dempsey was glad the championship passed into the hands of an American and that he wished him the best of luck. Dempsey himself was in no mood to do any talking.

Chapter XXXIV

Checks Jack Sharkey's Rise

When Tunney whipped Dempsey in Philadelphia, the erstwhile Manassa Mauler decided it was time for him to quit. Despite Tex Rickard's pleas, Jack refused to heed the call and announced he was through. Rickard, however, having before him a picture of Dempsey's tremendous drawing power, for Jack was far greater in defeat than was Tunney in victory, kept after Dempsey relentlessly until he finally induced the former champion to accept a tryout fight with Jack Sharkey as a tune-up for a return fray with Tunney.

Both Sharkey and Dempsey agreed to the terms of the battle, part of which stipulated that the winner would be pitted against Tunney in Chicago in a bout for the world's heavyweight championship. The contest, which took place at the Yankee Stadium on July 21, 1927, resulted in Dempsey scoring a knockout in the seventh round. At least that was the official decision of Referee O'Sullivan, although the fight fans were about equally divided on the question of whether Sharkey had been fouled as he claimed.

With the exception of the famous "fourteen count" in the Dempsey-Tunney battle in Chicago, there never was a fight of prominence which aroused such widespread discussion as the blow that caused Sharkey's downfall. Dempsey, outpointed up to the seventh, went after Sharkey with

a terrific body attack as the bell sent them on their way. A series of rights to the body caused Sharkey to assume an agonized look. His body doubled, and he raised his head to protest to the referee. In his appeal, he lost track of the most important axiom in boxing—protect yourself at all times. He lowered his hands to his side, and as he did so, Dempsey, quick to take advantage of the opening and not waiting for the referee to answer the appeal, shot up a short left hook to the jaw and the fight was over.

The controversey waxed so hot that the movies were resorted to for an answer, but even they were unable to show definitely whether the rights to the body were foul, for the picture was taken at an angle. Referee Jack O'Sullivan, who counted Sharkey out, admitted after the fight that Dempsey had landed two low punches, but declared they did not merit disqualification. They hit Sharkey on the leg and merely called for a warning, according to the referee. This was his version of what had taken place in that final session.

"I saw Dempsey hit Sharkey with a right to the left leg. He did that twice. They were sweeping blows that glanced off the leg and did no damage. They called merely for a warning and not a disqualification.

"They were followed by a beautiful solar plexus punch that caused Sharkey to grunt. Sharkey was ready to sink when he raised his head and started to complain to me about being hit foul. I was about to step in between the men when Sharkey dropped his right hand and Dempsey shot up a pretty left hook that ended the bout."

The man they said couldn't come back had made the grade, and with his success, he had earned the right to a return bout with Tunney for the crown which Gene relieved him of the year before. True, Dempsey's accomplishment was disputed by many and caused a controversy that was nation-wide, yet he had gained the referee's decision, and that is all that counts in ring battles.

Dempsey, battling for the chance to fight again for the

title, left the ring to the cheers of thousands who were rooting for him to make good. To them, he was still Jack Dempsey, the champion, and foul or no foul, their hero had made good. He had reached the halfway road in his comeback attempt.

The hollow shell, as the erstwhile Manassa Mauler had been designated by those who felt his fighting days were over, showed that it still contained a load of dynamite. The hollow shell had reached the trail leading back to another such gathering, perhaps greater than saw the fight in which Sharkey was whipped, but with Gene Tunney as his opponent and the coveted heavyweight crown as the goal. The golden road which Dempsey had once traveled, the road over which Gene Tunney was now the master, once again was looming on the horizon for Dempsey. The victory over Sharkey assured Dempsey of another fortune and the possibility of accomplishing that which never before had been recorded—regaining the world heavyweight championship after once having lost it.

When Sharkey let his hands drop and Dempsey crashed that short left hook to the jaw, cries of "foul" and "quitter" were heaped respectively on Dempsey and Sharkey, and even the referee came in for his share of the panning. That Dempsey was fortunate in connecting with the haymaker was my opinion. I felt, up to the knockout, that Dempsey was behind on points and that he could not possibly last through to the limit. His legs were showing signs of weakening, and he was slowing up considerably. I was one of those who, sitting in the press box just in front of where the disputed blows were struck, insisted from the start that the blow were fouls and to this day I still think so.

Dempsey, in this bout, was far from the Dempsey we all like to refer to as the Man Killer. He was only a shell of his former self, a fellow whose fighting spirit, effectiveness, judgment of distance and skill had left him.

He had his old-time courage. He still possessed consider-

able of his punching power, but not to the degree he had displayed in all his other fights.

Dempsey had earned the right to a return fight with Tunney, but he proved beyond a shadow of doubt that he would be a mark for Gene in another battle. As things later turned out, with the exception of the seventh, Gene was his master at all times. Dempsey proved inferior to Sharkey in speed, strength, and boxing ability, and were it not for the low blow that paved the way for the final punch, a sure-shot haymaker which Dempsey landed while Sharkey foolishly dropped his guard, I think Sharkey would have won that fight.

Dempsey's mighty left, the blow that did so much damage to Brennan, Firpo, Willard, and Miske, was just a semblance of its former greatness. He hit Sharkey often with the left, but the punches failed even to shake up the Bostonian, where in other years, a left hook to the chin of an opponent would have meant the end of the bout. There was just a wee bit of the dynamite left but not enough for Dempsey's legion of friends to enthuse over.

Dempsey's greatest weakness in that fight seemed to be his inability to follow through as he did in other contests. He was slow-moving and often went after Sharkey flat-footed. Had Sharkey elected to stand Dempsey off by boxing him, he would have scored heavily. Instead, however, Sharkey, overconfident, took his opponent too lightly and decided to mix matters with him. That was poor judgment.

As it was, Sharkey, fighting instead of boxing, shook and rocked Dempsey often, but was forced to take more than he would have had to. He drove vicious lefts and rights to Dempsey's body that slowed the former Man Killer, but he could not batter Dempsey down.

The round-by-round description shows how Dempsey was falling behind as the fight progressed. Dempsey often stood, crouching, with head bobbing, but not as of old, and waited for Sharkey to come to him. Sharkey came as was

expected, and Dempsey lunged forward to meet the attack. But in each, it was Sharkey, not Dempsey, who was doing the greater damage.

Dempsey's best blows, with few exceptions, didn't hurt Sharkey. Twice Dempsey was staggered in the first round, and when the bell sounded, it seemed Dempsey was about to fall.

It was in the second round that Sharkey showed true courage and Dempsey displayed his real weakness. In that session, Dempsey whipped over two beautiful short left hooks, the ordinary Dempsey sleep producers, but they didn't even shake the Bostonian. Instead, Sharkey tore in and even had the better of a hot mix-up. That took Dempsey by surprise, for he learned then what his friends had known already—the punch he so much depended on for the knockout, lacked considerable of its sting.

It was in the third round that Dempsey gained his point. He had been trying from the start to get Sharkey at close quarters where he figured he could play a tattoo on the Bostonian's body, but it was not until that round that he succeeded. He battered away at the body but did not seem to hurt Sharkey much, for Sharkey did not whimper. Instead, it seemed that Sharkey was glad to get a little breathing spell, and after they were separated, he peppered Dempsey's face at long range, at which style he was the master.

The best round followed. Many feared it would be the last, with Dempsey the victim, for in this session, Sharkey tore into his opponent with vicious body punches that had Dempsey wobbling. Sharkey pummeled him with lefts and rights and then opened a cut over the former champion's right eye which caused the claret to flow freely.

It was while attempting to get out of range of the punch that opened the cut, that Dempsey found his legs minus their usual strength. They gave way and for a time he had no control over them.

His body swayed, and he proved a target despite his desperate stand in which he fought back viciously, courageously, desperately, and almost blindly—for the blood was checking proper vision. Just before the bell sounded, Dempsey hooked over a vicious left to the jaw that staggered Sharkey.

Dempsey, then feeling he had Sharkey's number, rushed out of his corner in the fifth and lunged pell-mell into his opponent. He tore in blindly and was being outboxed and outgeneraled. A right and left to the jaw staggered Dempsey and sent him back on his heels. Sharkey seemed ready to shoot over the knock-out, but Dempsey covered his face with both hands while Sharkey pecked away without being able to do much damage. Had Sharkey used his boxing knowledge, he would have aimed for the body to bring down Dempsey's guard, but the Bay Stater seemed to have lost control of his brains.

Sharkey again showed poor judgment in the sixth, in which he jarred Dempsey with a right uppercut to the chin and threatened to send the former champion down, but again he failed to follow the blow and gave Dempsey a chance to come back. This he did, by forcing the milling and causing Sharkey to retreat about the ring while Dempsey kept poking in lefts and rights to the body every time he could corner Sharkey.

Sharkey tried often to duck, but Dempsey had found himself and he pressed onward, cheered on by a wild throng of supporters. So hot was the fighting that Dempsey shot over two stinging blows to the face after the bell rang, and his Boston rival let loose one in retaliation.

Then came the final round, the round that made ring history. So long as boxing remains a sport, the disputed punch that caused Sharkey's downfall will remain a topic for discussion.

Dempsey came out of his corner in a crouching position. He avoided several jabs and then rushed in and landed a

left to the body. The pair then stood at close range and ex changed blows. Dempsey drove the right with telling effec into the body. One seemed to hit on the leg and anothe just below the belt. Sharkey complained to the referee wh refused to heed him.

Sharkey raised his eyes toward the official and droppe his guard, and while he was in this position, Dempsey, no waiting for the referee to intervene, shot up a short lef hook and Sharkey fell on his face in the middle of the ring apparently in pain. He tried to rise but could not and th fight was over.

Dempsey had won his way to a return match for th world's heavyweight championship.

From a point of view of attendance and receipts, th Dempsey-Sharkey bout broke all records for a non-cham pionship fight. The gross receipts of $1,083,529.70, ranke close to the top. Only the Tunney-Dempsey, Dempsey Carpentier, and Dempsey-Firpo contests surpassed it. Thi bout made the fourth in which Dempsey participate where the receipts were over the million mark—a recor in itself.

Chapter XXXV

When Tunney Hit the Canvas

A FEW MONTHS AFTER his knockout of Jack Sharkey Dempsey was given an opportunity to regain the title h lost to Gene Tunney, and this bout, like the Sharkey con test, ended unsatisfactorily. No fights in ring annals hav stirred the fight fans of the world more than have thes two. In one, the question of a foul was the cause of th turmoil and the other, the "Fourteen Count." In fact, s persistent are Dempsey's admirers in the assertion that h was robbed of the championship in the Chicago battl

that they dubbed Tunney the "Fourteen Count Champion."

The third "Battle of the Century" as the return bout between Tunney and Dempsey is called, found Gene on the verge of a knockout in that historic seventh round, and in the opinion of the majority of ringside critics and millions of fans who failed to see the bout, Gene was saved only by the additional period of rest granted him by Referee Barry who refused to count until Dempsey had reached a neutral corner. Aside from the merits of the referee's action, which I shall discuss in a subsequent chapter, the bout to me proved at least one thing—in Gene Tunney the fighting game had a real champion.

I am a great admirer of both Dempsey and Tunney. I handled publicity for both in two of their championship fights, and each is a personal friend of mine. Hence, I would like to refrain from taking issue in this "long count" dispute, but as this book is an historic sketch of a great champion, and as such should portray a true record of Dempsey's championship fights, I am forced to take sides and declare myself as feeling that Referee Barry was justified in acting as he did if the rules of the Illinois Boxing Commission were correctly interpreted, as he insists they were.

So much for the subject of the " long count," until our next chapter. Now for a description of the battle itself and an analysis of the struggle.

In that thrilling bout at Soldiers' Field, in which Tunney had been declared a victor through the unanimous verdict of the referee and judges, Dempsey, fighting against great odds, for he was not the Dempsey of old, put forth as courageous a battle as ever was witnessed. Outpointed in seven of the ten rounds, he never gave in.

With his legs giving way, his arms becoming weary, his eyes showing their dimness by his failure to throw his punches with the old-time aim, Dempsey never faltered.

He showed a flash here and there, but not sufficient to o
set the advantage his rival, the champion, had gained.

There are many who condemned Tunney for circli
around the ring in that eventful seventh round, instead
fighting it out with Dempsey after Gene had arisen at t
count of fourteen. Of course that is a matter of opinio
but to those well versed in ring strategy, Gene did wh
was best for him. He showed good headwork.

Gene Tunney had two choices in that round—to fight
out in his weakened condition or keep out of range of t
slower Dempsey. He chose the latter and saved the d
for himself. Had he elected to fight it out, Demps
would have been crowned champion, and ring histo
would have been made.

Had Dempsey shown the same quick thinking that Ge
did when he arose, Dempsey would have regained t
crown. He could have elected to rush into a neutral corn
and save himself the penalty that cost him the fight.
stead, he elected to station himself almost on top of t
fallen champion, as he did in his fights with Brenna
Firpo, and Willard, and by doing so, he lost his chan
He was penalized four seconds, a mighty severe penal

Again, when the fight was resumed, Dempsey cho
wrongly. He had an opportunity to score a knockout, b
made the wrong move.

The Dempsey who fought Firpo and Willard wou
never have deliberated as did Jack after Tunney arose a
started his race to safety. That Dempsey with the killer
stinct would have rushed madly at his prey, cornered hi
leaped at him helter-skelter, and annihilated him.

Instead, Dempsey decided to follow Gene around t
ring. He failed, apparently, to realize that the Gene Tu
ney he was facing, weak as he was from the knockdo
and the attending excitement, could outfoot him. T
agile Tunney found that the aged Dempsey could n
keep pace with him, and Dempsey foolishly kept after h

until, fatigued, Dempsey halted in his tracks, stood in the center of the ring, and urged Tunney to fight.

"Quit your running. Come on and fight," were Dempsey's words, but Tunney didn't heed them.

Quick thinking and tactical maneuvering are great boxing assets, and in these Dempsey failed in this bout. Tunney was there in the pinch, and Dempsey was not. When Gene kept pecking and pecking away at Dempsey's face while running around the ring, he displayed ring generalship and quick thinking.

In the eighth, when he continued that pecking and then suddenly shot out a right chop that caught Dempsey off balance and floored him, Tunney showed that he was not badly hurt from his experience in the previous session.

That Gene Tunney retained his crown was due solely to his brain work. Had his brain not functioned properly when he was downed, the "long count" would not have benefited him. Out of the ten rounds, Jack Dempsey earned only three, but in those three, Jack Dempsey was the charging, savage, snarling Man Killer of old. But age had taken its toll and idleness had accomplished the remainder. Ducking and weaving, as in the days when he was The Master, he let loose those murderous hooks and swings and tigerlike stabs with those iron fists of his, but he found Tunney's speed too great. The energy of old was there only for a short time.

From the moment the bell rang sending those two gladiators on their way, one in an effort to retain the title and the other in an effort to make history by doing what no other heavyweight had ever accomplished—regain the championship—it was apparent that Jack Dempsey was out to land the haymaker. He opened the battle with a rush, and Gene Tunney soon realized that there was "T.N.T." in every wallop the erstwhile Manassa Mauler had landed.

The rumor factory was busy both before and after the

fight. But in what big fistic contest are these scandalmo
gers not on the job? There were wild reports before th
contest that Gene Tunney would be deprived of the titl
win or lose, and likewise reports had been spread that Bil
Gibson had paid heavily to protect Tunney's interests an
that the officials would see that he won.

All of these reports constituted pure poppycock. Th
Illinois Boxing Commission made certain that both figh
ers would obtain a square deal by appointing men in charg
whose honesty could not be questioned. The judges we
George Lytton and Sheldon Clarke, sportsmen and bus
nessmen of unquestioned and unquestionable honesty.

The referee was Dave Barry who was selected fro
among half a dozen names that were under considerati
That a myriad of fight fans to this day do not agree wit
Barry's interpretation of the rules, by which he had allowe
Gene Tunney a count of fourteen instead of ten, does n
alter the fact that he performed his duty as he saw it. H
honesty could not be questioned, for everyone who
acquainted with the facts knows, as I have already ou
lined, that all the principals had agreed on the interpret
tion of the knockdown rule as given by Barry.

Though Gene Tunney won that fight and battered h
opponent's sullen face into a red mass, Jack Dempse
proved a worthy foe. He fought a great and a game battl
He was better and faster than in his first tilt with Ge
Tunney. He was a thousand per cent better than the da
he lost the crown in the Sesquicentennial Stadium
Philadelphia.

He was a surer-shooting marksman than the day
knocked out Jack Sharkey in the Yankee Stadium. Dem
sey proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he still w
the second greatest heavyweight in the world, Gene Tu
ney, alone, being his master.

And when one speaks of Gene Tunney, he must n
forget to rate him among the truly great. Gene Tunn

proved conclusively in that second bout with Dempsey that, as a master of science, only Jim Corbett and Tommy Loughran of the modern era of boxing, surpassed him.

As for the crowd, Rickard was somewhat disappointed, for it failed in numbers to reach the high mark set in Philadelphia. According to the official figures, there were 102,000 paid admissions, yet the affair was one of the fistic classics of all time.

Chapter XXXVI

Drama of the "Long Count"

No controversy in the history of pugilism has caused more widespread discussion than the historic "long count" dispute in the Tunney-Dempsey battle at Chicago. The question of whether Tunney's title was saved by an error of judgment on the part of Referee Dave Barry, or whether Jack Dempsey actually won the world championship in that battle, will be argued pro and con so long as boxing continues as a sport. Yet the only conclusion a person with an unbiased mind can draw is that, according to the rules formulated by the principals and agreed upon by them, Dempsey lost his chance to gain world fame through his own negligence.

My reason for this statement is the fact that, although not written in the rules of the Illinois Boxing Commission, the principals, through their managers and chief seconds, at a conference held two days before the fight, had agreed upon an interpretation of the knockdown rules read to them by Chairman Righeimer of the Boxing Board. I know that such a discussion was held, because Billy Gibson, Gene Tunney's manager, told me of it. This added rule, unfortunately not written in the rule book or recorded in the minutes of this special meeting, is the keynote to the settlement of this great controversy.

The agreement reached on the interpretation of knockdown, and drilled into the principals and refer was that in the eyes of the Illinois Boxing Commissio man is not down until such time as the boxer who scored the knockdown has gone to a neutral corner has taken a position an appreciable distance from his fal foe. This rule, after the Tunney-Dempsey fight, was tered to conform to the New York State rule on kno downs and is now printed in the regular code.

According to Mr. Righeimer, interviewed by me day after the fight, this rule was fully discussed and agr upon by all at a special conference before the battle. declared that he did not think it necessary to have rule, specially formulated for that Dempsey-Tunney fig and at the suggestion of Dempsey's handlers, placed the minutes of the Board's meeting. That is where hitch comes, for Dempsey's handlers deny any such cla was formulated or discussed.

If, as Chairman Righeimer states, and there is no reas to doubt his word, the Illinois Boxing Commissioners, referee, the judges, and the fighters themselves, knew t the interpretation of a knockdown which the official eree would follow would have to conform to the abo then Jack Dempsey and no other person is to blame the "fourteen count." According to the statement Chairman Righeimer, and I agree with him in his c tention, the whole matter of the "fourteen count" re wholly on that interpretation, and since an agreement previously been reached, the official verdict, in my op ion, was correct.

There is no question about Tunney being down more than the limited number of seconds allowed by Queensberry code. The referee; the timekeeper, P Beeler; the Chairman of the Boxing Commission, Jo Righeimer; and the judges all agree on this point, a whether Tunney could have gotten up had the count

been lengthened is problematical. Gene said after the fight that at no time after the count of four was he in a dazed condition. He declared that he could have arisen before nine, but naturally took his time when he saw what had happened. Yet had he gotten up at the count of nine, it is difficult to say whether he would have been able to remain on his feet for the rest of the round, for Dempsey would have been at him.

One point which Referee Barry has raised, and which seldom has been discussed, is worthy of mention here because it is this which made Barry's action legal under the Illinois boxing law. I refer to the fact that as Tunney went down, Barry raised his hand and was on the verge of starting the count when he noticed that Dempsey was in his own corner, which happened to be almost on top of Tunney. It was then that Barry rushed over to Dempsey, grasped him by the arm, and urged him to go to a neutral corner. This order Dempsey failed to obey, and the penalty followed. It was a command that could plainly be heard at the ringside and was heard by me, for I was sitting in the third row of the press box just in front of where Tunney went down. Referee Barry said to Dempsey:

"Go to a neutral corner, Jack."

"I stay here," snapped back Dempsey, with a scowl on his face. It was poor judgment on his part.

By his refusal, Jack violated an agreement, was the declaration of the Boxing Board, and by that stubbornness, the referee was forced to regard Tunney as not being down until Dempsey went to a neutral corner.

The vital question everywhere seemed to be: "Was Jack Dempsey robbed of a knockout?"

The answer, apparently, was "yes" and "no," according to the point of view and the sympathies of the individuals. Tunney was on the floor exactly thirteen seconds, which, with the one second final count as he arose, made the full count fourteen. This was the official announce-

ment of Paul Beeler, the knockdown time keeper of the Boxing Board.

The fight, like many others in which Dempsey was a principal, ended in a manner characteristic of Dempsey's battles. It left in its wake more food for discussion than followed the Willard bout, in which fight fans have been divided as to the number of the round in which the knockout was recorded; the Firpo battle, in which the fight fans are still arguing whether Dempsey should have been disqualified; or the Sharkey tilt, in which the fight fans were divided on justification of the claim of foul made by the Bostonian.

The drama of the "Long Count" will probably never again be repeated because of the changes in boxing rules which the Illinois Commission and other U. S. legalized boxing bodies enacted following the Chicago fiasco. Regardless of the interpretation of the rules by the Chicago officials or any arrangement that had been agreed upon by the principals before the battle, the fact remains that in the popular mind ten seconds is the official, traditional limit of grace allotted a fighter in a horizontal position to arise before the "fatal count" ends the bout. In that respect, I disagree. Rules were made to be obeyed, not to be ignored.

Had Dempsey obeyed the instructions, had he not lost his head, he might have turned the trick never before accomplished, that of regaining the world's heavyweight crown.

Chapter XXXVII

Makes Fortune on Tour

With his second defeat at the hands of Gene Tunney, Dempsey decided to retire. His army of well-wishers and advisers urged him to demand a third engagement with

the champion because of the "long count," but after consulting those who best knew his condition, the erstwhile Manassa Mauler decided to call it quits so far as further fighting was concerned. In fact, with plenty of money at his command, he made up his mind that his future rested in other business than in the fight racket.

His long feud with the man who brought him to the front, Jack Kearns, ended in a settlement of their partnership, as a result of which Dempsey became the owner of two hotels. In addition, he also owned other real estate and mining property and under the guidance of his pal and legal adviser, Arthur Driscoll, a New York attorney of national fame, Jack made a go of his new business venture until the stock market crash made paupers out of millionaires over night.

Fortunately for Dempsey, he had taken out a million-dollar trust fund for himself when the going was good, and the crash therefore didn't affect him as much as it did an army of his friends. But it did affect him in so far as ready cash was concerned. That, combined with his marital troubles which ended in a divorce from the pretty Estelle Taylor, movie star, caused him to seek to replenish his losses, and as the fight game was the business he knew best, he decided to look in that direction for help.

It didn't take long for opportunity to knock on his door. The death of Tex Rickard, as told in a previous chapter, made Dempsey co-promoter of the Miami fight between Young Stribling and Jack Sharkey, and as front man for the Garden, he aroused the public to the extent that the House That Rickard Built cleaned up a handsome profit, despite a publicity bill of $34,000, the largest in the history of boxing. This was caused by the decision of the Garden directors to house and to feed 483 newspapermen from all over the world who had gone to Miami Beach to cover the Garden's first fight following Rickard's death. I was in charge of the publicity and as part of my duties, I cared

for all these scribes from every corner of the world in two hotels taken over exclusively for their use.

It was Jack's success as a promoter of the Miami fight that made Dempsey see the light. He realized as never before that his name was the magnet that drew the throng to the Florida resort and he decided to capitalize on his popularity by becoming a fight promoter. On his return to New York, he joined the Fugazy fight promotion enterprise, but as things turned out, the backers of that venture were playing on Dempsey's name for stock sales purposes, and when they had spent the sum originally subscribed, and through the failure of Banker Ferrari, Fugazy's chief financial aide, the venture failed, Dempsey alone was on safe ground.

Again guided by Arthur Driscoll, Jack had collected his salary of $35,000 in advance, and when Fugazy found that he couldn't supply the arena where Jack was to stage his shows, Dempsey, following the terms outlined in his contract, quit and the Fugazy Bowl remained a name only.

Following that, Dempsey hit the trail for Chicago where he opened the Chicago Coliseum for fights, but there he met with failure. He encountered bitter rivalry and after a battle lasting almost two years, he gave up in disgust but continued to retain his interest in the sport that enabled him to reap fame and fortune. Although he couldn't make good as a promoter on his own until he shoved Max Baer in the spotlight in the Baer-Schmeling bout, he remained the biggest attraction in boxing throughout the long period of fistic depression.

While other promoters, managers, fighters, and officials were starving, Dempsey was piling up the dough and all because of his magnetism. His popularity enabled him to clean up $322,000 over a period of six months as a referee in 1931—something unheard of in the greatest days of fistic affairs. It all began in his office in the Burnham Building, in Chicago.

Into the office walked a promoter, C. W. ("Red") Henaghan of Davenport, Iowa, and a friend of Dempsey's and Leonard Sacks's, the young man who, at the time, was Dempsey's business manager.

"Hello, Leonard," said Henaghan.

"Hello, Red," said Leonard. "How's business?"

"Rotten," said Henaghan. "That's what I came to see you about."

"Meaning which?" asked Sacks, doing a little genteel eyebrow lifting.

"I'm on the nut," said Henaghan, "in the red. I've blown ten grand and it was the only ten grand I had. I'm putting on a show next week and I came to see if I couldn't get you to get Jack to come out and referee the main bout for me. If you do, it will help me to make some real dough."

"Red," said Leonard, "if Jack can help you, I'm sure he will."

"Sure, he can help me," said Henaghan, "and I know he'll be glad to do it if he can get away. But, of course, I'll be willing to pay him for it."

"Well, that's very nice, Red," said Leonard. "He'd go for nothing if his dates here permit him to but it would be nice to offer him a couple of round trip tickets."

"I'll give him a couple of round trip tickets and two thousand bucks," Henaghan declared.

Sacks paused in the act of flicking an imaginary speck of dust from the lapel of his coat.

"Eh?" he asked.

"I said," repeated Henaghan, "that I'd give him two round trip tickets and two thousand bucks."

"You don't want him to fight, do you?" Sacks asked suspiciously.

"Hell, no," protested the promoter. "I just want him to referee the main bout."

"How much do your shows draw?" Leonard asked.

"The best house we ever had was a little over two thousand, gross."

"I thought," said Sacks sadly, "you were on the level with me when you came in here. Now I see this is just a gag."

"No! No!" begged Henaghan, growing alarmed. "I'm on the level with you. I mean everything I say. I—"

"But I thought you said you needed money."

"I do—and Jack can help me make it. Listen, Leonard, if he comes out there, we'll pack the 'joint' and it will be worth two thousand bucks to me to have Jack in the ring."

"Red," said Sacks, "you're a good fellow. A fine fellow. I always liked you. I think a lot of you. But you need a guardian."

Henaghan began to splutter, but Sacks held up his hand for silence.

"Now," he said, "I tell you what we'll do. We'll arrange to have Jack go out there and referee your main bout. If you have a good house, you can give him fifty per cent of the net. If you lose money, you give him nothing—not even the two round trip tickets. Go home and get out your advertising. We'll be there, I promise you."

On the appointed date, Dempsey and Sacks arrived in Davenport, Iowa. That night the sides of the building where the bouts were held bulged with a crowd of more than five thousand and there were as many outside trying to get in as there were inside trying to see what was going on. Dempsey, stepping into the ring to referee the main bout, nearly created a riot, and the bout couldn't be started for nearly ten minutes, so great was the din.

The contest terminated in a knockout in the first round and Dempsey obligingly offered to referee the semi-final, which was put on after the main event. This lasted only five rounds so that, in all, Dempsey officiated for six rounds.

Meanwhile, in the box office, Sacks sat as in a daze while the receipts were being counted.

"How long," he muttered, rousing himself at last, "how long has this been going on?"

The receipts totaled over $10,000 and all Henaghan could say was:

"I told you so! I told you so! I need a guardian, hey? I told you so! He's a magnet."

Sacks wouldn't take fifty per cent of the house. He insisted upon holding Henaghan to the promoter's original proposal and took only two thousand dollars.

"I didn't have the heart to take any more," he explained. "It was the first real money Red had seen in a long while. Besides, he had shown me a new racket that meant thousands of dollars to Dempsey in six months."

Thus there came into being a new wrinkle in boxing: "Jack Dempsey, guest referee."

News of Henaghan's clean-up spread quickly, and within a few days, Sacks was being pelted with offers of engagements. He put the matter on a business basis, wired his terms, got his replies, and arranged his schedule. His terms were simple but profitable to Dempsey and, as it developed, even more profitable to the promoters. Dempsey got a flat guarantee of $2,500, with an additional split of fifty per cent of any receipts above $10,000.

The towns he visited usually were those he seldom struck in his days as heavyweight champion.

"But," said Dempsey, "now and then I hit one of the places I've been to before and get a kick out of drawing more money than I did then. St. Louis, for instance, I went in there once when I was champion to take part in an exhibition bout and the show was a flop. I went there to referee and turned 'em away. Also when I was champion the few who did pay to see me gave me the buzzer. As a referee, I got as big a hand as I ever got in my life. What's the answer?"

"I don't know," said Sacks, "but the terms are—"

Dempsey put a head lock on him.

"There you go!" he said. "Always thinking of business."

"Fortunately," said Sacks, smoothing out the wrinkles Jack had put in his cravat, "somebody has to think of getting the dough around here, with you itching to give it away all the time."

"Now!" said Jack, "I'm not any such thing."

"No," said Sacks, "I guess not. It's all right for you to give $500 to the orphans and $500 to the veterans' hospital and $500 to the home for the aged—that's all right. But I'd like to sock you for handing out tens and twenties and fifties to every mug that comes in here to touch you."

Wherever Dempsey went to fill an engagement, the procedure was always the same. Arriving in town in the morning, he was met at the train by the mayor or other officials and dignitaries and conducted to a formal breakfast, followed by speech making in which he invariably took part by request that amounted virtually to compulsion.

He made the rounds of the show places, if any, visited the schools, the orphanages, the hospitals, homes for the aged or veterans, and, upon returning to his hotel, received numerous visitors, distinguished and otherwise.

As a referee, Dempsey appeared in Louisville, Kansas City, and Springfield, Mo., Davenport, St. Louis, Des Moines, Battle Creek, Memphis, Omaha, Sioux City, Calumet Mich., Mason City, Iowa, Oklahoma City, Wichita, Toledo, Tulsa, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Decatur, Ill., Lafayette, Ind., and Fort Wayne and way stations. "Jack Dempsey, the Guest Referee" made more money than "Jack Dempsey, the Promoter." Even now he keeps packing them in as a referee.

Dempsey is a conscientious student of the business of refereeing and makes it a point to learn in advance the rules in vogue in the different states where his engage

ments take him. Nor is his work without an occasional laugh.

"I went to Kansas City to referee," he said, "and all I knew was that Jackie Fields was going to box somebody. Before I went to bed on the train that night I took out my watch and practiced counting up to ten, an exact second at a time. When I had timed myself to the dot, I continued to practice and fell off to sleep saying to myself: 'One —two—three—four—'

"When we arrived the next morning, somebody told me Fields was going to box Dummy Mahan and it dawned on me that all my practice had been for nothing, for the Dummy also was deaf. Just then I was presented to the Mayor and I was still laughing as I shook hands with him.

"He looked at me kind of funny and wanted to know if I found him amusing. Of course, I felt like a boob and assured him I was laughing at something I had just thought of. For fear that didn't sound very convincing, I told him what I had been laughing at and it got a laugh out of him, too.

"When I got to my room at the hotel, it occurred to me that maybe, if the Dummy got knocked down that night, he would be able to hear the count if I stamped on the floor. So I began to count and stamp on the floor of my room and I was getting along great when the phone rang.

"It was the room clerk who asked me politely just what was going on in my room. He said an old lady in the room directly beneath mine had told him to call the police because she was sure somebody was being killed over her head."

In 1930 and the following year, Dempsey took part in a number of engagements. He termed these "exhibitions" and drew tremendous crowds wherever he appeared. During the exhibition tours, three in number, it is estimated that he fought before more than a quarter of a million

persons in eighty-seven cities in all parts of the country and took in several hundred thousand dollars as his share of the receipts. That in itself was more than John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy, received for five years of barnstorming.

For more than a year, Dempsey went the rounds meeting two, three, or four opponents several nights a week and then, when he thought he had reached the "comeback" point, he decided to test himself against a rising young star of Chicago, King Levinsky. In his exhibitions, among others he beat Babe Hunt, Jack Phillips, Pat Sullivan, George Trenkie, Ray Vanzke, Jack Kearns, Ed Williams, Freddy Taylor, Tim Charles, Jack O'Dowd, Hank Hankinson, Tiny Powell, Joe Doctor, George Kohler, Pat McLaughlin, K. O. Christner and Frankie Wine.

Prior to his fight with Levinsky, he drew 186,374 paid admissions in his first tour of twenty-seven exhibitions and then, from August, 1931, to January 1, 1932, he had a total of 231,155 persons see him. His first tour grossed $371,378.50, of which Dempsey received $259,948.60. The second tour grossed $477,560, of which Dempsey collected $291,842. Then came a third tour in which he collected $246,066 out of a gross of $492,132, and that was followed by the fight with Levinsky, which drew $74,199.94. The Levinsky mill proved to the erstwhile Manassa Mauler that he could never hope to come back and he decided to abandon further boxing exhibitions for refereeing.

His hope of a successful comeback for a fight with Schmeling and Sharkey was shattered in the tilt with the Kingfish in the Chicago Stadium.

Dempsey's victorious exhibition tour came to an abrupt check when he was beaten for four rounds by King Levinsky, born Harry Krakow, a wild swinging youngster from the fish markets of Maxwell Street. Nothing more than a loose puncher and without any boxing skill, Levinsky outpunched, outgeneraled and man-handled Dempsey

before a crowd of 23,332 fans—the greatest throng ever to see an indoor boxing match. Dempsey received $29,998, and Levinsky $11,000 of the receipts.

The confidence that Levinsky displayed at the start, when he set the pace for the first round, carried him through to victory. Dempsey's once famous deadly bobbing and weaving attack, from which heretofore he administered body punches and launched his terrific right crosses to the head, appeared to be no more than a shuffle.

Before the first round was finished the former champion was breathing heavily and he walked with heavy feet to his corner, whereas the 21-year-old Levinsky was strong and fresh.

Levinsky showed contempt for Dempsey's famous left hooks to the head and body, although at times he was guilty of holding at close range to escape a battering Dempsey appeared certain to deal out to him.

That bout was Dempsey's first start against a heavyweight of more or less prominence since he dropped the famous fourteen-count decision to Gene Tunney in their world's heavyweight championship battle before 145,000 at Soldiers' Field nearly four and a half years previously.

After the first round it was evident that Levinsky would be the master of the old ruler of the heavyweights unless Dempsey could get over a knockout punch—something that no other heavyweight has been able to do.

In the first round, Jack seemed willing to let Levinsky set the pace and await an opening for his deadly left hook. But Levinsky, who was boxing better and with more courage than he had displayed in previous contests, threw a steady barrage of rights and lefts to Dempsey's head, kept Jack off balance and prevented him launching his deadly attack.

Through the following three rounds it was the same old story, Levinsky, with youth and strength on his side, fifteen

years younger than Dempsey, altogether contemptuous of his foe, assuming the aggressive and never letting up in his attack.

The fourth round was the saddest for the old champion. Levinsky suddenly stopped in the center of the ring when Jack began circling around, and scornfully asked him to "come on and fight." It was a throw-back to the famous seventh round of his last championship battle with Tunney in Chicago, only this time it was Dempsey who received the invitation to come in and slug.

To Dempsey's everlasting credit it must be said the old fighting spirit was blazing just as bright as ever. He was always shuffling in close, bobbing and weaving, trying to whip over a knockout punch, but the youth in front of him with absolutely no fear, was sending the punches right back a little faster and a little stronger than he received them.

The old champion had little to show but a ghost of his once famous left hand. And the sinister left that had punished so many strong boxers landed only a few effectual blows against Levinsky.

Too often it landed high and more times it was safely caught by the Kingfish. Levinsky carried the fight to the old prop of the heavyweights and in the fourth round Dempsey's legs were sagging and he appeared to be in sad condition. Had Levinsky been a boxer who could target his lethal punches you might today be reading of Dempsey's second knockout.

The old fighting spirit unquenchable, Dempsey lunged forward every step of the way in an effort to annihilate the "Kingfish" with one devastating wallop. The bout was so viciously fought that they continued to wallop each other after the bell sounded and it was necessary for Eddie Purdy, the referee, to pry them apart.

Dempsey weighed 190 pounds, 2½ less than he scaled when he fought Gene Tunney for the world's heavyweight

championship on September 22, 1927, while Levinsky tipped the beam at 196½.

Unlike most of the men Dempsey had been meeting on his exhibition tour, Levinsky carried the fight to the ex-champion, but also tempered his onslaught with prudence and did not wade in blindly to expose himself to Jack's punches. At the end of the four rounds, Dempsey's props were beginning to sag, and had the fight gone two or three more rounds, the Manassa Mauler might have been ready for the floor.

The biggest success Dempsey has had as a promoter, other than his first venture at Miami after Rickard's death, was with Baer. When the fight game was at its lowest ebb, Dempsey gave up refereeing for a time, and with the backing of the Reno Chamber of Commerce, he went to Nevada where he promoted two fights, one with Baer and Paulino. Then he came East and joined with Tim Mara in the promotion of the Baer-Schmeling fight and that brought him back with a bang to the public eye.

The bout not only was a success financially, but it brought to light a new heavyweight contender when Baer knocked out Max Schmeling, former world champion. The contest made Baer overnight the leading challenger for Carnera's title. The publicity Baer received and the colorful manner in which he disposed of his German rival, plus the fact that the Livermore Larruper for the first time in his fistic career advertised himself as a Jew, the first of that race in years to have a chance to win the title, caused the Hollywood movie magnates to see in him a box office magnet that might duplicate the drawing powers of Dempsey. It wasn't long before Baer was signed for *The Prize Fighter and the Lady*, with Max and Carnera playing the leading roles as the fighters and Dempsey taking the part of the referee.

For bringing Baer to terms with the movie people, Dempsey, who was reputed to be a part owner of Baer to

the extent of ten per cent, received $30,000. With that pic ture over, Dempsey maneuvered Baer into a fight with Carnera, with the former king of heavies ruled in on a percentage basis by the Garden.

There again Dempsey profited through his popularity for Baer, realizing that with Dempsey as the front man the fight would be the biggest attraction since Jack's last bout with Tunney, held out for his pal, until the Garden was forced to yield and take Dempsey in as a partner in the gigantic championship attraction.

Chapter XXXVIII

Mine Host, the Biffer!

Before the second World War, if you stepped across the street from Madison Square Garden in New York City you walked right into a huge restaurant. And as you walked into this bailiwick of the epicure, you would run right into a man by the name of Jack Dempsey. You see, it was Jack Dempsey's restaurant.

It's a natural double play—from right crosses to retirement to roast beef. It has been a natural for fighters from away back, but not always has the transition been so marked and so stressed as in the case of Dempsey.

On the West Side of Eighth Avenue is the huge arena which Dempsey helped to build. For it was Dempsey who made Tex Rickard and Rickard who made Dempsey. And it was Rickard who built the Garden. On the East Side of Eighth Avenue is the steak emporium over which Dempsey presided. Once he met all comers for Tex, later he met all comers as they trooped in to see Jack and glimpse him in his new environment, with several hundred colored photographs of world-famous fighters decorating the walls. These photographs, furnished by the

author, made an ideal setting for the man who made boxing popular.

Mine Host, the Biffer! Many a great fighter has gone from clouting to catering, from bruises to beans and from socks to steaks. The list includes such worthies as John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett, who, like Dempsey, settled in New York after their fistic heydays, and instead of catering to the physical side of life, decided that the way to a man's heart perhaps really was by way of his stomach. However, the analogy between Sullivan and Corbett on one side, and Dempsey on the other, perhaps is not exactly a true one.

The time was when a great fighter was expected to open a saloon—or, as it was called, a café. The idea apparently originated back in the days of Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan and John Morrissey. Jacob Hyer, the first American heavyweight champion to gain recognition as such, went from the ring into the leather tanning line near the Battery in New York. He tried to rear his son Tom as a tanner, but the life did not appeal to him.

In fact, neither did the ring have an overpowering allure for Tom, for boxing in those days was a sport of tough characters, brawls in bar rooms, fights on docks—a surreptitious pastime loaded with pluguglies, murderers and just plain gangsters.

When Tom found that he had no more worlds to conquer in the fight game he opened a saloon on Broadway, down near the City Hall. His place became the gathering place for the Know Nothings, or Native American political party. The men who gathered around Tom were opposed to the rising tide of immigration which was creating a labor problem—particularly the tremendous exodus from Ireland into the United States.

As it turned out, this rush from the other side was the biggest factor in the upbuilding of the United States. But Hyer and his gang did not like it. On the other side of the

picture was John Morrissey, who had come from Irelan and was one of the standard bearers of the Tammany Hal faction.

This is not the time and the place for going into all that Suffice it to say that Tom Hyer was the leader of the ring to-roast-beef movement. Even though Tom did sell mor rye than beef, more hard liquor than lamb chops, Ton really set the style. Morrissey had a saloon, too.

Cafés became the meeting-ground for the fistic mob which specialized in political intrigue as a No. 1 activit and used the ring merely as a place for settling politica rivalries.

It's a far cry, indeed, from Tom Hyer's saloon on lowe Broadway to Jack Dempsey's restaurant on Eighth Ave nue, on tight little, old little Manhattan Island.

The Dempsey place was done in the latest style. It ha a high, vaulting ceiling, an air of spacious ease and abso lute comfort. And while we do not want to make thi sound like a press agent's boost, the food certainly was righ up to the best New York standards. It was New York sportsmen's rendezvous, the place where the newspape men, the theatrical folk, sporting celebrities from all ove the world, gathered to pay homage to the King of Pugilism It was the most popular tavern in New York—the rende vous of governors, mayors, legislators, both national an state, and the leading movie stars. That's what popularit means!

Those who attended the preview of the Dempsey re taurant never will forget it. When Jack first took up th proposition, he decided to invite a couple of hundre newspaper friends and a few other intimates to have di ner with Hannah and him—Hannah Williams, once the musical comedy stage, later became Mrs. Jack—an give the spot the right sort of shove on its journey towa the goal of financial success.

Dempsey called in S. Jay Kaufman, and Murray Lew

of the New York *Mirror*, his press representative. They got three hundred names down on paper. "Why, we haven't even started," exclaimed Dempsey. "I want my friends to be there. Now, let me see. Take these two hundred more."

And so it went, for days, and when the big night arrived about 2,500 persons attended the Dempsey levee. Something like $7,000 was spent entertaining these non-paying guests, in the most lavish affair of its kind in the history of lavish and opulent New York.

It went from caviar to Cook's Imperial, from cocktails to strawberry tarts. The steak was delicious, the company was hilarious, and Dempsey was in his element. "Too bad Tex Rickard could not have lived to be here with me tonight," said Jack, as he stood off and watched the grandest "free load" ever seen on this or any other continent.

The preview was on the true Dempsey scale. It was the way Rickard would have run it had he been there and had he had anything to do with it. And if he were alive, he certainly would have seen to it that he had a financial interest in this Dempsey undertaking.

Dempsey's restaurant venture is interesting because it marked his first real effort to capitalize on his name outside of the fistic game. He has been fighter, referee, promoter, manager. He has cashed in handsomely in these pursuits. But he has loaned his name to other ventures from which he never got a dime—ventures which made money for others and in which he helped friends, and some who were not exactly friends.

"The time has come for me to turn over a new leaf and stop letting other folks make money on the Dempsey name," said Jack to me at the time. "I've got Hannah and my children, Joan and Barbara Judith, to look after now and anybody who wants to use the Dempsey name will have to pay me. I am off the charity line. I've appointed my pal, Max Waxman, as my business manager, and from now

on, all arrangements for my appearance anywhere, and the use of my name for any purpose, will have to come through him."

When Jack says he is off the charity line, he isn't telling the exact truth. Hardly ever does he turn down some broken down fighter who needs a "fin" for coffee and sinker, and his rent. He's the John McGraw of the ring. McGraw never turned down an old ball player and his contributions in that direction ate up perhaps a quarter of his annual income.

Dempsey has a certain amount of business acumen, and he knows enough to place himself in the hands of able lawyers, who will see to it that he does not land in the pitfalls which broke so many other great fighters who tried to run places that catered to the food and drink appetites of John Public. And likewise he has a shrewd business manager in Waxman, who looks after Jack's interests with an eagle eye.

Old-timers will recollect how John L. Sullivan came into New York and opened a saloon. It doesn't matter now to locate it geographically. Suffice it to say that John L. was not the proper type for running a business on a profitable scale. Sullivan drank up most of the profits, and gave away the rest, so that the venture soon went on the rocks.

It was "Have a drink on the champion," and fifty or a hundred men crowding to the bar to accept of the Sullivan largesse.

Or Sullivan got tanked up himself, sometimes on champagne. Then he had to be put into a bathtub full of iced water and brought back to his senses.

Always John L. promised to reform. His friends remonstrated with him. But in the end it was no go.

There is no possibility of Dempsey's falling for a similar reason. Jack is a mild drinker and not a voracious eater. And the New York of today is built along lines that are

quite different from those of Manhattan of the early '90s.

Jim Corbett also went into the saloon business in New York—at 34th Street and Broadway—after he had lost the heavyweight championship to Bob Fitzsimmons. It was from this life of ease that Corbett went back into the ring and came within an ace of taking the title back from Jim Jeffries at Coney Island. In the twenty-third round Corbett didn't duck in time, and he was knocked out. He had outpointed Jeffries by twenty to one.

Corbett was a moderate in drink and in food. But he disliked the atmosphere of the café—even the big, glittering Broadway café in big, glittering New York. Rather did Gentleman Jim hanker after the life of the theatre. And it was into that he gravitated when his fighting days were over.

Bob Fitzsimmons also fancied himself something of an actor. He was pretty bad, was Bob. But how he could swing that sledge in the "Honest Blacksmith."

Jack Johnson went from one thing to another after the defeat by Jess Willard and is now dead. Willard also has been something of a financial lummox since he lost the title to Dempsey.

Gene Tunney, who took the championship from Dempsey, has become the litterateur, the country squire, the husband of an heiress. More power to Gene, disciple of Shaw and Shakespeare. He never would have fitted into the role of Mine Host at the modern tavern.

Jack Sharkey has ventured into the food and drink line up in Boston. Max Schmeling has just quit fighting. Primo Carnera is wrestling. As for Max Baer—well, it's hard to say just what he will do tomorrow, his fighting days are over.

Mine Host, the Biffer! Jack Dempsey fitted right into this new picture. He had the geniality of a host, the manner that makes you feel at home. So, on with the steaks!

The popularity of Jack Dempsey is simply amazing.

Three weeks after he opened his restaurant, I chanced to pass by and walked in on Jack. There he stood, at the entrance of his spacious dining room, the Official Greeter. For more than three hours, without a let-up, there was one continuous flow of men, women and children shaking the hand of the most-talked-of fighter since the days of the popular John L. Sullivan. An astounding tribute to a great popular fighter!

"May I have an autographed menu, Mr. Dempsey?" came the request of a charming young lady who, by way of introduction, opened the conversation with Jack as follows:

"Do you remember me, Mr. Dempsey?"

"I think I do," replied Jack. "I met you and your folks in Santa Monica a few years ago."

"That's right, you were the guest of honor at a charity show of which Ma was in charge."

"I'm Mrs. Findlay of Oregon," says another woman, "and I want to send a few gifts to my boys back home. May I trouble you for three autographed menus, and won't you please autograph these dollar bills?" she pleads. And poor Jack, his fingers almost numb from writing his name on everything from menus to silk handkerchiefs and money —kindly obliges.

Such was the new life of the erstwhile Manassa Mauler. The biggest and best attraction Dempsey had in his restaurant is, as he says, the famous collection of fight pictures which I have furnished through my Ring Book and Print Shop in Madison Square Garden.

This story of the life of Jack would not be complete without some mention of his marital life. In 1933, Dempsey was married to Miss Hannah Williams of the musical comedy stage, and although they split up later, their two daughters, Joan and Barbara Judith, have added much to Dempsey's happiness.

So far as Dempsey is concerned, it is safe to predic

that even if he lives to be four score and ten, he will still remain to the American fight fans, "The Idol of Fistiana" —my ideal fighter.

Chapter XXXIX

The Typical American

MANY YEARS AGO, Horatio Alger stimulated America's youth toward the treading of paths leading to eventual prosperity. An Alger hero always started off dead broke but never lost his faith in an all-overseeing Providence. Sometimes he was selling newspapers, at other times he was an office boy, but, however humble his station, strict adherence to Benjamin Franklin's maxim—"Honesty is the best policy," brought him wealth and social recognition.

But you will look in vain for a boxer hero in any of the numerous Alger narratives. The time had not yet arrived when a leather-thrower would be received in society as the welcome representative of a decent profession. Alger died too soon for that. If he had lived long enough to he would have found ample material for a most imposing "rags to riches" tale in the modern saga of Jack Dempsey's ring career.

In every sport, the decades produce some man, who, through popular appeal, stands out as the idol of his period. In baseball there was no greater hero to the youth of America than Babe Ruth and what the great Babe was to the diamond sport, Jack Dempsey is to boxing. He typifies crashing power, strength in body, physical perfection, a man who through the years has registered with the American boy as "The Idol of Fistiana."

His appeal does not halt with the boy—it is general. Only too often great sports figures lack understanding of

their position, their duty to the public. They sometime underestimate their value in relation to the sport and it supporters or they overestimate their own importance an their position in the general scheme of life.

Some look from an abysmal pit up to the game which nurtures them. Others assume a most deplorable, patron nizing attitude in which they gaze down from self-raise Olympian heights on a sport in which they figure onl because they want the money it affords them.

The most popular man in sport—that's what Dempse remains to this day. He shakes the hands of more admirer than the President! He is cheered by more people than i a king on parade!

The youth of America worships him; street gathering stampede him when he arrives in a city on a special mis sion; feminine hearts flutter in his presence; a joyous ac claim greets him at every meeting he attends. He ha kindliness portrayed all over his face. He enjoys the fus made over him and would be the loneliest man in th world if he were just like any ordinary human being.

He has tasted the hisses and boos of those who, followin the first world war, disliked him, as well as the nectar o popularity which has been his since he was shorn of th world heavyweight title. The world cheered him in defea after sneering at him in victory.

Jack Dempsey, risen from a miner to the world's heavy weight champion, never lost sight of those who made i possible for him to reach the heights and to attain a for tune. They are his true friends and to them he has alway paid homage.

There have been champions and there are champion now in every field of athletics, but there isn't one toda whose popularity is so far reaching as that of Dempsey Wherever he goes, there is always the handshake and cheer for the erstwhile Manassa Mauler. To the populace he is still the king. The mob worships him. Luncheon

and dinners await him in every city and hamlet where his travels take him.

Parades, meetings with high state and government officials, the signing of his autograph, two or more speeches a day, an appearance at the boys' clubs—those are only a small part of the general routine of Dempsey on trips he takes frequently to many parts of the country to aid charity drives or to aid drives against the spread of children's delinquency. How he can keep going at the pace required of him, is something only Jack can answer.

People of high rank meeting him in a dressing room, express surprise at his ease, his gentleness, his self-assurance. He has the physical power, the stamina and the endurance to keep up the pace. He has a smile and a sense of humor that endears him to all who meet him.

He is a great mixer and has absorbed a considerable amount of worldly knowledge that has enabled him to convert the mucker of the mines into a well-groomed man who is at home in a flop house, a smelly gym, the drawing room of the millionaire and the mansion of the president of the United States. He knows and can speak the language of each and can exchange repartee with the "gag men" of Hollywood with the ease of one who has been brought up in the cinema environment.

There you have the picture of Jack Dempsey, the typical American, the boys' friend, the popular hero of the American youth, the man who most typifies the Horatio Alger character who always rose from "rags to riches."

In the long history of American boxing, there has never been a man to equal Jack Dempsey's popularity. He stands unrivaled—without a parallel. The great John L. Sullivan, the man who popularized boxing in America, was the nearest approach to Dempsey, but his glory was not universal as is Jack's. The masses who followed boxing were his most ardent followers and in his time, their numbers

were limited compared to the gigantic fistic following of today.

Sullivan's appeal did not extend to the children to the extent of that of Dempsey. The sport in Sullivan's days was frowned upon by those who were thorough believers in law and order, but boxing today is a universal sport, legalized by almost every civilized country and patronized by the finest of citizens.

The achievements of Jack Dempsey are such, as a fighter, a successful business man and a public spirited citizen, that his name in the long run, will become almost legendary. He stands out as a fighter of the decades, a champion among champions, an athlete who has set up a formidable mark for those who are to come.

Dempsey was born June 24, 1895. That puts him past the half century mark but you wouldn't guess it by looking at him. His frame has thickened with the passing of years yet his figure is still that of the streamlined athlete.

He can still box a few rounds at a fast clip. In World War No. II, in which he was a Commander in the Coast Guard, though far beyond the age of the combat soldier, he took gun in hand and sided in the attack on Tarawa Beach against the Japs.

When the drive on juvenile delinquency got under way, Jack Dempsey was among the first to be called into conference by Attorney General Clark to map out plans for a national program. His importance in such a movement was immediately recognized because of the confidence and love the boys have in him. What the scout master has meant to the Scouts of America, the former world heavyweight champion means to those who have never been privileged to become members of such a national body.

Dempsey's first move was to become a life member of the New York Police Athletic League and through his influence, many of the city's leading citizens made their contribution to aid in combating the crime wave among

children in the most populated districts of our cities. Boxing tournaments for the youngsters in which he and other former name boxers acted as officials, were the means of obtaining an enrollment that indicates success to the drive. Wherever he has gone to enlighten the general public on Attorney General Clark's plan, the mere mention of the name Jack Dempsey has been sufficient to obtain the presence at his meetings of men, women and children, thus making the task easy for the city fathers in gaining the confidence of the lads and the help of the grownups.

It is a gigantic task, but one that is regarded as a pleasurable one by the former heavyweight king. He gets a kick out of his meeting with the kids and from the time he arrives on the scene until he leaves, he has an army flocking about him. To keep him from getting writer's cramp in giving his autograph, Dempsey has had a lithograph company make up thousands of photographs of himself in fighting pose and to these he has affixed his signature with a stamp and he gives them away freely to the boys. It is a gift they cherish.

Jack's roving spirit and lust for open-air adventure, probably came of his touch of the red-man in his make-up. Thrown on his own resources as he matured from boyhood, he worked intermittently as a mucker, copper miner, lumberjack, farmer, construction digger and bouncer in dance halls and saloons.

His early travels through the West were conducted along the freight car and blind baggage route. The luxury of a Pullman or even a day coach were unknown comforts then for the future world's heavyweight champion. Today he thinks nothing of taking cross-continent air trips frequently to visit his two children, Joan and Barbara in Hollywood where he maintains a home for them.

When Dempsey's ring days had come to an end, he remained in retirement for two years and then started an exhibition tour that netted him $320,000 and then hung

up his gloves for good. He decided to keep his name in the spotlight by engaging in public appearances as a lecturer, referee and in various charitable drives and he opened a restaurant which carried his name. It was generously patronized by people from all over the world. They flocked there in droves to shake the hand of the former champion.

To them he is still the "champ" and they take a keen delight in being able to go home and say that they met Dempsey. All visitors are greeted by him with "hello pardner," an expression he brought back with him from the West.

Killing two birds with one stone, Dempsey makes certain that while on tour to aid some cause, he also is booked as guest referee either at a fight or in wrestling matches. Through his manager, Max Waxman, he has no difficulty obtaining all the work in that line which he thinks he can stand.

The promoters are hot on his trail. Jack's appearance means a sell-out house for the fight. The fans flock to the clubhouse, especially for a wrestling show at which the spectators consist of probably more women than men. Jack's job is two-fold—to increase the interest in the sport among the old fans and to attract new fans—and he does both pretty well.

On these trips he has met all classes, from hoboes to millionaires. He probably has more friends than any athlete who ever graced a sports field. Wherever he goes, the panhandler knows that he has an easy touch in Dempsey and usually he plays Jack for the sucker to an amazing extent! He has given away thousands of dollars to the men of the road because he has always remembered his early days when a meal looked pretty good after several days of starvation. He just can't say no—that word is not part of his vocabulary.

An average day on the road for Dempsey follows this pattern: He arrives at his destination. A delegation, a re

ception committee, made up of sports writers, the local boxing promoter and his aides, the boxing commissioner, radio announcers and members of the Chamber of Commerce, in addition to hundreds of curiosity seekers are at the station to meet him. Many are old friends. Others he has never met before but all rush forth to shake his hands with a "Hello Jack, how are you?"

Then starts the tiresome job of autographing small pieces of paper, envelopes, a baseball, a boy's cap and even dollar bills just to prove that the owner has met the fistic hero! Boys are great autograph hunters but the women are even greater. One request usually starts a long line and the process continues after Jack reaches his hotel rooms.

Going to the hotel where he thinks he will have a little privacy, he encounters a flock of scribes ready to fire questions at him.

"How's the heavyweight situation, Jack?" "Do you think Joe Louis is on the down-grade?" "What about Rocky Graziano? Did he get a raw deal?" "Do you think a National Commissioner of Boxing is needed?"

Those are only a few of the many queries fired at him and to each he has a quick answer. Sometimes he gets crossed by telling one group in one city that Joe Louis is the greatest fighter of recent years and in another that Louis has a weak chin and cannot compare to some of the top men Dempsey had met when he was in his prime.

He doesn't remain long at the hotel. There is a meeting of some committee at the Mayor's Office and Dempsey has been asked to appear to say a few words to those in attendance.

Then comes a luncheon given by the Business Men's League at which he is the guest of honor. As an after-dinner speaker, they come no better than Jack.

There was a time when Dempsey shivered in his boots when he was asked to talk before an audience, but today, he is a calm, collected individual who finds no difficulty

in saying exactly what he intends and whose words flow out of his mouth as if he were a born speaker.

In 1942, shortly after we entered the world war, Dempsey applied for service. He tried to enlist in the Army and then the Navy but without success. He finally offered his services to the Coast Guard and was immediately accepted.

His popularity with the youth of America aided considerably in the enlistment of thousands of young men who wanted to be in the same outfit with the "champ," and many when enlisting, pleaded to be placed in the camp over which Jack ruled as physical training director. That camp was at Manhattan Beach in New York and more than 10,000 boys were stationed there during each three months period of training.

So likeable an officer was Dempsey, that the Navy Department asked him to plan a course of jiu jitsu, judo and Commando tactics for his men and Commander Dempsey did a swell job developing his boys into a fighting unit. When the morale of our men in the South Pacific was at low ebb because of our heavy losses at the hands of the Japs, the Navy shifted Dempsey from Manhattan Beach to the combat zone where he not only fought with his boys in the capture of Tarawa, but helped bolster the spirit of the lads by entertaining them with boxing shows, and the fight picture, "Kings of the Ring."

When he returned and was mustered out of service, he continued work for the government as a War Bond salesman, went to hospitals all over the country to entertain the wounded service men, bought a hotel in New York and one in Florida, became a director and a large stockholder in several distillery firms and above all, continued that of which he is extremely fond—refereeing.

He did a swell job following the Pearl Harbor episode in uniting Americans in a great war effort and the President of the United States personally thanked him for the part he played in selling $62,000,000 worth of war bonds. His

standing as an entertainer, a morale builder for the servicemen, likewise was recognized by a departmental citation.

Jack Dempsey, the King of Heavyweights, remains the Idol of Fistiana.

Chapter XL

The Eighteenth Champion

Jack Dempsey was the eighteenth holder of the American heavyweight title and the fifth world's heavyweight champion.

With the exception of Tom Hyer, America's first title holder in the heavyweight class, and John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, all the early champions were foreign born, coming either from England or Ireland.

John L. Sullivan was the first native-born citizen to hold title under Queensberry rules. Fitzsimmons was the only foreigner to take title under those rules.

Following Jeffries' retirement, Tommy Burns captured the American championship by beating a majority of contenders and then made himself the world's champion by beating Gunner Moir, the British title holder, and Bill Squires, the Australian champion.

Champions from Sullivan to Louis follow:

Name	Tenure of title	Yrs.
Tom Hyer	1841-1849	8
Yankee Sullivan	1849-1853	4
John Morrissey	1853-1857	4
John C. Heenan	1857-1863	6
Joe Coburn	1863-1865	2
James Dunn	1865-1866	1
Mike McCool	1866-1869	3
Tom Allen	1869-1876	7
Joe Goss	1876-1880	4

Paddy Ryan	1880-1882	2
John L. Sullivan	1882-1892	10
James J. Corbett	1892-1897	5
Robert Fitzsimmons	1897-1899	7
James J. Jeffries	1899-1906	7
Tommy Burns	1907-1908	1
Jack Johnson	1908-1915	7
Jess Willard	1915-1919	4
Jack Dempsey	1919-1926	7
Gene Tunney (retired)	1926-1928	2
Title vacant, 1928-1930, until Schmeling and Sharkey fought for it.		
Max Schmeling	1930-1932	2
Jack Sharkey	1932-1933	1
Primo Carnera	1933-1934	1
Max Baer	1934-1935	1
James J. Braddock	1935-1937	2
Joe Louis	1937-	

Chapter XLI

His Fighting Record

THE STORY OF the life of Jack Dempsey would not be com plete without a record of his battles and a comparison o the measurements of this great fighter with that of hi rivals in his most important contests. The record of Demp sey shows that he engaged in a total of 84 professiona fights, these including 10 exhibitions. On July 18, 1922, h took on three men in one night at Montreal, and knocke out each in one round.

His knockouts number 52. He won 10 decisions, fough five draws, won one decision on a foul from Carl Morri lost four bouts, was knocked out once, and engaged in tw no-decision tilts with Billy Miske. In addition, Dempse

says he fought a number of bouts before he engaged in his professional debut and a number of exhibitions during his stage career which he never listed.

His complete professional fighting record follows:

Abbreviations: W—Won. L—Lost. K by—Knocked out by. D.—Draw. K.—Won by knockout. Exh.—Exhibition. N-D.—No Decision. L-F—Lost on foul. W-F—Won on foul.

1915-1916: Won—J. Sudenberg, 10 rounds; Wild Bert Kenny, 10 rounds; Terry Keller, 10 rounds; J. L. Johnson, 10 rounds; A. Anderson, 10 rounds.

Lost—Jack Downey, 4 rounds.

Draw—Andy Malloy, 10 rounds; Jack Downey, 4 rounds; J. Sudenberg, 10 rounds.

Won by Knockout—Two-round Gilligan, 1 round; Kid Hancock, 1 round; Bill Murphy, 1 round; Chief Gordon, 6 rounds; Boston Bearcat, 1 round; Joe Bonds, 10 rounds; Bob York, 4 rounds; Jack Downey, 2 rounds; Geo. Copelin, 7 rounds; J. Berson, 7 rounds; Joe Lyons, 9 rounds; Andy Malloy, 3 rounds; A. Campbell, 7 rounds; G. Christian, 1 round; Fred Woods, 4 rounds; Jack Koehn, 1 round; Battling Johnson, 1 round; Dan Ketchel, 5 rounds.

1917	By		Rds.
Feb. 13—Jim Flynn	K	Salt Lake City	1
Mar. 17—Al Norton	D	San Francisco	4
July 25—Willie Mechan	W	San Francisco	4
Aug. 1—Al Norton	K	San Francisco	1
Sept. 7—Willie Mechan	D	San Francisco	4
Sept. 19—Charles Miller	K	Oakland	4
Sept. 26—B. McAllister	W	Oakland	4
Oct. 2—Gunboat Smith	W	San Francisco	4
Nov. 2—Carl Morris	W	San Francisco	4
1918			
Jan. 24—H. Smith	W	Racine	1

Feb. 4	Carl Morris	W-F	Buffalo 6
Feb. 14	Jim Flynn	K	Ft. Sheridan 1
Feb. 25	Bill Brennan	K	Milwaukee 6
Mar. 6	Bull Sadee	K	Memphis 1
Mar. 25	Tom Riley	K	Joplin 1
May 3	Billy Miske	N-D	St. Paul 10
May 20	Arthur Pelkey	K	Denver 1
May 22	Dan Ketchell	K	Excelsior Springs 2
July 1	Kid McCarthy	K	Tulsa 1
July 4	Bob Devere	K	Joplin 1
July 6	Porky Flynn	K	Atlanta 1
July 27	Fred Fulton	K	Harrison 1
Aug. 17	Terry Keller	K	Dayton 5
Sept. 13	Willie Meehan	L	San Francisco 4
Sept. 14	Jack Moran	K	Reno 1
Nov. 6	Bat. Levinsky	K	Philadelphia 3
Nov. 18	Porky Flynn	K	Philadelphia 1
Nov. 28	Billy Miske	N-D	Philadelphia 6
Dec. 16	Carl Morris	K	New Orleans 1
Dec. 29	Gunboat Smith	K	Buffalo 3

1919

Jan. 22	Jack Hickey	K	Harrisburg 1
Jan. 23	Kid Harris	K	Reading 1
Jan. 29	Kid Henry	K	Easton 1
Feb. 13	Eddie Smith	K	Altoona 1
Apr. 2	Tony Drake	K	New Haven 1
July 4	Jess Willard*	K	Toledo 3

*For heavyweight championship.

1920

Mar. 5	Terry Keller	Exh.	Los Angeles 3
Sept. 6	Billy Miske	K	Benton Harbor 3
Dec. 14	Bill Brennan	K	New York 12

1921

July 2	Georges Carpentier*	K	Jersey City 4

* For heavyweight championship of the world.

1922			
July 18—Elizar Rioux*	K	Montreal	1
July —Jack Renault	Exh.	Ottawa, Can.	3
Sept. 4—Jack Thompson	Exh.	Michigan City	2
Sept. 4—Andre Anderson	Exh.	Michigan City	2
Oct. 7—Jack Thompson	Exh.	Boston, Mass.	3

*Dempsey stopped two other men in one round each in the same ring.

1923			
July 4—Tommy Gibbons*	W	Shelby, Mont.	15
Sept. 14—Luis Firpo*	K	New York	2

*For world heavyweight title.

1924			
Feb. 10—Dutch Seifert	K	Memphis	1
Feb. 11—Martin Burke	Exh.	New Orleans	2
Feb. 11—Tommy Marvin	Exh.	New Orleans	2
1925			
—Bill Larne	Exh.		2
—Ed. Warner	Exh.		2
1926			
Feb. 8—Jack League	Exh.	(K.O.) Memphis.	1
—Tony Catalina	Exh.	Memphis	1
—Cowboy Warner	Exh.	Memphis	1
—Marty Cuyler	Exh.	Memphis	1
Feb. 12—6 Opponents	Exh.	(K.O.) Four Opponents.	
Sept. 23—Gene Tunney	L	Philadelphia	10
1927			
July 21—Jack Sharkey	K	New York	7
Sept. 22—Gene Tunney*	L	Chicago	10

*For heavyweight championship of the world.

1932			
Feb. 18—King Levinsky	L	Chicago	4

Chapter XLII

His Measurements

Here we have the physical comparison of Jack Dempsey with those he fought in his important engagements.

DEMPSEY vs. FULTON

At Harrison, N. J. Won by Dempsey by knockout in one round.

22 years	Age	27 years
188 lbs.	Weight	208 lbs.
6 ft. 1 ins.	Height	6 ft. 5½ ins
78 ins.	Reach	84½ ins.
44 ins.	Chest (normal)	43 ins.
48 ins.	Chest (expanded)	47½ ins.
34 ins.	Waist	35 ins.
17½ ins.	Neck	18 ins.
8½ ins.	Wrist	9 ins.
23 ins.	Thigh	21 ins.
15 ins.	Calf	13½ ins.
13½ ins.	Biceps	15 ins.
9 ins.	Ankle	7½ ins.

* * *

DEMPSEY vs. WILLARD

July 4, 1919, Toledo, Ohio. Dempsey won in third round, Willard quitting during intermission, between third and fourth round.

23 years	Age	35 years
187 lbs.	Weight	245 lbs.
6 ft. 1½ ins.	Height	6 ft. 6 ins.
78 ins.	Reach	83½ ins.
42 ins.	Chest (normal)	46 ins.
46 ins.	Chest (expanded)	49½ ins.
17 ins.	Neck	17½ ins.

32 ins.	Waist	38 ins.
23 ins.	Thigh	27½ ins.
15 ins.	Calf	17½ ins.
9 ins.	Ankle	10 ins.
14 ins.	Biceps	17½ ins.
14 ins.	Forearm	14 ins.
9 ins.	Wrist	10 ins.

* * *

DEMPSEY vs. MISKE

Benton Harbor, Mich., September 6, 1920. Dempsey won by knockout in third round.

25 years	Age	26 years
185 lbs.	Weight	187 lbs.
6 ft. 1½ ins.	Height	6 ft. 1 in.
78 ins.	Reach	77 ins.
39 ins.	Chest (normal)	39 ins.
44 ins.	Chest (expanded)	44 ins.
17 ins.	Neck	17½ ins.
20½ ins.	Shoulders	20½ ins.
32 ins.	Waist	33 ins.
15 ins.	Biceps	15½ ins.
14½ ins.	Forearm	13½ ins.
8 ins.	Wrist	7¼ ins.
21 ins.	Thigh	22½ ins.
14½ ins.	Calf	15½ ins.
8½ ins.	Ankle	9 ins.

* * *

DEMPSEY vs. BRENNAN

December 14, 1920, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Dempsey won by knockout in 12th round.

25 years	Age	28 years
188¼ lbs.	Weight	197 lbs.
6 ft. 1½ ins.	Height	6 ft. 1½ ins.
8 ins.	Wrist	8 ins.
8½ ins.	Ankle	8½ ins.

17 ins.	Neck	17 ins.
15 ins.	Biceps	15 ins.
39 ins.	Chest (normal)	42 ins.
44 ins.	Chest (expanded)	45 ins.
29 ins.	Waist	30½ ins.
78 ins.	Reach	77 ins.
23 ins.	Thigh	23 ins.
18 ins.	Calf	18 ins.

* * *

DEMPSEY vs. CARPENTIER

Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, July 2, 1921. Dempsey won by knockout in fourth round.

26 years	Age	27 years
188 lbs.	Weight	172 lbs.
6 ft. 1 in.	Height	5 ft. 11 ins.
78 ins.	Reach	76 ins.
16½ ins.	Neck	15½ ins.
42 ins.	Chest (normal)	40 ins.
46 ins.	Chest (expanded)	44 ins.
16¼ ins.	Biceps	15¾ ins.
14¼ ins.	Forearm	13 ins.
9¼ ins.	Wrist	8¾ ins.
32 ins.	Waist	29 ins.
23 ins.	Thigh	22 ins.
15 ins.	Calf	14½ ins.
9 ins.	Ankle	8¾ ins.

* * *

DEMPSEY vs. FIRPO

Polo Grounds, New York City, September 14, 1923. Dempsey won by knockout in second round.

28 years	Age	27 years
6 ft. 1½ ins.	Height	6 ft. 2½ ins.
192½ lbs.	Weight	216½ lbs.
78 ins.	Reach	79 ins.
17 ins.	Neck	17 ins.

15 ins.	Biceps	13½ ins.
41 ins.	Chest (normal)	44 ins.
44½ ins.	Chest (expanded)	48½ ins.
32½ ins.	Waist	36½ ins.
8¼ ins.	Wrist	8¼ ins.
22 ins.	Thigh	23¾ ins.
15 ins.	Calf	15 ins.
9 ins.	Ankle	9½ ins.

* * *

DEMPSEY vs. GIBBONS

July 4, 1923, Shelby, Mont. Dempsey won 15 round decision.

28 years	Age	29 years
6 ft. 1½ ins.	Height	6 ft. ¾ ins.
188 lbs.	Weight	175½ lbs.
78 ins.	Reach	74 ins.
17 ins.	Neck	17 ins.
41 ins.	Chest (normal)	41 ins.
44 ins.	Chest (expanded)	44½ ins.
32½ ins.	Waist	35 ins.
15 ins.	Biceps	14 ins.
12½ ins.	Forearm	12½ ins.
8¼ ins.	Wrist	9 ins.
22 ins.	Thigh	22½ ins.
15 ins.	Calf	14½ ins.
9 ins.	Ankle	9½ ins.

* * *

DEMPSEY vs. TUNNEY

Sesquicentennial Stadium, Philadelphia, September 23, 1926. Dempsey lost title in 10 round decision bout.

31 years	Age	28 years
190 lbs.	Weight	185½ lbs.
6 ft. 1 in.	Height	6 ft. 1½ in.
78 ins.	Reach	77 ins.
9 ins.	Wrist	9 ins.

13 ins.	Forearm	13½ ins
14½ ins.	Biceps	14½ ins
40½ ins.	Chest (Normal)	42 ins
44 ins.	Chest (Expanded)	45 ins
33 ins.	Waist	34 ins
16½ ins.	Neck	17 ins
22 ins.	Thigh	23 ins
16 ins.	Calf	15½ ins
9 ins.	Ankle	9 ins

* * *

DEMPSEY vs. SHARKEY

At Yankee Stadium, July 21, 1927. Dempsey won by a knockout in seventh round.

32 years	Age	26 years
194½ lbs.	Weight	196 lbs
6 ft. 1 in.	Height	6 ft
78 ins.	Reach	72 ins
40 ins.	Chest (normal)	42 ins
44½ ins.	Chest (expanded)	46 ins
32 ins.	Waist	34½ ins
14 ins.	Biceps	13 ins
14 ins.	Forearm	12 ins
21½ ins.	Thigh	23½ ins
15½ ins.	Calf	16½ ins
9½ ins.	Ankle	9½ ins
16 ins.	Neck	16½ ins
9 ins.	Wrist	8 ins

* * *

TUNNEY vs. DEMPSEY

Soldiers' Field, Chicago, September 22, 1927. Dempsey lost 10 round decision bout.

29 years	Age	32 years
189½ lbs.	Weight	192½ lbs
6 ft. 1½ in.	Height	6 ft. 1 in
76½ ins.	Reach	78 ins

17 ins.	Neck	16½ ins.
41 ins.	Chest (normal)	40½ ins.
44 ins.	Chest (expanded)	44¾ ins.
34 ins.	Waist	33 ins.
14 ins.	Biceps	14½ ins.
13½ ins.	Forearm	13 ins.
23 ins.	Thigh	22 ins.
16 ins.	Calf	15½ ins.
9 ins.	Ankle	9 ins.
8 ins.	Wrist	9 ins.

* * *

LEVINSKY vs. DEMPSEY

Chicago Stadium, February 18, 1932.

22 years	Age	37 years
5 ft. 11½ in.	Height	6 ft. 1 in.
196½ lbs.	Weight	190 lbs.
71 ins.	Reach	77 ins.
16 ins.	Neck	16½ ins.
42 ins.	Chest (normal)	41½ ins.
44 ins.	Chest (expanded)	45¾ ins.
33 ins.	Waist	33 ins.
8 ins.	Wrist	9¼ ins.
13 ins.	Forearm	13½ ins.
9½ ins.	Ankle	9¼ ins.
16 ins.	Calf	16 ins.
20 ins.	Thigh	22½ ins.

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